

T H E
I L I A D
O F
H O M E R:

Translated by Mr. P O P E.

V O L. II.

*Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
Digne scripserit? aut pulvere Troïco
Nigrum Merionen? aut ope Palladis
Tydiden Superis parem?*

H O R A T.

L O N D O N:

Printed by W. BOWYER, for BERNARD LINTOT
between the Temple-Gates. 1716.



GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas Our Trusty and Well-beloved BERNARD LINTOT of Our City of London, Bookseller, has humbly represented unto Us that he is now printing a Translation of the ILIAD of HOMER from the Greek in Six Volumes in Folio by ALEXANDER POPE Gent. with large Notes upon each Book: And whereas the said BERNARD LINTOT has informed Us that he has been at a great Expence in carrying on the said Work: and that the sole Right and Title of the Copy of the said Work is vested in the said BERNARD LINTOT: He has therefore humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof for the Term of fourteen Years. WE being graciously pleased to encourage so Useful a Work, are pleased to condescend to his Request, and do therefore hereby give and grant unto the said BERNARD LINTOT Our Royal Licence and Privilege for the sole printing and publishing the said Six Volumes of the ILIAD of HOMER translated by the said ALEXANDER POPE for and during the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof; strictly charging and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint or abridge the same either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same or any part thereof reprinted beyond the Seas within the said Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said BERNARD LINTOT, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will answer the contrary at their Perils, and such other Penalties as by the Laws and Statutes of this Our Realm may be inflicted: Whereof the Master, Wardens and Company of Stationers of our City of London, Commissioners and other Officers of our Customs, and all other our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern, are to take Notice that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified. Given at Our Court at St. James's the sixth Day of May, 1715. in the first Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

JAMES STANHOPE.

A N
E S S A Y
O N
HOMER's Battels.

PERHAPS it may be necessary in this Place at the Opening of *Homer's Battels*, to premise some Observations upon them in general. I shall first endeavour to shew the *Conduct* of the Poet herein, and next collect some *Antiquities*, that tend to a more distinct understanding of those Descriptions which make so large a Part of the Poem.

One may very well apply to *Homer* himself what he says of his Heroes at the end of the fourth Book, that whosoever should be guided thro' their Battels by *Minerva*, and pointed to every Scene of them, would see nothing through the whole but Subjects of Surprize and Applause. When the Reader reflects that no less than the Compass of twelve Books is taken up in these, he will have Reason to wonder by what Methods our Author could prevent Descriptions of such a length from being tedious. It is not enough to say, that tho' the Subject itself be the same, the Actions are always different; That we have now distinct Combates, now promiscuous Fights, now single Duels, now general Engagements: Or that the Scenes are perpetually vary'd; we are now in the Fields, now at the Fortification of the *Greeks*, now at the Ships, now at the Gates
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of *Troy*, now at the River *Scamander* : But we must look farther into the Art of the Poet to find the Reasons of this astonishing Variety.

We may first observe that *Diversity* in the *Deaths* of his *Warriors*, which he has supply'd by the vastest Fertility of Invention that ever was. These he distinguishes several ways : Sometimes by the *Characters* of the Men, their *Age*, *Office*, *Profession*, *Nation*, *Family*, &c. One is a blooming *Youth*, whose Father dissuaded him from the War ; one is a *Priest* whose Piety could not save him ; one is a *Sportsman* whom *Diana* taught in vain ; one is the *Native* of a far-distant *Country* who is never to return ; one is descended from a Noble *Line* which ends in his Death ; one is made remarkable by his *Boasting* ; another by his *Beseeching* ; and another who is distinguish'd no way else is mark'd by his *Habit* and the Singularity of his Armor.

Sometimes he varies these Deaths by the several *Postures* in which his Heroes are represented either fighting or falling. Some of these are so exceedingly *exact*, that one may guess from the very Position of the Combatant, whereabouts the Wound will light : Others so very *peculiar* and *uncommon*, that they could only be the Effect of an Imagination which had search'd thro' all the Ideas of Nature. Such is that Picture of *Mydon* in the fifth Book, whose Arm being numb'd by a blow on the Elbow, drops the Reins that trail on the Ground ; and then being suddenly struck on the Temples falls headlong from the Chariot in a soft and deep Place ; where he sinks up to the Shoulders in the Sands, and continues a while fix'd by the Weight of his Armor, with his Legs quivering in the Air, 'till he is trampled down by his Horses.

Another Cause of this Variety is the Difference of the *Wounds* that are given in the *Iliad* : They are by no means like the Wounds described by most other Poets, which are commonly made in the self-same obvious Places : The Heart and Head serve for all those in general who understand no Anatomy, and sometimes for Variety they kill Men by Wounds that are no where mortal but in their Poems. As the whole human Body is the Subject of these, so nothing is more necessary to him who would describe them well,

well, than a thorough Knowledge of its Structure ; even tho' the Poet is not professedly to write of them as an Anatomist ; in the same manner as an exact Skill in Anatomy is necessary to those Painters that would excel in drawing the Naked, tho' they are not to make every Muscle as visible as in a Book of Chirurgery. It appears from so many Passages in *Homer* that he was perfectly Master of this Science, that it would be needless to cite any in particular. One may only observe, that if we thoroughly examine all the Wounds he has described, tho' so infinite in Number, and so many ways diversify'd, we shall hardly find one which will contradict this Observation.

I must just add a Remark, that the various Periphrases and Circumlocutions by which *Homer* expresses the single Act of *Dying*, have supply'd *Virgil* and the succeeding Poets with all their manners of phrasing it. Indeed he repeats the same Verse on that Occasion more often than they --- τὸν δὲ σκότος ὅσος ἐκάλυψε --- Ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ, &c. But tho' it must be owned he had more frequent Occasions for a Line of this Kind than any Poet, as no other has describ'd half so many Deaths, yet one cannot ascribe this to any Sterility of Expression, but to the Genius of his Times, that delighted in those reiterated Verses. We find Repetitions of the same sort affected by the sacred Writers, such as *He was gathered to his People* ; *He slept with his Fathers*, and the like. And upon the whole they have a certain antiquated Harmony not unlike the Burthen of a Song, which the Ear is willing to suffer, and as it were rests upon.

As the perpetual Horror of Combates, and a Succession of Images of Death, could not but keep the Imagination very much on the stretch ; *Homer* has been careful to contrive such Reliefs and Pauses as might divert the Mind to some other Scene, without losing Sight of his principal Object. His *Comparisons* are the more frequent on this Account ; for a *Comparison* serves this End the most effectually of any thing, as it is at once correspondent to, and differing from the Subject. Those Criticks who fancy that the Use of Comparisons distracts the Attention, and draws it from the first Image which should most employ it (as that we lose the Idea of the Battel itself, while we are led by a Simile

mile to that of a Deluge or a Storm :) Those, I say, may as well imagine we lose the Thought of the Sun, when we see his Reflection in the Water; where he appears more distinctly, and is contemplated more at ease than if we gaz'd directly at his Beams. For 'tis with the Eye of the Imagination as with our corporeal Eye, it must sometimes be taken off from the Object in order to see it the better. The same Criticks that are displeased to have their Fancy distracted (as they call it) are yet so inconsistent with themselves as to object to *Homer* that his Similes are too much alike, and are too often derived from the same Animal. But is it not more reasonable (according to their own Notion) to compare the same Man always to the same Animal, than to see him sometimes a Sun, sometimes a Tree, and sometimes a River? Tho' *Homer* speaks of the same Creature, he so diversifies the Circumstances and Accidents of the Comparisons, that they always appear quite different. And to say Truth, it is not so much the Animal or the Thing, as the Action or Posture of them, that employs our Imagination: Two different Animals in the same Action are more like to each other, than one and the same Animal is to himself, in two different Actions. And those who in reading *Homer* are shock'd that 'tis always a *Lion*, may as well be angry that 'tis always a *Man*.

What may seem more exceptionable is his inserting the same Comparisons in the same Words at length upon different Occasions, by which Management he makes one single Image afford many Ornaments to several Parts of the Poem. But may not one say *Homer* is in this like a skilful Improver, who places a beautiful Statue in a well-disposed Garden so as to answer several Views, and by that Artifice one single Figure seems multiply'd into as many Objects as there are Openings from whence it may be viewed?

What farther relieves and softens these Descriptions of Battels, is the Poet's wonderful Art of introducing many pathetick Circumstances about the Deaths of the Heroes, which raise a different Movement in the Mind from what those Images naturally inspire, I mean Compassion and Pity; when he causes us to look back upon the lost Riches, Possessions, and Hopes of those who die: When he transports us to their Native Countries

Countries and Paternal Seats, to see the Griefs of their aged Fathers, the Despair and Tears of their Widows, or the abandon'd Condition of their Orphans. Thus when *Protesilaus* falls, we are made to reflect on the lofty Palaces he left half finish'd; when the Sons of *Phenops* are killed, we behold the mortifying Distress of their wealthy Father, who saw his Estate divided before his Eyes, and taken in Trust for Strangers. When *Axylus* dies, we are taught to compassionate the hard Fate of that generous and hospitable Man, whose House was the House of all Men, and who deserv'd that glorious Elogy of, *The Friend of Human-kind*.

It is worth taking Notice too, what Use *Homer* every where makes of each little Accident or Circumstance that can naturally happen in a Battel, thereby to cast a Variety over his Action; as well as of every Turn of Mind or Emotion a Hero can possibly feel, such as Resentment, Revenge, Concern, Confusion, &c. The former of these makes his Work resemble a large History-Piece, where even the less important Figures and Actions have yet some convenient Place or Corner to be shewn in; and the latter gives it all the Advantages of Tragedy in those various Turns of Passion that animate the Speeches of his Heroes, and render his whole Poem the most *Dramatick* of any Epick whatsoever.

It must also be observ'd that the constant *Machines* of the *Gods* conduce very greatly to vary these long Battels, by a continual Change of the Scene from Earth to Heaven. *Homer* perceiv'd them too necessary for this Purpose to abstain from the Use of them, even after *Jupiter* had enjoin'd the Deities not to Act on either side. It is remarkable how many Methods he has found to draw them into every Book; where if they dare not assist the Warriors, at least they are very helpful to the Poet.

But there is nothing that more contributes to the Variety, Surprise, and *Eclat* of *Homer's* Battels, or is more perfectly admirable in itself, than that artful Manner of taking Measure, or (as one may say) *Gaging* his Heroes by each other, and thereby elevating the Character of one Person by the Opposition of it to that of some other whom he is made to excell. So that he many times describes one only to image

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another,

another, and raises one only to raise another. I cannot better exemplify this Remark, than by giving an Instance in the Character of *Diomed* that lies before me. Let us observe by what a Scale of Oppositions he elevates this Hero, in the fifth Book, first to excell all human Valour, and after to rival the Gods themselves. He distinguishes him first from the *Grecian* Captains in general, each of whom he represents conquering a single *Trojan*, while *Diomed* constantly encounters two at once; and while they are engag'd each in his distinct Post, he only is drawn fighting in every quarter, and slaughtering on every side. Next he opposes him to *Pandarus*, next to *Æneas*, and then to *Hector*. So of the Gods he shews him first against *Venus*, then *Apollo*, then *Mars*, and lastly in the eighth Book against *Jupiter* himself in the midst of his Thunders. The same Conduct is observable more or less in regard to every Personage of his Work.

This Subordination of the Heroes is one of the Causes that make each of his Battels rise above the other in Greatness, Terror, and Importance, to the end of the Poem. If *Diomed* has perform'd all these Wonders in the first Combates, it is but to raise *Hector*, at whose Appearance he begins to fear. If in the next Battels *Hector* triumphs not only over *Diomed*, but over *Ajax* and *Patroclus*, sets fire to the Fleet, wins the Armor of *Achilles*, and singly eclipses all the Heroes; in the midst of all this Glory, *Achilles* appears, *Hector* flies, and is slain.

The Manner in which his Gods are made to act, no less advances the Gradation we are speaking of. In the first Battels they are seen only in short and separate Excursions: *Venus* assists *Paris*, *Minerva* *Diomed*, or *Mars* *Hector*. In the next a clear Stage is left for *Jupiter*, to display his Omnipotence and turn the Fate of Armies alone. In the last, all the Powers of Heaven are let down and banded into regular Parties, Gods encountring Gods, *Jove* encouraging them with his Thunders, *Neptune* raising his Tempests, Heaven flaming, Earth trembling, and *Pluto* himself starting from the Throne of Hell.

I AM now to take Notice of some Customs of Antiquity, relating to the Arms and Art Military of those Times, which are proper to be known in order to form a right Notion of our Author's Descriptions of War.

That *Homer* copied the Manners and Customs of the Age he writ of, rather than of that he lived in, has been observed in some Instances. As that he no where represents *Cavalry* or *Trumpets* to have been used in the *Trojan Wars*, tho' they apparently were in his own Time. It is not therefore impossible but there may be found in his Works some Deficiencies in the Art of War, which are not to be imputed to his Ignorance, but to his Judgment.

Horses had not been brought into *Greece* long before the Siege of *Troy*. They were originally Eastern Animals, and if we find at that very Period so great a Number of them reckon'd up in the Wars of the *Israelites*, it is the less a wonder considering they came from *Asia*. The Practice of riding them was so little known in *Greece* a few Years before, that they look'd upon the *Centaurs* who first used it, as Monsters compounded of Men and Horses. *Nestor* in the first *Iliad* says he had seen these *Centaurs* in his Youth, and *Polypætes* in the second is said to have been born on the Day that his Father expelled them from *Pelion* to the Defarts of *Æthica*. They had no other Use of Horses than to draw their Chariots in Battel, so that whenever *Homer* speaks of *fighting from an Horse*, *taming an Horse*, or the like, it is constantly to be understood of fighting from a Chariot, or taming Horses to that Service. This (as we have said) was a piece of Decorum in the Poet; for in his own Time they were arrived to such a Perfection in Horsemanship, that in the fifteenth *Iliad* V. 680. we have a *Simile* taken from an extraordinary Feat of Activity, where one Man manages four Horses at once, and leaps from the Back of one to another at full Speed.

If we consider in what high Esteem among Warriors these noble Animals must have been at their first coming into *Greece*, we shall the less wonder at the frequent Occasions *Homer* has taken to describe and celebrate them. It is not so strange to find them set almost upon a level with Men, at the

the time when a *Horse* in the Prizes was of equal Value with a *Captive*.

The *Chariots* were in all Probability very low. For we frequently find in the *Iliad*, that a Person who stands erect on a Chariot is killed (and sometimes by a Stroke on the Head) by a Foot-Soldier with a Sword. This may farther appear from the Ease and Readiness with which they alight or mount on every Occasion, to facilitate which, the Chariots were made open behind. That the Wheels were but small, may be guess'd from a Custom they had of taking them off and setting them on, as they were laid by, or made use of. *Hebe* in the fifth Book puts on the Wheels of *Juno's* Chariot when she calls for it in haste. And it seems to be with Allusion to the same Practice that it is said in *Exodus* Ch. 14. *The Lord took off their Chariot Wheels, so that they drove them heavily.* The Sides were also low; for whoever is killed in his Chariot throughout the Poem, constantly falls to the Ground as having nothing to support him. That the whole Machine was very small and light, is evident from a Passage in the tenth *Iliad*, where *Diomed* having taken a Chariot, debates whether he shall draw it out of the way, or carry it on his Shoulders to a Place of Safety. All these Particulars agree with the Representations of the Chariots on the most ancient Greek Coins; where the Tops of them reach not so high as the Backs of the Horses, the Wheels are yet lower, and the Heroes who stand in them are seen from the Knee upwards. * This may serve to shew those Criticks are under a Mistake, who blame *Homer* for making his Warriors sometimes retire behind their Chariots, as if it were a Piece of Cowardice: which was as little disgraceful then, as it is now to alight from one's Horse in a Battel on any necessary Emergency.

There were generally two Persons in each Chariot, one of whom was wholly employ'd in guiding the Horses. They us'd indifferently two, three, or four Horses: From hence it happens, that sometimes when a Horse is killed, the Hero continues the Fight with the two or more that remain; and

* See the Collection of Goltzius, &c.

at other times a Warrior retreats upon the Loss of one; not that he has less Courage than the other, but that he has fewer Horses.

Their *Swords* were all broad cutting Swords, for we find they never stab but with their Spears. The *Spears* were used two ways, either to push with, or to cast from them, like the missive Javelins. It seems surprizing that a Man should throw a Dart or Spear with such Force as to pierce thro' both sides of the Armor and the Body (as is often described in *Homer*.) For if the Strength of the Men was Gigantick, the Armor must have been strong in Proportion. Some Solution might be given for this, if we imagin'd the Armor was generally Brass, and the Weapons pointed with Iron; and if we could fancy that *Homer* call'd the Spears and Swords *Brazen* in the same manner that he calls the Reins of a Bridle *Ivory*, only from the Ornaments about them. But there are Passages where the Point of the Spear is expressly said to be of Brass, as in the Description of that of *Hector* in *Iliad* 6. W. 320. *Pausanias* in *Laconicis* takes it for granted, that the Arms, as well offensive as defensive, were Brass. He says the Spear of *Achilles* was kept in his Time in the Temple of *Minerva*, the Top and Point of which were of Brass; and the Sword of *Meriones*, in that of *Æsculapius* among the *Nicomediensians*, was entirely of the same Metal. But be it as it will, there are Examples even at this Day of such a prodigious Force in casting Darts, as almost exceeds Credibility. The *Turks* and *Arabs* will pierce thro' thick Planks with Darts of harden'd Wood; which can only be attributed to their being bred (as the Ancients were) to that Exercise, and to the Strength and Agility acquir'd by a constant Practice of it.

We may ascribe to the same Cause their Power of casting *Stones* of a vast Weight, which appears a common Practice in these Battels. Those are in a great Error, who imagine this to be only a fictitious Embellishment of the Poet, which was one of the Exercises of War among the ancient *Greeks* and *Orientals*. * *St. Jerome* tells us, it was an old Custom in

* Mos est in Urbibus Palestinae, & usque hodie per omnem Judæam vetus consuetudo servatur, ut in viculis, oppidis, & castellis rotundi ponantur lapides gravissimi ponderis, ad quos juvenes exercere se solent, & eos pro varietate virium sublevare, alii ad genua, alii ad umbilicum, alii ad humeros, ad caput, non nulli super verticem, rectis junctisque manibus, magnitudinem virium demonstrantes, pondus attollunt.

Palestine, and in Use in his own Time, to have round Stones of a great Weight kept in the Castles and Villages for the Youth to try their Strength with. And the Custom is yet extant in some Parts of *Scotland*, where Stones for the same Purpose are laid at the Gates of great Houses, which they call *Putting-Stones*.

Another Consideration which will account for many things that may seem uncouth in *Homer*, is the Reflection that before the Use of *Fire-Arms* there was infinitely more Scope for personal Valor than in the modern Battels. Now whenever the personal Strength of the Combatants happen'd to be unequal, the declining a single Combate could not be so dishonourable as it is in this Age, when the Arms we make use of put all Men on a level. For a Soldier of far inferior Strength may manage a Rapier or Fire-Arms so expertly as to be an Overmatch to his Adversary. This may appear a sufficient Excuse for what in the modern Construction might seem Cowardice in *Homer's* Heroes, when they avoid engaging with others whose bodily Strength exceeds their own. The Maxims of Valor in all Times were founded upon Reason, and the Cowardice ought rather in this Case to be imputed to him who braves his Inferior. There was also more *Leisure* in their Battels before the Knowledge of Fire-Arms; and this in a good Degree accounts for those Harangues his Heroes make to each other in the Time of Combate.

There was another Practice frequently used by these ancient Warriors, which was to spoil an Enemy of his Arms after they had slain him; and this Custom we see them frequently pursuing with such Eagerness as if they look'd on their Victory not complete till this Point was gain'd. Some modern Criticks have accused them of Avarice on account of this Practice, which might probably arise from the great Value and Scarceness of Armor in that early Time and Infancy of War. It afterwards became a Point of Honour like gaining a Standard from the Enemy. *Moses* and *David* speak of the Pleasure of obtaining many Spoils. They preserv'd them as Monuments of Victory, and even Religion at last became interested herein, when those Spoils were consecrated in the Temples of the Tutelar Deities of the Conqueror.

The Reader may easily see I set down these Heads just as they occur to my Memory, and only as Hints to farther Observations; which any one who is conversant in *Homer* can not fail to make, if he will but think a little in the same Track.

It is no Part of my Design to enquire what Progress had been made in the Art of War at this early Period: The bare Perusal of the *Iliad* will best inform us of it. But what I think tends more immediately to the better Comprehension of these Descriptions, is to give a short View of the Scene of War, the Situation of *Troy*, and those Places which *Homer* mentions, with the proper Field of each Battle: Putting together for this Purpose those Passages in my Author that give any Light to this Matter.

The ancient City of *Troy* stood at a greater Distance from the Sea than those Ruins which have since been shewn for it. This may be gather'd from *Iliad* 5. V. (of the Original) 791. where it is said that the *Trojans* never durst sally out of the Walls of their Town 'till the Retirement of *Achilles*, but afterwards combated the *Grecians* at their very Ships, far from the City. For had *Troy* stood (as *Strabo* observes) so nigh the Sea-shore, it had been Madness in the *Greeks* not to have built any Fortification before their Fleet till the tenth Year of the Siege, when the Enemy was so near them: And on the other hand, it had been Cowardice in the *Trojans* not to have attempted any thing all that time, against an Army that lay unfortify'd and untrench'd. Besides the intermediate Space had been too small to afford a Field for so many various Adventures and Actions of War. The Places about *Troy* particularly mentioned by *Homer* lie in this Order,

1. The *Scean Gate*: This open'd to the Field of Battle, and was that thro' which the *Trojans* made their Excursions. Close to this stood the *Beech-Tree* sacred to *Jupiter*, which *Homer* generally mentions with it.

2. The *Hill of wild Fig-trees*. It join'd to the Walls of *Troy* on one side, and extended to the High-way on the other. The first appears from what *Andromache* says in *Iliad* 6. V. 432. that the Walls were in danger of being scaled from this Hill; and the last from *Il.* 22. V. 145. &c.

3. The

3. The *two Springs* of *Scamander*: These were a little higher on the same High-way. (*Ibid.*)

4. *Callicolone*, the Name of a pleasant Hill, that lay near the River *Simois*, on the other side of the Town. *Il.* 20. *W.* 53.

5. *Bateia*, or the Sepulchre of *Myrinne*, stood a little before the City in the Plain. *Il.* 2. *W.* 318. *of the Catal.*

6. The *Monument* of *Ilus*: Near the middle of the Plain. *Il.* 11. *W.* 166.

7. The Tomb of *Æsyetes*, commanded the Prospect of the Fleet, and that Part of the Sea-coast. *Il.* 2. *W.* 301. *of the Catalogue.*

It seems, by the 465th Verse of the second Iliad, that the *Grecian* Army was drawn up under the several Leaders by the Banks of *Scamander* on that side toward the Ships: In the mean time that of *Troy* and the Auxiliaries was rang'd in Order at *Myrinne's* Sepulchre. *Ibid.* *W.* 320 *of the Catal.* The Place of the *First Battel* where *Diomed* performs his Exploits; was near the joining of *Simois* and *Scamander*; for *Juno* and *Pallas* coming to him, alight at the Confluence of those Rivers. *Il.* 5. *W.* 776. and that the *Greeks* had not yet past the Stream, but fought on that side next the Fleet, appears from *W.* 791 of the same Book, where *Juno* says the *Trojans* now brave them at their very Ships. But in the beginning of the sixth Book, the Place of Battel is specify'd to be between the Rivers of *Simois* and *Scamander*; so that the *Greeks* (tho' *Homer* does not particularize when, or in what manner) had then cross'd the Stream toward *Troy*.

The Engagement in the eighth Book is evidently close to the *Grecian* Fortification on the Shore. That Night *Hector* lay at *Ilus's* Tomb in the Field, as *Dolon* tells us *Lib.* 10. *W.* 415. And in the eleventh Book the Battel is chiefly about *Ilus's* Tomb.

In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, about the Fortification of the *Greeks*, and in the fifteenth at the Ships.

In the sixteenth, the *Trojans* being repulsed by *Patroclus*, they engage between the Fleet, the River, and the *Grecian* Wall: See *W.* 396. *Patroclus* still advancing they fight at the Gates of *Troy* *W.* 700. In the seventeenth the Fight about the
Body

Body of *Patroclus* is under the *Trojan* Wall *W.* 403. His Body being carried off, *Hector* and *Æneas* pursue the *Greeks* to the Fortification *W.* 760. And in the eighteenth, upon *Achilles's* appearing, they retire and encamp without the Fortification.

In the twentieth, the Fight is still on that side next the Sea ; for the *Trojans* being pursued by *Achilles*, pass over the *Scamander* as they run toward *Troy* : See the beginning of Book 21. The following Battels are either in the River itself, or between that and the City, under whose Walls *Hector* is kill'd in the twenty second Book, which puts an end to the Battels of the *Iliad*.

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THE

THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Acts of *Diomed*.

DIOMED, assisted by Pallas, performs Wonders in this Day's Battel. Pandarus wounds him with an Arrow, but the Goddess cures him, enables him to discern Gods from Mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him, Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the Assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her Son from the Fight, is wounded on the Hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his Rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is heal'd in the Temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a Stand. In the mean time Æneas is restor'd to the Field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that God; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to Heaven.

The first Battel continues thro' this Book. The Scene is the same as in the former.

THE

THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

BUT *Pallas* now *Tydides* Soul inspires,
 Fills with her Force, and warms with all her Fires,
 Above the *Greeks* his deathless Fame to raise,
 And crown her Hero with distinguish'd Praise.
 High on his Helm Celestial Lightnings play,
 His beamy Shield emits a living Ray;
 Th' unweary'd Blaze incessant Streams supplies,
 Like the red Star that fires th' Autumnal Skies,
 When fresh he rears his radiant Orb to Sight,
 And bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener Light.
 Such Glories *Pallas* on the Chief bestow'd,
 Such, from his Arms, the fierce Effulgence flow'd:

E

Onward

Onward he drives him, furious to engage,
 Where the Fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

- 15 The Sons of *Dares* first the Combate fought,
 A wealthy Priest, but rich without a Fault ;
 In *Vulcan's* Pane the Father's Days were led,
 The Sons to Toils of glorious Battel bred ;
 These singled from their Troops the Fight maintain,
 20 These from their Steeds, *Tydides* on the Plain.
 Fierce for Renown the Brother Chiefs draw near,
 And first bold *Phegeus* cast his sounding Spear,
 Which o'er the Warrior's Shoulder took its Course,
 And spent in empty Air its erring Force.
 25 Not so, *Tydides*, flew thy Lance in vain,
 But pierc'd his Breast, and stretch'd him on the Plain.
 Seiz'd with unusual Fear *Idæus* fled,
 Left the rich Chariot, and his Brother dead ;
 And had not *Vulcan* lent Celestial Aid,
 30 He too had sunk to Death's Eternal Shade ;
 But in a smoaky Cloud the God of Fire
 Preserv'd the Son, in Pity to the Sire.
 The Steeds and Chariot, to the Navy led,
 Encreas'd the Spoils of gallant *Diomed*.

Struck

Struck with Amaze, and Shame, the *Trojan* Crew 35
Or slain, or fled, the Sons of *Dares* view :
When by the blood-stain'd Hand *Minerva* prest
The God of Battels, and this Speech addrest.

Stern Pow'r of War ! by whom the Mighty fall,
Who bath'st in Blood, and shak'st the lofty Wall ! 40
Let the brave Chiefs their glorious Toils divide ;
And whose the Conquest, mighty *Jove* decide :
While we from interdicted Fields retire,
Nor tempt the Wrath of Heav'ns avenging Sire.

Her Words allay th' impetuous Warrior's Heat, 45
The God of Arms and Martial Maid retreat ;
Remov'd from Fight, on *Xanthus* flow'ry Bounds
They fate, and listen'd to the dying Sounds.

Meantime the *Greeks* the *Trojan* Race pursue,
And some bold Chieftain ev'ry Leader flew : 50
First *Odius* falls, and bites the bloody Sand,
His Death ennobled by *Atrides*' Hand ;
As he to Flight his wheeling Car addrest,
The speedy Javelin drove from Back to Breast.
In Dust the mighty *Holizonian* lay, 55
His Arms refound, the Spirit wings its way.

Thy

- Thy Fate was next, O *Phæstus* ! doom'd to feel
 The great *Idomeneus*' protended Steel ;
 Whom *Borus* sent (his Son and only Joy)
 60 From fruitful *Tarne* to the Fields of *Troy*.
 The *Cretan* Javelin reach'd him from afar,
 And pierc'd his Shoulder as he mounts his Car ;
 Back from the Car he tumbles to the Ground,
 And everlasting Shades his Eyes surround.
- 65 Then dy'd *Scamandrius*, expert in the Chace,
 In Woods and Wilds to wound the Savage Race ;
Diana taught him all her Sylvan Arts,
 To bend the Bow and aim unerring Darts :
 But vainly here *Diana*'s Arts he tries,
 70 The fatal Lance arrests him as he flies ;
 From *Menelaus*' Arm the Weapon sent,
 Thro' his broad Back and heaving Bosom went :
 Down sinks the Warrior with a thundring Sound,
 His Brazen Armor rings against the Ground.
- 75 Next artful *Phereclus* untimely fell ;
 Bold *Merion* sent him to the Realms of Hell.
 Thy Father's Skill, O *Phereclus*, was thine,
 The graceful Fabrick and the fair Design ;

For lov'd by *Pallas*, *Pallas* did impart
 To him the Shipwright's and the Builder's Art. 80
 Beneath his Hand the Fleet of *Paris* rose,
 The fatal Cause of all his Country's Woes,
 But he, the mystick Will of Heav'n unknown,
 Nor saw his Country's Peril, nor his own.
 The hapless Artist, while confus'd he fled, 85
 The Spear of *Merion* mingled with the Dead.
 Thro' his right Hip with forceful Fury cast,
 Between the Bladder and the Bone it past:
 Prone on his Knees he falls with fruitless Cries,
 And Death in lasting Slumber seals his Eyes. 90

From *Meges'* Force the swift *Pedæus* fled,
Antenor's Offspring from a foreign Bed,
 Whose gen'rous Spouse, *Theano*, heav'nly Fair,
 Nurs'd the young Stranger with a Mother's Care.
 How vain those Cares! when *Meges* in the Rear 95
 Full in his Nape infix'd the fatal Spear;
 Swift thro' his crackling Jaws the Weapon glides,
 And the cold Tongue and grinning Teeth divides.

Then dy'd *Hypsenor*, gen'rous and divine,
 Sprung from the brave *Dolopion's* mighty Line, 100

F

Who

Who near ador'd *Scamander* made Abode,
 Priest of the Stream, and honour'd as a God.

On him, amidst the flying Numbers found,
Eurypilus inflicts a deadly Wound;

105 On his broad Shoulder fell the forceful Brand,
 Thence glancing downward lopp'd his Holy Hand,
 Which stain'd with sacred Blood the blushing Sand.
 Down sunk the Priest: the Purple Hand of Death
 Clos'd his dim Eye, and Fate suppress'd his Breath.

110 Thus toil'd the Chiefs in diff'rent Parts engag'd,
 In ev'ry Quarter fierce *Tydidēs* rag'd,
 Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan Train,
 Rapt thro' the Ranks he thunders o'er the Plain,
 Now here, now there, he darts from Place to Place,
 115 Pours on the Rear, or lightens in their Face.

Thus from high Hills the Torrents swift and strong
 Deluge whole Fields, and sweep the Trees along,
 Thro' ruin'd Moles the rushing Wave resounds,
 O'erwhelms the Bridge, and bursts the lofty Bounds;
 120 The yellow Harvests of the ripen'd Year,
 And flatted Vineyards, one sad Waste appear;

While

While *Jove* descends in sluicy Sheets of Rain,
And all the Labours of Mankind are vain.

So rag'd *Tyrides*, boundless in his Ire,
Drove Armies back, and made all *Troy* retire. 125

With Grief the * Leader of the *Lycian* Band
Saw the wide Waste of his destructive Hand: 130

* *Pandarus.*

His bended Bow against the Chief he drew;
Swift to the Mark the thirsty Arrow flew,
Whose forky Point the hollow Breastplate tore;
Deep in his Shoulder pierc'd, and drank the Gore:

The rushing Stream his Brazen Armor dy'd,
While the proud Archer thus exulting cry'd.

Hither ye *Trojans*, hither drive your Steeds!
Lo! by our Hand the bravest *Grecian* bleeds. 135
Not long the deathful Dart he can sustain;
Or *Phæbus* urg'd me to these Fields in vain.

So spoke he, boastful; but the winged Dart
Stopt short of Life, and mock'd the Shooter's Art.

The wounded Chief behind his Car retir'd, 140
The helping Hand of *Sthenelus* requir'd;
Swift from his Seat he leap'd upon the Ground,
And tugg'd the Weapon from the gushing Wound;

When

When thus the King his Guardian Pow'r addrest,
 145 The purple Current wand'ring o'er his Vest.

O Progeny of *Jove*! unconquer'd Maid!

If e'er my Godlike Sire deserv'd thy Aid,

If e'er I felt thee in the fighting Field;

Now, Goddess, now, thy sacred Succour yield.

150 Oh give my Lance to reach the *Trojan* Knight,
 Whose Arrow wounds the Chief thou guard'st in Fight;

And lay the Boaster grov'ling on the Shore,
 That vaunts these Eyes shall view the Light no more.

Thus pray'd *Tydidēs*, and *Minerva* heard,

155 His Nerves confirm'd, his languid Spirits chear'd;

He feels each Limb with wonted Vigor light;

His beating Bosom claims the promis'd Fight.

Be bold (she cry'd) in ev'ry Combate flaine,

War be thy Province, thy Protection mine;

160 Rush to the Fight, and ev'ry Foe controul;

Wake each Paternal Virtue in thy Soul:

Strength swells thy boiling Breast, infus'd by me,

And all thy Godlike Father breathes in thee!

Yet more, from mortal Mists I purge thy Eyes,

165 And set to View the warring Deities.

These I see thou'rt throng thro' all the embattled Plain,
 Nor rashly strive where human Force is vain;
 If *Venus* mingle in the martial Band,
 Her shalt thou wound: So *Pallas* gives Command
 With that, the blue-ey'd Virgin wing'd her Flight; 170
 The Hero rush'd impetuous to the Fight;
 With tenfold Ardor now invades the Plain,
 Wild with Delay, and more enrag'd by Pain.
 As on the fleecy Flocks, when Hunger calls,
 Amidst the Field a brindled Lyon falls; 175
 If chance some Shepherd with a distant Dart
 The Savage wound, he rowzes at the Smart,
 He foams, he roars; The Shepherd dares not stay,
 But trembling leaves the scatt'ring Flocks a Prey.
 Heaps fall on Heaps, he bathes with Blood the Ground, 180
 Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty Mound.
 Not with less Fury stern *Tydidēs* flew,
 And two brave Leaders at an Instant flew;
Astynous breathless fell, and by his side
 His People's Pastor, good *Hypenor*, dy'd; 185
Astynous' Breast the deadly Lance receives,
Hypenor's Shoulder his broad Faulchion cleaves.

G

Those

Those slain he left; and sprung with noble Rage
Abas, and *Polydus* to engage;
 190 Sons of *Eurydamas*, who wise and old,
 Could Fates foresee, and mystic Dreams unfold;
 The Youths return'd not from the doubtful Plain,
 And the sad Father try'd his Arts in vain;
 No mystic Dream could make their Fates appear,
 195 Tho' now determin'd by *Tydidus*' Spear.

Young *Xanthus* next and *Thoon* felt his Rage,
 The Joy and Hope of *Phænops* feeble Age,
 Vast was his Wealth, and these the only Heirs
 Of all his Labours, and a Life of Cares;
 200 Cold Death o'ertakes them in their blooming Years,
 And leaves the Father unavailing Tears:
 To Strangers now descends his heapy Store,
 The Race forgotten, and the Name no more.

Two Sons of *Priam* in one Chariot ride,
 205 Glitt'ring in Arms, and combat Side by Side.
 As when the lordly Lyon seeks his Food
 Where grazing Heifers range the lonely Wood,
 He leaps amidst them with a furious Bound,
 Bends their strong Necks, and tears them to the Ground.

So

So from their Seats the Brother-Chiefs are torn, 210
Their Steeds and Chariot to the Navy born.

With deep Concern divine *Aeneas* view'd
The Eoe prevailing, and his Friends pursu'd,
Thro' the thick Storm of singing Spears he flies,
Exploring *Pandarus* with careful Eyes. 215
At length he found *Lycian's* mighty Son;
To whom the Chief of *Venus's* Race begun.

Where, *Pandarus*, are all thy Honours now,
Thy winged Arrows and unerring Bow,
Thy matchless Skill, thy yet-unrival'd Fame, 220
And boasted Glory of the *Lycian* Name?
Oh pierce that Mortal, if we Mortal call
That wondrous Force by which whole Armies fall,
Or God incens'd, who quits the distant Skies
To punish *Troy* for slighted Sacrifice; 225
(Which oh avert from our unhappy State!
For what so dreadful as Celestial Hate?)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate *Jove* with Pray'r;
If Man, destroy; if God, entreat to spare.

To him the *Lycian*. Whom your Eyes behold, 230
If right I judge, is *Diomed* the bold.

Such

Such Counters whirl him o'er the dusty Field,
 So tow'rs his Helmet, and so flames his Shield.
 If 'tis a God, he wears that Chief's Disguise;
 235 Or if that Chief, some Guardian of the Skies,
 Involt'd in Clouds, protects him in the Fray,
 And turns unseen the frustrate Dart away;
 I wing'd an Arrow, which not lidly fell,
 The Stroke had fix'd him to the Gates of Hell,
 240 And, but some God, some angry God withstands,
 His Fate was due to these unerring Hands.
 Skill'd in the Bow, on Foot I fought the War,
 Nor join'd swift Horses to the rapid Car.
 Ten polish'd Chariots I possess'd at home,
 245 And still they grace *Lycæon's* Princely Dome:
 There veil'd in spacious Coverlets they stand;
 And twice ten Couriers wait their Lord's Command.
 The good old Warrior bade me trust to these,
 When first for *Troy* I sail'd the sacred Seas,
 250 In Fields, aloft, the whirling Car to guide,
 And thro' the Ranks of Death triumphant ride.
 But vain with Youth, and yet to Thrift inclin'd,
 I heard his Counsels with unheedful Mind,
 And

And thought the Steeds (your large Supplies unknown)
Might fail of Forage in the straiten'd Town : 255
So took my Bow and pointed Darts in hand,
And left the Chariots in my Native Land.

Too late, O Friend ! my Rashness I deplore ;
These Shafts, once fatal, carry Death no more.
Tydeus' and *Atreus'* Sons their Points have found, 260
And undissembled Gore pursu'd the Wound.
In vain they bled : This unavailing Bow
Serves not to slaughter, but provoke the Foe.
In evil Hour these bended Horns I strung,
And seiz'd the Quiver where it idly hung. 265
Curs'd be the Fate that sent me to the Field,
Without a Warrior's Arms, the Spear and Shield !
If e'er with Life I quit the *Trojan* Plain,
If e'er I see my Spouse and Sire again,
This Bow, unfaithful to my glorious Aims, 270
Broke by my Hand, shall feed the blazing Flames.

To whom the Leader of the *Dardan* Race :
Be calm, nor *Phæbus'* honour'd Gift disgrace.
The distant Dart be prais'd, tho' here we need
The rushing Chariot, and the bounding Steed. 275

H

Against

Against yon' Hero let us bend our Course,
And, Hand to Hand, encounter Force with Force.
Now haste, ascend my Seat, and from the Car
Observe my Father's Steeds, renown'd in War,
280 Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace,
To dare the Shock, or urge the rapid Race :
Secure with these, thro' fighting Fields we go,
Or safe to *Troy*, if *Jove* assist the Foe.
Haste, seize the Whip, and snatch the guiding Rein ;
285 The Warrior's Fury let this Arm sustain ;
Or if to Combate thy bold Heart incline,
Take thou the Spear, the Chariot's Care be mine.
O Prince ! (*Lycaon's* valiant Son reply'd)
As thine the Steeds, be thine the Task to guide.
290 The Horses practis'd to their Lord's Command,
Shall hear the Rein, and answer to thy Hand.
But if unhappy, we desert the Fight,
Thy Voice alone can animate their Flight :
Else shall our Fates be number'd with the Dead,
295 And these, the Victor's Prize, in Triumph led.
Thine be the Guidance then : With Spear and Shield
My self will charge this Terror of the Field.

And

And now both Heroes mount the glitt'ring Car ;
The bounding Courfers rush amidst the War.
Their fierce Approach bold *Sthenelus* espy'd, 300
Who thus, alarm'd, to great *Tydides* cry'd.

O Friend ! ~~two~~ Chiefs of Force immense I see,
Dreadful they come, and bend their Rage on thee :
Lo the brave Heir of old *Lycaon's* Line,
And great *Aeneas*, sprung from Race Divine ! 305
Enough is giv'n to Fame. Ascend thy Car ;
And save a Life, the Bulwark of our War.

At this the Hero cast a gloomy Look,
Fix'd on the Chief with Scorn, and thus he spoke.
Me dost thou bid to shun the coming Fight, 310
Me would'st thou move to base inglorious Flight ?
Know, 'tis not honest in my Soul to fear,
Nor was *Tydides* born to tremble here.
I loath in lazy Fights to press the Car,
At distance wound, or wage a flying War ; 315
But while my Nerves are strung, my Force entire,
'Thus front the Foe, and emulate my Sire.
Nor shall yon' Steeds that fierce to Fight convey
Those threatning Heroes, bear them both away ;

One

320 One Chief at least beneath this Arm shalt die ;
 So *Pallas* tells me, and forbids to fly.
 But if she dooms, and if no God withstand,
 That both shall fall by one victorious Hand ;
 Then heed my Words : My Horses here detain,
 325 Fix'd to the Chariot by the straiten'd Rein ;
 Swift to *Aeneas*' empty Seat proceed,
 And seize the Coursers of *Ætherial* Breed.
 The Race of those which once the thund'ring God
 For ravish'd *Ganymede* on *Tros* bestow'd,
 330 The best that e'er on Earth's broad Surface run,
 Beneath the rising or the setting Sun.
 Hence great *Anchises* stole a Breed unknown
 By mortal *Mares*, from fierce *Laomedon*.
 Four of this Race his ample Stalls contain,
 335 And two transport *Aeneas* o'er the Plain.
 These, were the rich immortal Prize our own,
 Thro' the wide World should make our Glory known.
 Thus while they spoke, the Foe came furious on,
 And stern *Lycaon*'s warlike Race begun.
 340 Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain assail'd,
 The Spear may enter where the Arrow fail'd.

He

He said, then shook the pondrous Lance and flung,
 On his broad Shield the sounding Weapon rung,
 Pierc'd the tough Orb, and in his Cuirass hung.
 He bleeds! The Pride of *Greece*! (the Boaster cries) ³⁴⁵
 Our Triumph now, the mighty Warrior lies!
 Mistaken Vaunter! *Diomed* reply'd;
 Thy Dart has err'd, and now my Spear be try'd:
 Ye scape not both; One, headlong from his Car,
 With hostile Blood shall glut the God of War. ³⁵⁰

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful Dart,
 Which driv'n by *Pallas*, pierc'd a vital Part;
 Full in his Face it enter'd, and betwixt
 The Nose and Eye-ball the proud *Lycian* fixt;
 Crash'd all his Jaws, and cleft the Tongue within, ³⁵⁵
 'Till the bright Point look'd out beneath the Chin.
 Headlong he falls, his Helmet knocks the Ground;
 Earth groans beneath him, and his Arms resound;
 The starting Coursers tremble with Affright;
 The Soul indignant seeks the Realms of Night. ³⁶⁰

To guard his slaughter'd Friend, *Aeneas* flies,
 His Spear extending where the Carcass lies;

Watchful he wheels, protects it ev'ry way,
As the grim Lyon stalks around his Prey.

365 O'er the fall'n Trunk his ample Shield display'd,
He hides the Hero with his mighty Shade.
And threats aloud : The *Greeks* with longing Eyes
Behold at distance, but forbear the Prize.

Then fierce *Tydides* stoops ; and from the Fields
370 Heav'd with vast Force, a Rocky Fragment wields.
Not two strong Men th' enormous Weight could raise,
Such Men as live in these degen'rate Days.

He swung it round ; and gath'ring Strength to throw,
Discharg'd the pond'rous Ruin at the Foe.
375 Where to the Hip th' inserted Thigh unites,
Full on the Bone the pointed Marble lights ;
Thro' both the Tendons broke the rugged Stone,
And stripp'd the Skin, and crack'd the solid Bone.
Sunk on his Knees and stagg'ring with his Pains,

380 His falling Bulk his bended Arm sustains ;
Lost in a dizzy Mist the Warrior lies ;
A sudden Cloud comes swimming o'er his Eyes.
There the brave Chief who mighty Numbers sway'd
Oppress'd had sunk to Death's Eternal Shade,

But Heav'nly *Venus*, mindful of the Love 385
 She bore *Anchises* in th' *Idæan* Grove,
 His Danger views with Anguish and Despair,
 And guards her Offspring with a Mother's Care.
 About her much-lov'd Son her Arms she throws,
 Her Arms whose Whiteness match'd the falling Snows. 390
 Screen'd from the Foe behind her shining Veil,
 The Swords wave harmless, and the Javelins fail:
 Safe thro' the rushing Horse and feather'd Flight
 Of sounding Shafts, she bears him from the Fight.

Nor *Sthenelus*, with unassisting Hands, 395
 Remain'd unheedful of his Lord's Commands:
 His panting Steeds, remov'd from out the War,
 He fix'd with straiten'd Traces to the Car.
 Next rushing to the *Dardan* Spoil, detains
 The heav'nly Coursers with the flowing Manes. 400
 These in proud Triumph to the Fleet convey'd,
 No longer now a *Trojan* Lord obey'd.
 That Charge to bold *Deipylus* he gave,
 (Whom most he lov'd, as brave Men love the Brave)
 Then mounting on his Car, resum'd the Rein, 405
 And follow'd where *Tydidæ* swept the Plain.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile (his Conquest ravish'd from his Eyes)
 The raging Chief in chace of *Venus* flies:
 No Goddess She, commission'd to the Field,
 410 Like *Pallas* dreadful with her fable Shield,
 Or fierce *Bellona* thund'ring at the Wall,
 While Flames ascend, and mighty Ruins fall.
 He knew soft Combates suit the tender Dame,
 New to the Field, and still a Foe to Fame.
 415 Thro' breaking Ranks his furious Course he bends,
 And at the Goddess his broad Lance extends;
 Thro' her bright Veil the daring Weapon drove
 Th' Ambrosial Veil which all the Graces wove:
 Her snowie Hand the razing Steel profan'd,
 420 And the transparent Skin with Crimson stain'd.
 From the clear Vein a Stream immortal flow'd,
 Such Stream as issues from a wounded God;
 Pure Emanation! uncorrupted Flood;
 Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial Blood:
 425 (For not the Bread of Man their Life sustains,
 Nor Wine's inflaming Juice supplies their Veins.)
 With tender Shrieks the Goddess fill'd the Place,
 And dropt her Offspring from her weak Embrace.

Him *Phæbus* took: He casts a Cloud around
The fainting Chief, and wards the mortal Wound. 430

Then with a Voice that shook the vaulted Skies,
The King insults the Goddesses as she flies.

Ill with *Jove's* Daughter bloody Fights agree,
The Field of Combate is no Scene for thee:

Go, let thy own soft Sex employ thy Care, 435

Go lull the Coward, or delude the Fair.

Taught by this Stroke, renounce the War's Alarms,

And learn to tremble at the Name of Arms.

Tydidēs thus. The Goddesses, seiz'd with Dread,
Confus'd, distracted, from the Conflict fled. 440

To aid her, swift the winged *Iris* flew,

Wrapt in a Mist above the warring Crew.

The Queen of Love with faded Charms she found,

Pale was her Cheek, and livid look'd the Wound.

To *Mars*, who fate remote, they bent their way; 445

Far on the left, with Clouds involv'd, he lay;

Beside him stood his Lance, distain'd with Gore,

And, rein'd with Gold, his foaming Steeds before.

Low at his Knee, she begg'd, with streaming Eyes,

Her Brother's Car, to mount the distant Skies, 450

K

And

And shew'd the Wound by fierce *Tydidēs* giv'n,
A mortal Man, who dares encounter Heav'n.

Stern *Mars* attentive hears the Queen complain,
And to her Hand commits the golden Rein :

455 She mounts the Seat oppress'd with silent Woe,
Driv'n by the Goddess of the painted Bow.

The Lash resounds, the rapid Chariot flies,
And in a Moment scales the lofty Skies.

There stopp'd the Car, and there the Coursers stood,
460 Fed by fair *Iris* with Ambrosial Food.

Before her Mother Love's bright Queen appears,
O'erwhelm'd with Anguish and dissolv'd in Tears ;
She rais'd her in her Arms, beheld her bleed,
And ask'd, what God had wrought this guilty Deed ?

465 Then she : This Insult from no God I found,
An impious Mortal gave the daring Wound !

Behold the Deed of haughty *Diomed* !

'Twas in the Son's Defence the Mother bled.

The War with *Troy* no more the *Grecians* wage ;

470 But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage.

Dione then. Thy Wrongs with Patience bear,
And share those Grievs inferior Pow'rs must share ;

Unnum-

Unnumber'd Woes Mankind from us sustain,
 And Men with Woes afflict the Gods again.
 The mighty *Mars* in mortal Fetters bound, 475
 And lodg'd in Brazen Dungeons under Ground,
 Full thirteen Moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and *Ephialtes* held the Chain:
 Perhaps had perish'd; had not *Hermes'* Care
 Restor'd the groaning God to upper Air. 480
 Great *Juno's* self has born her Weight of Pain,
 Th' imperial Partner of the heav'nly Reign;
Amphitryon's Son infix'd the deadly Dart,
 And fill'd with Anguish her immortal Heart.
 Ev'n Hell's grim King *Alcides'* Pow'r confest, 485
 The Shaft found Entrance in his Iron Breast,
 To *Jove's* high Palace for a Cure he fled,
 Pierc'd in his own Dominions of the Dead;
 Where *Pæon* sprinkling heav'nly Balm around,
 Asswag'd the glowing Pangs, and clos'd the Wound. 490
 Rash, impious Man! to stain the blest Abodes,
 And drench his Arrows in the Blood of Gods!

But thou (tho' *Pallas* urg'd thy frantic Deed)
 Whose Spear ill-fated makes a Goddess bleed,

Know

425 Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly Pow'r contends,
 Short is his Date, and foon his Glory ends;
 From Fields of Death when late he shall retire,
 No Infant on his Knees shall call him Sire.

Strong as thou art, some God may yet be found,
 500 To stretch thee pale and gasping on the Ground;
 Thy distant Wife, *Ægiale* the Fair,
 Starting from Sleep with a distracted Air,
 Shall rowze thy Slaves, and her lost Lord deplore,
 The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!

505 This said, she wip'd from *Venus'* wounded Palm
 The sacred *Ichor*, and infus'd the Balm.
Juno and *Pallas* with a Smile survey'd,
 And thus to *Jove*, began the blue-ey'd Maid.

Permit thy Daughter, gracious *Jove*! to tell
 510 How this Mischance the *Cyprian* Queen befell.

As late she try'd with Passion to inflame
 The tender Bosome of a *Grecian* Dame,
 Allur'd the Fair with moving Thoughts of Joy,
 To quit her Country for some Youth of *Troy*;
 515 The clasping Zone, with golden Buckles bound,
 Raz'd her soft Hand with this lamented Wound.

The

The Sire of Gods and Men superior smil'd,
And, calling *Venus*, thus addrest his Child.
Not these, O Daughter, are thy proper Cares,
Thee milder Arts befit, and softer Wars; 520
Sweet Smiles are thine and kind endearing Charms,
To *Mars* and *Pallas* leave the Deeds of Arms.

Thus they in Heav'n: While on the Plain below
The fierce *Tydidēs* charg'd his *Dardan* Foe:
Flush'd with Celestial Blood pursu'd his way, 525
And fearless dar'd the threatening God of Day;
Already in his Hopes he saw him kill'd,
Tho' screen'd behind *Apollo's* mighty Shield.
Thrice rushing furious, at the Chief he strook;
His blazing Buckler thrice *Apollo* shook: 530
He try'd the fourth: When breaking from the Cloud,
A more than mortal Voice was heard aloud.

O Son of *Tydeus*, cease! be wise and see
How vast the Diff'rence of the Gods and Thee;
Distance immense! between the Pow'rs that shine 535
Above, Eternal, Deathless, and Divine,
And mortal Man! a Wretch of humble Birth,
A short-liv'd Reptile in the Dust of Earth.

L

So

So spoke the God who darts Celestial Fires;
 540 He dreads his Fury, and some Steps retires.
 Then *Phæbus* bore the Chief of *Venus*' Race
 To *Troy*'s high Fane, and to his Holy Place;
Latona there and *Phæbe* heal'd the Wound,
 With Vigor arm'd him, and with Glory crown'd.
 545 This done, the Patron of the Silver Bow
 A Phantom rais'd, the same in Shape and Show
 With great *Aeneas*; such the Form he bore,
 And such in Fight the radiant Arms he wore.
 Around the Spectre bloody Wars are wag'd,
 550 And *Greece* and *Troy* with clashing Shields engag'd.
 Meantime on *Ilion*'s Tow'r *Apollo* stood,
 And calling *Mars*, thus urg'd the raging God.
 Stern Pow'r of Arms! by whom the Mighty fall,
 Who bathe in Blood, and shake th' embattel'd Wall!
 555 Rise in thy Wrath! To Hell's abhorr'd Abodes
 Dispatch yon' *Greek*, and vindicate the Gods.
 First rose *Venus* felt his brutal Rage;
 Me next he charg'd, and dares all Heav'n engage:
 The Wretch would brave high Heav'n's immortal Sire,
 560 His triple Thunder, and his Bolts of Fire.

The

The God of Battel issues on the Plain,
Stirs all the Ranks, and fires the *Trojan* Train;
In Form like *Acamas*, the *Thracian* Guide,
Enrag'd, to *Troy's* retiring Chiefs he cry'd.

How long, ye Sons of *Priam*! will ye fly, 565
And unreveng'd see *Priam's* People die?
Still unresisted shall the Foe destroy,
And stretch the Slaughter to the Gates of *Troy*?
Lo brave *Aeneas* sinks beneath his Wound,
Not Godlike *Hector* more in Arms renown'd: 570
Haste all, and take the gen'rous Warrior's Part.
He said; new Courage swell'd each Hero's Heart.
Sarpedon first his ardent Soul exprefs'd,
And, turn'd to *Hector*, these bold Words address'd.

Say, Chief, is all thy ancient Valor lost, 575
Where are thy Threats, and where thy glorious Boast,
That propt alone by *Priam's* Race should stand
Troy's sacred Walls, nor need a foreign Hand?
Now, now thy Country calls her wanted Friends,
And the proud Vaunt in just Derision ends. 580
Remote they stand, while Alien Troops engage,
Like trembling Hounds before the Lion's Rage.

Far

Far distant hence I held my wide Command,
 Where foaming *Xanthus* laves the *Lycian* Land,
 585 With ample Wealth (the Wish of Mortals) blest,
 A beauteous Wife, and Infant at her Breast;
 With those I left whatever dear could be;
 Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me.
 Yet first in Fight my *Lycian* Bands I cheer,
 590 And long to meet this mighty Man ye fear.
 While *Hector* idle stands, nor bids the Brave
 Their Wives, their Infants, and their Altars save.
 Haste, Warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd State;
 Or one vast Burst of all-involving Fate
 595 Full o'er your Tow'rs shall fall, and sweep away
 Sons, Sires, and Wives, an undistinguish'd Prey.
 Rowze all thy *Trojans*, urge thy *Aids* to fight;
 These claim thy Thoughts by Day, thy Watch by Night:
 With Force incessant the brave *Greeks* oppose;
 600 Such Cares thy Friends deserve, and such thy Foes.

Stung to the Heart the gen'rous *Hector* hears,
 But just Reproof with decent Silence bears.
 From his proud Car the Prince impetuous springs;
 On Earth he leaps; his Brazen Armor rings.

Two

Two shining Spears are brandish'd in his Hands ;⁶⁰⁵
 Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping Bands,
 Revives their Ardor, turns their Steps from Flight,
 And wakes anew the dying Flames of Fight.
 They turn, they stand : The *Greeks* their Fury dare,
 Condense their Pow'rs, and wait the growing War.⁶¹⁰

As when on *Ceres'* sacred Floor the Swain
 Spreads the wide Fan to clear the golden Grain,
 And the light Chaff, before the Breezes born,
 Ascends in Clouds from off the heapy Corn ;
 The grey Dust, rising with collected Winds,⁶¹⁵
 Drives o'er the Barn, and whitens all the Hinds.
 So white with Dust the *Grecian* Host appears,
 From trampling Steeds, and thundring Charioteers,
 The dusky Clouds from labour'd Earth arise,
 And roll in smoking Volumes to the Skies,⁶²⁰
Mars hovers o'er them with his sable Shield,
 And adds new Horrors to the darken'd Field ;
 Pleas'd with his Charge, and ardent to fulfill
 In *Troy's* Defence *Apollo's* heav'nly Will :
 Soon as from Fight the blue-ey'd Maid retires,⁶²⁵
 Each *Trojan* Bosom with new Warmth he fires.

M

And

And now the God, from forth his sacred Fane,
 Produc'd *Æneas* to the shouting Train;
 Alive, unharm'd, with all his Peers around,
 630 Erect he stood, and vig'rous from his Wound:
 Enquiries none they made; the dreadful Day
 No Pause of Words admits, no dull Delay;
 Fierce *Discord* storms, *Apollo* loud exclaims,
Fame calls, *Mars* thunders, and the Field's in Flames.
 635 Stern *Diomed* with either *Ajax* stood,
 And great *Ulysses*, bath'd in hostile Blood.
 Embodied close, the lab'ring *Grecian* Train
 The fiercest Shock of charging Hosts sustain;
 Unmov'd and silent, the whole War they wait,
 640 Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as Fate.
 So when th' embattel'd Clouds in dark Array
 Along the Skies their gloomy Lines display,
 When now the *North* his boist'rous Rage has spent,
 And peaceful sleeps the liquid Element,
 645 The low-hung Vapors, motionless and still,
 Rest on the Summits of the shaded Hill;
 'Till the Mass scatters as the Winds arise,
 Dispers'd and broken thro' the ruffled Skies.

Nor

Nor was the Gen'ral wanting to his Train,
From Troop to Troop he toils thro' all the Plain. 650
Ye *Greeks* be Men! the Charge of Battel bear;
Your brave Associates, and Your-selves revere!
Let glorious Acts more glorious Acts inspire,
And catch from Breast to Breast the noble Fire!

On Valor's side the Odds of Combate lie, 655
The Brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The Wretch who trembles in the Field of Fame,
Meets Death, and worfe than Death, Eternal Shame.

These Words he seconds with his flying Lance,
To meet whose Point was strong *Deidon's* Chance; 660
Aeneas' Friend, and in his native Place

Honour'd and lov'd like *Priam's* Royal Race:
Long had he fought the foremost in the Field;
But now the Monarch's Lance transpierc'd his Shield,
His Shield too weak the furious Dart to stay, 665
Thro' his broad Belt the Weapon forc'd its way;
The grizly Wound dismiss'd his Soul to Hell,
His Arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce *Aeneas* brandishing his Blade,
In Dust *Orsilochnus* and *Crethon* laid, 670

Whose

Whose Sire *Diocleus*, wealthy, brave and great,
 In well-built *Pheræ* held his lofty Seat:
 Sprung from *Alpheus*, plenteous Stream! that yields
 Encrease of Harvests to the *Pylian* Fields:
 675 He got *Orsilochus*, *Diocleus* He,
 And these descended in the third Degree.
 Too early expert in the martial Toil,
 In fable Ships they left their native Soil,
 T'avenge *Atrides*: Now, untimely slain,
 680 They fell with Glory on the *Phrygian* Plain.
 So two young Mountain Lions, nurs'd with Blood
 In deep Recesses of the gloomy Wood,
 Rush fearless to the Plains, and uncontroul'd
 Depopulate the Stalls and waste the Fold;
 685 'Till pierc'd at distance from their native Den,
 O'erpow'r'd they fall beneath the Force of Men.
 Prostrate on Earth their beauteous Bodies lay,
 Like Mountain Firs, as tall and strait as they.
 Great *Menelaus* views with pitying Eyes,
 690 Lifts his bright Lance, and at the Victor flies;
Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthless in his Hate,
 The God but urg'd him to provoke his Fate.

He

He thus advancing, *Nestor's* valiant Son
 Shakes for his Danger, and neglects his own ;
 Struck with the Thought, should *Helen's* Lord be slain, ⁶⁹⁵
 And all his Country's glorious Labours vain.
 Already met the threat'ning Heroes stand ;
 The Spears already tremble in their Hand ;
 In rush'd *Antilochus*, his Aid to bring,
 And fall or conquer by the *Spartan* King. 700
 These seen, the *Dardan* backward turn'd his Course,
 Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal Force.
 The breathless Bodies to the *Greeks* they drew ;
 Then mix in Combate and their Toils renew.
 First *Pylæmenes*, great in Battel, bled, 705
 Who sheath'd in Brass the *Paphlagonians* led.
Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood ;
 Fix'd in his Throat, the Javelin drank his Blood.
 The faithful *Mydon* as he turn'd from Fight
 His flying Coursers, sunk to endless Night : 710
 A broken Rock by *Nestor's* Son was thrown,
 His bended Arm receiv'd the falling Stone,
 From his numb'd Hand the Iv'ry-studded Reins
 Dropt in the Dust are trail'd along the Plains.

N

Meanwhile

715 Meanwhile his Temples feel a deadly Wound ;
 He groans in Death, and pondrous sinks to Ground :
 Deep drove his Helmet in the Sands, and there
 The Head stood fix'd, the quiv'ring Legs in Air :
 'Till trampled flat beneath the Courser's Feet,
 720 The youthful Victor mounts his empty Seat,
 And bears the Prize in Triumph to the Fleet.

Great *Hector* saw, and raging at the View
 Pours on the *Greeks* : The *Trojan* Troops pursue :
 He fires his Host with animating Cries,
 725 And brings along the Furies of the Skies.
Mars, stern Destroyer ! and *Bellona* dread,
 Flame in the Front, and thunder at their Head :
 This swells the Tumult and the Rage of Fight ;
 That shakes a Spear that casts a dreadful Light ;
 730 Where *Hector* march'd, the God of Battels shin'd,
 Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.

Tydides paus'd amidst his full Carrier ;
 Then first the Hero's manly Breast knew Fear.
 As when some simple Swain his Cot forsakes,
 735 And wide thro' Fens an unknown Journey takes ;

If

If chance a swelling Brook his Passage stay,
 And foam impervious cross the Wand'rer's way,
 Confus'd he stops, a Length of Country past,
 Eyes the rough Waves, and tir'd returns at last.
 Amaz'd no less the great *Tydides* stands;

740

He stay'd, and turning, thus address'd his Bands.

No wonder, *Greeks!* that all to *Hector* yield,
 Secure of fav'ring Gods, he takes the Field;
 His Strokes they second, and avert our Spears:
 Behold where *Mars* in mortal Arms appears!

745

Retire then Warriors, but sedate and slow;
 Retire, but with your Faces to the Foe.

Trust not too much your unavailing Might;
 'Tis not with *Troy*, but with the Gods ye fight.

Now near the *Greeks* the black Battalions drew,
 And first two Leaders valiant *Hector* flew,
 His Force *Anchialus* and *Mnesthes* found,
 In ev'ry Art of glorious War renown'd;
 In the same Car the Chiefs to Combate ride,
 And fought united, and united dy'd.

755

Struck at the Sight, the mighty *Ajax* glows
 With Thirst of Vengeance, and assaults the Foes.

His

His massy Spear with matchless Fury sent
 Thro' *Amphius*' Belt and heaving Belly went :
 760 *Amphius Apæsus*' happy Soil possess'd,
 With Herds abounding, and with Treasure blest'd ;
 But Fate resistless from his Country led
 The Chief, to perish at his People's Head.
 Shook with his Fall his Brazen Armor rung,
 765 And fierce, to seize it, conqu'ring *Ajax* sprung :
 Around his Head an Iron Tempest rain'd ;
 A Wood of Spears his ample Shield sustain'd ;
 Beneath one Foot the yet-warm Corps he prest,
 And drew his Javelin from the bleeding Breast :
 770 He could no more ; The show'ring Darts deny'd
 To spoil his glitt'ring Arms, and Plummy Pride.
 Now Foes on Foes came pouring on the Fields,
 With bristling Lances, and compacted Shields ;
 'Till in the Steely Circle straiten'd round,
 775 Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the Ground.

While thus they strive, *Tlepolemus* the great,
 Urg'd by the Force of unresisted Fate,
 Burns with Desire *Sarpedon*'s Strength to prove ;
Alcides' Offspring meets the Son of *Jove*.

Sheath'd

Sheath'd in bright Arms each adverse Chief came on, 780
Jove's great Descendent, and his greater Son.
Prepar'd for Combate, e're the Lance he toft,
The daring *Rhodian* vents his haughty Boast.

What brings this *Lycian* Counfellow fo far,
To tremble at our Arms, not mix in War? 785
Know thy vain felf, nor let their Flatt'ry move
Who ftyle thee Son of Cloud-compelling *Jove*.
How far unlike thofe Chiefs of Race divine,
How vaft the Diff'rence of their Deeds and thine?
Jove got fuch Heroes as my Sire, whose Soul 790
No Fear could daunt, nor Earth, nor Hell controul.
Troy felt his Arm, and yon' proud Ramparts ftand
Rais'd on the Ruins of his vengeful Hand:
With fix fmall Ships, and but a flender Train,
He left the Town a wide, deferted Plain. 795
But what art thou? who deedlefs look'ft around,
While unreveng'd thy *Lycians* bite the Ground:
Small Aid to *Troy* thy feeble Force can be,
But wert thou greater, thou muft yield to me.
Pierc'd by my Spear to endlefs Darknefs go! 800
I make this Prefent to the Shades below.

O

The

The Son of *Hercules*, the *Rhodian* Guide,
Thus haughty spoke. The *Lycian* King reply'd.

Thy Sire, O Prince! o'erturn'd the *Trojan* State,
805 Whose perjur'd Monarch well deserv'd his Fate;
Those heav'nly Steeds the Hero fought so far,
False he detain'd, the just Reward of War:
Nor so content, the gen'rous Chief defy'd,
With base Reproaches and unmanly Pride.

810 But you, unworthy the high Race you boast,
Shall raise my Glory when thy own is lost:
Now meet thy Fate, and by *Sarpedon* slain
Add one more Ghost to *Pluto's* gloomy Reign.

He said: Both Javelins at an Instant flew:
815 Both strook, both wounded, but *Sarpedon's* flew:
Full in the Boaster's Neck the Weapon stood,
Transfix'd his Throat, and drank the vital Blood;
The Soul disdainful seeks the Caves of Night,
And his seal'd Eyes for ever lose the Light.

820 Yet not in vain, *Tlepolemus*, was thrown
Thy angry Lance; which piercing to the Bone
Sarpedon's Thigh, had robb'd the Chief of Breath;
But *Jove* was present, and forbade the Death.

Born

Born from the Conflict by his *Lycian* Throng,
 The wounded Hero dragg'd the Lance along. 825
 (His Friends, each busy'd in his sev'ral Part,
 Thro' Haste, or Danger, had not drawn the Dart)
 The *Greeks* with slain *Tlepolemus* retir'd;
 Whose Fall *Ulysses* view'd, with Fury fir'd;
 Doubtful if *Jove's* great Son he should pursue, 830
 Or pour his Vengeance on the *Lycian* Crew.
 But Heav'n and Fate the first Design withstand,
 Nor this great Death must grace *Ulysses'* Hand.
Minerva drives him on the *Lycian* Train;
Alastor, *Chromius*, *Halius* strow'd the Plain, 835
Alcander, *Prytanis*, *Noëmon* fell,
 And Numbers more his Sword had sent to Hell:
 But *Hector* saw; and furious at the Sight,
 Rush'd terrible amidst the Ranks of Fight.
 With Joy *Sarpedon* view'd the wish'd Relief, 840
 And faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the Chief.

Oh suffer not the Foe to bear away
 My helpless Corps, an unassisted Prey.
 If I, unblest, must see my Son no more,
 My much-lov'd Comfort, and my native Shore, 845

Yet

Yet let me die in *Ilion's* sacred Wall ;
Troy, in whose Cause I fell, shall mourn my Fall.

He said, nor *Hector* to the Chief replies,
 But shakes his Plume, and fierce to Combate flies,
 850 Swift as a Whirlwind drives the scatt'ring Foes,
 And dyes the Ground in Purple as he goes.

Beneath a Beech, *Jove's* consecrated Shade,
 His mournful Friends divine *Sarpedon* laid :
 Brave *Pelagon*, his fav'rite Chief, was nigh,
 855 Who wrench'd the Javelin from his finewy Thigh.
 The fainting Soul stood ready wing'd for Flight,
 And o'er his Eye-balls swum the Shades of Night.
 But *Boreas* rising fresh, with gentle Breath,
 Recall'd his Spirit from the Gates of Death.

860 The gen'rous *Greeks* recede with tardy Pace,
 Tho *Mars* and *Hector* thunder in their Face ;
 None turn their Backs to mean ignoble Flight,
 Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.

Who first, who last, by *Mars* and *Hector's* Hand
 865 Stretch'd in their Blood lay gasping on the Sand ?
Teuthras the great, *Orestes* the renown'd
 For manag'd Steeds, and *Trebus* prefs'd the Ground ;

Next *Oenomaus*, and *Oenops'* Offspring dy'd ;
Oresbius last fell groaning at their side :
Oresbius, in his painted Mitre gay, 870
 In fat *Bæotia* held his wealthy Sway,
 Where Lakes furround low *Hylè's* watry Plain ;
 A Prince and People studious of their Gain.

The Carnage *Juno* from the Skies survey'd,
 And touch'd with Grief bespoke the 'blue-ey'd Maid. 875
 Oh Sight accurst ! Shall faithless *Troy* prevail,
 And shall our Promise to our People fail ?
 How vain the Word to *Menelaus* giv'n
 By *Jove's* great Daughter and the Queen of Heav'n,
 Beneath his Arms that *Priam's* Tow'rs should fall ; 880
 If warring Gods for ever guard the Wall ?
Mars, red with Slaughter, aids our hated Foes :
 Haste, let us arm, and Force with Force oppose !

She spoke ; *Minerva* burns to meet the War :
 And now Heav'ns Empress calls her blazing Car. 885
 At her Command rush forth the Steeds Divine ;
 Rich with immortal Gold their Trappings shine.
 Bright *Hebè* waits ; by *Hebè*, ever young,
 The whirling Wheels are to the Chariot hung.

890 On the bright Axle turns the bidden Wheel,
 Of founding Brass; the polish'd Axle Steel,
 Eight brazen Spokes in radiant Order flame;
 The Circles Gold, of uncorrupted Frame,
 Such as the Heav'ns produce: and round the Gold

895 Two brazen Rings of Work divine were roll'd.
 The bossie Naves of solid Silver shone;
 Braces of Gold suspend the moving Throne:
 The Car behind an arching Figure bore;
 The bending Concave form'd an Arch before.

900 Silver the Beam, th' extended Yoke was Gold,
 And golden Reins th' immortal Coursers hold.
 Herself, impatient, to the ready Car
 The Coursers joins, and breathes Revenge and War.
Pallas disrobes; Her radiant Veil unty'd,

905 With Flow'rs adorn'd, with Art diversify'd,
 (The labour'd Veil her heav'nly Fingers wove):
 Flows on the Pavement of the Court of *Jove*.
 Now Heav'ns dread Arms her mighty Limbs invest,
Jove's Cuirass blazes on her ample Breast;
 910 Deck'd in sad Triumph for the mournful Field,
 O'er her broad Shoulders hangs his horrid Shield,

Dire,

Dire, black, tremendous! Round the Margin roll'd,
 A Fringe of Serpents hissing guards the Gold:
 Here all the Terrors of grim War appear,
 Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear, 915
 Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd;
 And the dire Orb Portentous *Gorgon* crown'd.
 The massy golden Helm she next assumes,
 That dreadful nods with four o'er shading Plumes;
 So vast, the broad Circumference contains 920
 A hundred Armies on a hundred Plains.
 The Goddess thus th' imperial Car ascends;
 Shook by her Arm the mighty Javelin bends,
 Pond'rous and huge; that when her Fury burns,
 Proud Tyrants humbles, and whole Hosts o'erturns. 925
 Swift at the Scourge th' Ethereal Coursers fly,
 While the smooth Chariot cuts the liquid Sky.
 Heav'n Gates spontaneous open to the Pow'rs,
 Heav'n's golden Gates, kept by the winged Hours;
 Commission'd in alternate Watch to stand, 930
 The Sun's bright Portals and the Skies command,
 Involve in Clouds th' Eternal Gates of Day,
 Or the dark Barrier roll with Ease away.

The

The sounding Hinges ring : On either side

935 The gloomy Volumes, pierc'd with Light, divide.

The Chariot mounts, where deep in ambient Skies,

Confus'd, *Olympus*' hundred Heads arise ;

Where far apart the Thund'rer fills his Throne,

O'er all the Gods, superior and alone.

940 There with her snowy Hand the Queen restrains

The fiery Steeds, and thus to *Jove* complains.

O Sire ! can no Repentment touch thy Soul ?

Can *Mars* rebel, and does no Thunder roll ?

What lawless Rage on yon' forbidden Plain,

945 What rash Destruction ! and what Heroes slain ?

Venus, and *Phæbus* with the dreadful Bow,

Smile on the Slaughter, and enjoy my Woe.

Mad, furious Pow'r ! whose unrelenting Mind

No God can govern, and no Justice bind.

950 Say, mighty Father ! Shall we scourge his Pride,

And drive from Fight th' impetuous Homicide ?

To whom assenting, thus the Thund'rer said :

Go ! and the great *Minerva* be thy Aid.

To tame the Monster-God *Minerva* knows,

955 And oft' afflicts his Brutal Breast with Woes.

He

He said ; *Saturnia*, ardent to obey,
Lash'd her white Steeds along th' Aerial Way.
Swift down the Steep of Heav'n the Chariot rolls,
Between th' expanded Earth and starry Poles.
Far as a Shepherd, from some Point on high, 960
O'er the wide Main extends his boundless Eye,
Thro' such a Space of Air, with thund'ring Sound,
At ev'ry Leap th' Immortal Coursers bound.
Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those Banks Divine
Where Silver *Simois* and *Scamander* join. 965
There *Juno* stop'd, and (her fair Steeds unloos'd)
Of Air condens'd a Vapor circumfus'd :
For these, impregnate with Celestial Dew
On *Simois'* Brink Ambrosial Herbage grew!
Thence, to relieve the fainting *Argive* Throng, 970
Smooth as the sailing Doves they glide along.
The best and bravest of the *Grecian* Band
(A warlike Circle) round *Tydidēs* stand :
Such was their Look as Lions bath'd in Blood,
Or foaming Boars, the Terror of the Wood. 975
Heav'n's Empress mingles with the mortal Crowd,
And shouts, in *Stentor's* sounding Voice, aloud :

Q

Stentor

Stentor the strong, endu'd with Brazen Lungs,
 Whose Throat surpass'd the Force of fifty Tongues.

980 Inglorious *Argives*! to your Race a Shame,
 And only Men in Figure and in Name!
 Once from their Walls your tim'rous Foes engag'd,
 While fierce in War divine *Achilles* rag'd;
 Now issuing fearless they possess the Plain,
 985 Now win the Shores, and scarce the Seas remain.

Her Speech new Fury to their Hearts convey'd;
 While near *Tydidēs* stood th' *Athenian* Maid:
 The King beside his panting Steeds she found,
 O'erspent with Toil, reposing on the Ground;
 990 To cool his glowing Wound he fate apart,
 (The Wound inflicted by the *Lycian* Dart)
 Large Drops of Sweat from all his Limbs descend,
 Beneath his pond'rous Shield his Sinews bend,
 Whose ample Belt that o'er his Shoulder lay,
 995 He eas'd; and wash'd the clotted Gore away.
 The Goddess leaning o'er the bending Yoke,
 Beside his Coursers, thus her Silence broke.

Degen'rate Prince! and not of *Tydeus'* Kind,
 Whose little Body lodg'd a mighty Mind.

Foremost

Foremost he press'd, in glorious Toils to share, 1000
And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the War.
Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go,
And feast encircled by the *Theban* Foe;
There brav'd, and vanquish'd, many a hardy Knight;
Such Nerves I gave him, and such Force in Fight. 1005
Thou too no less hast been my constant Care;
Thy Hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to War:
But Thee or Fear deterr'd, or Sloth detains;
No Drop of all thy Father warms thy Veins.

The Chief thus answer'd mild. Immortal Maid! 1010
I own thy Presence, and confess thy Aid.
Not Fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the Plains,
Nor Sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy Word restrains:
From warring Gods thou bad'st me turn my Spear,
And *Venus* only found Resistance here. 1015
Hence, Goddess! heedful of thy high Commands,
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our *Argive* Bands:
For *Mars*, the Homicide, these Eyes beheld,
With Slaughter red, and raging round the Field.

Then thus *Minerva*. Brave *Tydides* hear! 1020
Not *Mars* himself, nor ought Immortal fear.

Full

Full on the God impell thy foaming Horſe :

Pallas commands, and *Pallas* lends thee Force.

Raſh, furious, blind, from theſe to thoſe he flies,

1025 And ev'ry ſide of wav'ring Combate tries ;

Large Promiſe makes, and breaks the Promiſe made ;

Now gives the *Grecians*, now the *Trojans* Aid.

She ſaid, and to the Steeds approaching near,

Drew from his Seat the martial Charioteer.

1030 The vig'rous Pow'r the trembling Car aſcends,

Fierce for Revenge ; and *Diomed* attends.

The groaning Axle bent beneath the Load ;

So great a Hero, and ſo great a God.

She ſnatch'd the Reins, ſhe laſh'd with all her Force,

1035 And full on *Mars* impell'd the foaming Horſe :

But firſt, to hide her Heav'nly Viſage, ſpread

Black *Orcus*' Helmet o'er her radiant Head.

Juſt then Gigantic *Periphas* lay ſlain,

The ſtrongeſt Warrior of th' *Ætolian* Train ;

1040 The God who ſlew him, leaves his proſtrate Prize

Stretch'd where he fell, and at *Tydides* flies.

Now ruſhing fierce, in equal Arms appear,

The daring *Greek* ; the dreadful God of War !

Full

Full at the Chief, above his Courser's Head,
From *Mars* his Arm th' enormous Weapon fled : 1045
Pallas oppos'd her Hand, and caus'd to glance
Far from the Car, the strong immortal Lance.
Then threw the Force of *Tydeus'* warlike Son ;
The Javelin hiss'd ; the Goddess urg'd it on :
Where the broad Cincture girt his Armor round, 1050
It pierc'd the God : His Groin receiv'd the Wound.
From the rent Skin the Warrior tuggs again
The smoking Steel. *Mars* bellows with the Pain :
Loud, as the Roar encountring Armies yield,
When shouting Millions shake the thund'ring Field. 1055
Both Armies start, and trembling gaze around ;
And Earth and Heav'n rebellow to the Sound.
As Vapors blown by *Auster's* fultry Breath,
Pregnant with Plagues, and shedding Seeds of Death,
Beneath the Rage of burning *Sirius* rise, 1060
Choak the parch'd Earth, and blacken all the Skies ;
In such a Cloud the God from Combate driv'n,
High o'er the dusty Whirlwind scales the Heav'n.
Wild with his Pain, he sought the bright Abodes,
There fullen fate beneath the Sire of Gods, 1065

R

Show'd

Show'd the Celestial Blood, and with a Groan
Thus pour'd his Complaints before th' immortal Throne.

Can *Jove*, supine, flagitious Facts survey,
And brook the Furies of this daring Day?

1070 For mortal Men Celestial Pow'rs engage,
And Gods on Gods exert Eternal Rage.

From thee, O Father! all these Ills we bear,
And thy fell Daughter with the Shield and Spear:

Thou gav'st that Fury to the Realms of Light,

1075 Pernicious, wild, regardless of the Right.

All Heav'n beside revere thy Sov'reign Sway,

Thy Voice we hear, and thy Behests obey:

'Tis hers to offend; and ev'n offending share.

Thy Breast, thy Counsels, thy distinguish'd Care:

1080 So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,

Well may we deem the wond'rous Birth thy own.

Now frantic *Diomed*, at her Command,

Against th' Immortals lifts his raging Hand:

The heav'nly *Venus* first his Fury found,

1085 Me next encount'ring, me he dar'd to wound;

Vanquish'd I fled: Ev'n I, the God of Fight,

From mortal Madness scarce was sav'd by Flight.

Else

Else had'st thou seen me sink on yonder Plain,
 Heap'd round, and heaving under Loads of slain;
 Or pierc'd with *Grecian* Darts, for Ages lie,
 Condemn'd to Pain, tho' fated not to die. 1090

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful Look
 The Lord of Thunders view'd, and stern bespoke.
 To me, Perfidious! this lamenting Strain?
 Of lawless Force shall lawless *Mars* complain? 1095
 Of all the Gods who tread the spangled Skies,
 Thou most unjust, most odious in our Eyes!
 Inhuman Discord is thy dire Delight,
 The Waste of Slaughter, and the Rage of Fight.
 No Bound, no Law thy fiery Temper quells, 1100
 And all thy Mother in thy Soul rebels.
 In vain our Threats, in vain our Pow'r we use;
 She gives th' Example, and her Son pursues.
 Yet long th' inflicted Pangs thou shalt not mourn,
 Sprung since thou art from *Jove*, and Heav'nly born. 1105
 Else, sing'd with Light'ning, had'st thou hence been
 thrown,

Where chain'd on burning Rocks the *Titans* groan.

Thus

Thus He who shakes *Olympus* with his Nod ;
 Then gave to *Pæon's* Care the bleeding God.
 1110 With gentle Hand the Balm he pour'd around,
 And heal'd th' immortal Flesh, and clos'd the Wound
 As when the Fig's prest Juice, infus'd in Cream,
 To Curds coagulates the liquid Stream,
 Sudden the Fluids fix, the Parts combin'd ;
 1115 Such, and so soon, th' Ætherial Texture join'd.
 Cleans'd from the Dust and Gore, fair *Hebè* drest
 His mighty Limbs in an immortal Vest.
 Glorious he fate, in Majesty restor'd,
 Fast by the Throne of Heav'ns superior Lord.
 1120 *Juno* and *Pallas* mount the blest Abodes,
 Their Task perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Fifth Book.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

FIFTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE I.

BUT Pallas now, &c.] As in every just History Picture there is one principal Figure, to which all the rest refer and are subservient; so in each Battel of the Iliad there is one principal Person, that may properly be call'd the Hero of that Day or Action. This Conduct preserves the Unity of the Piece, and keeps the Imagination from being distracted and confus'd with a wild Number of independent Figures, which have no Subordination to each other. To make this probable, *Homer* supposes these extraordinary Measures of Courage to be the immediate Gift of the Gods; who bestow them sometimes upon one, and sometimes upon another, as they think fit to make them the Instruments of their Designs; an Opinion conformable to true Theology. Whoever reflects upon this, will not blame our Author for representing the same Heroes brave at one time, and dispirited at another; just as the Gods assist, or abandon them on different Occasions.

II.

VERSE I. Tydides.] That we may enter into the Spirit and Beauty of this Book, it will be proper to settle the true Character of *Diomed* who is the Hero of it. *Achilles* is no sooner

fooner retired, but *Homer* raises his other *Greeks* to supply his Absence ; like Stars that shine each in his due Revolution, till the principal Hero rises again, and eclipses all others. As *Diomed* is the first in this Office, he seems to have more of the Character of *Achilles* than any besides. He has naturally an Excess of Boldness and too much Fury in his Temper, forward and intrepid like the other, and running after Gods or Men promiscuously as they offer themselves. But what differences his Character is, that he is soon reclaim'd by Advice, hears those that are more experienced, and in a word, obeys *Minerva* in all things. He is assisted by the Patroness of Wisdom and Arms, as he is eminent both for Prudence and Valor. That which characterizes his Prudence is a quick Sagacity and Presence of Mind in all Emergencies, and an undisturb'd Readiness in the very Article of Danger. And what is particular in his Valor is agreeable to these Qualities ; his Actions being always performed with remarkable Dexterity, Activity, and Dispatch. As the gentle and manageable Turn of his Mind seems drawn with an Opposition to the boisterous Temper of *Achilles*, so his bodily Excellencies seem design'd as in Contraste to those of *Ajax*, who appears with great Strength, but heavy and unwieldy. As he is forward to act in the Field, so is he ready to speak in the Council : But 'tis observable that his Counsels still incline to War, and are byass'd rather on the side of Bravery than Caution. Thus he advises to reject the Proposals of the *Trojans* in the seventh Book, and not to accept of *Helen* her self, tho' *Paris* should offer her. In the ninth, he opposes *Agamemnon's* Proposition to return to *Greece*, in so strong a manner, as to declare he will stay and continue the Siege himself, if the General should depart. And thus he hears without Concern *Achilles's* Refusal of a Reconciliation, and doubts not to be able to carry on the War without him. As for his private Character, he appears a gallant Lover of Hospitality in his Behaviour to *Glaucus* in the sixth Book ; a Lover of Wisdom in his Assistance of *Nestor* in the eighth, and his Choice of *Ulysses* to accompany him in the tenth ; upon the whole, an open sincere Friend, and a generous Enemy.

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The wonderful Actions he performs in this Battel, seem to be the Effect of a noble Resentment at the Reproach he had receiv'd from *Agamemnon* in the foregoing Book, to which these Deeds are the Answer. He becomes immediately the second Hero of Greece, and dreaded equally with *Achilles* by the *Trojans*. At the first Sight of him his Enemies make a Question, Whether he is a Man or a God? *Æneas* and *Pandarus* go against him, whose Approach terrifies *Sthenelus*, and the Apprehension of so great a Warrior marvellously exalts the Intrepidity of *Diomed*. *Æneas* himself is not sav'd but by the interposing of a Deity: He pursues and wounds that Deity, and *Æneas* again escapes only by the Help of a stronger Power, *Apollo*. He attempts *Apollo* too, retreats not till the God threatens him in his own Voice, and even then retreats but a few Steps. When he sees *Hector* and *Mars* himself in open Arms against him, he had not retir'd tho' he was wounded, but in Obedience to *Minerva*, and then retires with his Face toward them. But as soon as she permits him to engage with that God, he conquers, and sends him groaning to Heaven. What Invention and what Conduct appears in this whole Episode? What Boldness in raising a Character to such a Pitch, and what Judgment in raising it by such Degrees? While the most daring Flights of Poetry are employ'd to move our Admiration, and at the same time the justest and closest Allegory, to reconcile those Flights to moral Truth and Probability? It may be farther remark'd, that the high Degree to which *Homer* elevates this Character, enters into the principal Design of his whole Poem; which is to shew, that the greatest Personal Qualities and Forces are of no Effect when Union is wanting among the chief Rulers, and that nothing can avail till they are reconciled so as to act in Concert.

III.

VERSE 5. *High on his Helm Celestial Light'nings play.*] This beautiful Passage gave occasion to *Zoilus* for an insipid Piece of Raillery, who ask'd how it happen'd that the Hero escap'd burning by these Fires that continually broke from

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his Armor? *Eustathius* answers, that there are several Examples in History, of Fires being seen to break forth from human Bodies as Presages of Greatness and Glory. Among the rest, *Plutarch* in the Life of *Alexander* describes his Helmet much in this manner. This is enough to warrant the Fiction, and were there no such Example, the same Author says very well that the Imagination of a Poet is not to be confined to strict Physical Truths. But all Objections may easily be removed, if we consider it as done by *Minerva*, who had determined this Day to raise *Diomed* above all the Heroes; and caused this Apparition to render him formidable. The Power of a God makes it not only allowable but highly noble, and greatly imagined by *Homer*; as well as correspondent to a Miracle in holy Scripture, where *Moses* is described with a Glory shining on his Face at his Descent from Mount *Sinai*, a Parallel which *Spondanus* has taken notice of.

Virgil was too sensible of the Beauty of this Passage not to imitate it, and it must be owned he has surpassed his Original.

*Ardet apex capiti, cristisque ac vertice flamma
Fundatur, & vastos umbo vomit aureus ignes,
Non secus ac liquida si quando nocte Cometa
Sanguinei lugubre rubent: aut Sirius ardet,
Ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus agris,
Nascitur, & laevo contristat lumine cælum.*

In *Homer's* Comparison there is no other Circumstance attended to but that of a remarkable Brightness: Whereas *Virgil's* Comparison, beside this, seems to foretel the immense Slaughter his Hero was to make, by comparing him first to a Comet, which is vulgarly imagin'd a Prognostick, if not the real Cause of much Misery to Mankind; and again to the Dog-star, which appearing with the greatest Brightness in the latter end of Summer, is suppos'd the Occasion of all the Distempers of that sickly Season. And methinks the Objection of *Macrobins* to this Place is not just, who thinks the Simile unseasonably apply'd. by *Virgil* to *Æneas*, because he was yet on his Ship, and had not begun the Battel. One may answer, that this miraculous Appearance could never be
more

more proper than at the first Sight of the Hero, to strike Terror into the Enemy, and to prognosticate his approaching Victory.

IV.

VERSE 27. *Idæus fled, Lest the rich Chariot.*] It is finely said by M. Dacier, that *Homer* appears perhaps greater by the Criticisms that have been past upon him, than by the Praises which have been given him. *Zoilus* had a Cavil at this Place; he thought it ridiculous in *Idæus* to descend from his Chariot to fly, which he might have done faster by the help of his Horses. Three things are said in answer to this; first, that *Idæus* knowing the Passion which *Diomed* had for Horses, might hope the Pleasure of seizing these would retard him from pursuing him. Next, that *Homer* might design to represent in this Action of *Idæus* the common Effect of Fear, which disturbs the Understanding to such a degree, as to make Men abandon the surest means to save themselves. And then, that *Idæus* might have some Advantage of *Diomed* in Swiftneſs, which he had reason to confide in. But I fancy one may add another Solution which will better account for this Passage. *Homer's* word is *ἔτλη*, which I believe would be better translated *non perseveravit*, than *non sustinuit defendere fratrem interfectum*: and then the Sense will be clear, that *Idæus* made an Effort to save his Brother's Body, which proving impracticable, he was obliged to fly with the utmost Precipitation. One may add, that his alighting from his Chariot was not that he could run faster on foot, but that he could sooner escape by mixing with the Crowd of common Soldiers. There is a Particular exactly of the same Nature in the Book of *Judges*, Ch. 4. V. 15. where *Sisera* alights to fly in the same manner.

V.

VERSE 40. *Who bathe in Blood.*] It may seem something unnatural, that *Pallas* at a time when she is endeavouring to work upon *Mars* under the Appearance of Benevolence and Kindness, should make use of Terms which seem so full of bitter

bitter Reproaches ; but these will appear very properly applied to this warlike Deity. For Persons of this martial Character, who scorning Equity and Reason, carry all things by Force, are better pleas'd to be celebrated for their Power than their Virtue. Statues are rais'd to the Conquerors, that is, the Destroyers of Nations, who are complemented for excelling in the Arts of Ruine. *Demetrius* the Son of *Antigonus* was celebrated by his Flatterers with the Title of *Poliorcetes*, a Term equivalent to one here made use of.

VI.

VERSE 46. *The God of Arms and martial Maid retreat.*] The Retreat of *Mars* from the *Trojans* intimates that Courage forsook them : It may be said then, that *Minerva's* Absence from the *Greeks* will signify that Wisdom deserted them also. It is true she does desert them, but it is at a time when there was more occasion for gallant Actions than for wise Counsels. *Eustathius.*

VII.

VERSE 48. *The Greeks the Trojan Race pursue.*] *Homer* always appears very zealous for the Honour of *Greece*, which alone might be a Proof of his being of that Country, against the Opinion of those who would have him of other Nations. It is observable thro' the whole *Iliad*, that he endeavours every where to represent the *Greeks* as superior to the *Trojans* in Valor and the Art of War. In the beginning of the third Book he describes the *Trojans* rushing on to the Battel in a barbarous and confus'd manner, with loud Shouts and Cries, while the *Greeks* advance in the most profound Silence and exact Order. And in the latter Part of the fourth Book, where the two Armies march to the Engagement, the *Greeks* are animated by *Pallas*, while *Mars* instigates the *Trojans*, the Poet attributing by this plain Allegory to the former a well-conducted Valor, to the latter rash Strength and brutal Force : So that the Abilities of each Nation are distinguish'd by the Characters of the Deities who assist them.

But

But in this Place, as *Eustathius* observes, the Poet being willing to shew how much the *Greeks* excell'd their Enemies when they engag'd only with their proper Force, and when each side was alike destitute of divine Assistance, takes occasion to remove the Gods out of the Battel, and then each *Grecian* Chief gives signal Instances of Valor superior to the *Trojans*.

A modern Critick observes that this constant Superiority of the *Greeks* in the Art of War, Valor, and Number, is contradictory to the main Design of the Poem, which is to make the Return of *Achilles* appear necessary for the Preservation of the *Greeks*; but this Contradiction vanishes when we reflect that the Affront given *Achilles* was the occasion of *Jupiter's* interposing in favour of the *Trojans*. Wherefore the Anger of *Achilles* was not pernicious to the *Greeks* purely because it kept him inactive, but because it occasion'd *Jupiter* to afflict them in such a manner, as made it necessary to appease *Achilles* in order to render *Jupiter* propitious.

VIII.

VERSE 63. *Back from the Car he tumbles.*] It is in Poetry as in Painting, the Postures and Attitudes of each Figure ought to be different: *Homer* takes care not to draw two Persons in the same Posture; one is tumbled from his Chariot, another is slain as he ascends it, a third as he endeavours to escape on Foot, a Conduct which is every where observed by the Poet. *Eustathius*.

IX.

VERSE 75. *Next artful Phereclus.*] This Character of *Phereclus* is finely imagined, and presents a noble Moral in an uncommon manner. There ran a Report, that the *Trojans* had formerly receiv'd an Oracle, commanding them to follow Husbandry, and not apply themselves to Navigation. *Homer* from hence takes occasion to feign, that the Shipwright who presumed to build the Fleet of *Paris* when he took his fatal Voyage to *Greece*, was overtaken by the di-

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vine Vengeance so long after as in this Battel. One may take notice too in this, as in many other Places, of the remarkable Disposition *Homer* shews to *Mechanicks*; he never omits an Opportunity either of describing a Piece of Workmanship, or of celebrating an Artift.

X.

VERSE 92. *Antenor's Offspring from a foreign Bed,
Whose gen'rous Spouse Theano heav'nly Fair,
Nurs'd the young Stranger with a Mother's Care.*

Homer in this remarkable Passage commends the fair *Theano* for breeding up a Bastard of her Husband's with the same Tenderness as her own Children. This Lady was a Woman of the first Quality, and (as it appears in the sixth *Iliad*) the high Priestess of *Minerva*: So that one cannot imagine the Education of this Child was imposed upon her by the Authority or Power of *Antenor*; *Homer* himself takes care to remove any such derogatory Notion, by particularizing the Motive of this unusual Piece of Humanity to have been to please her Husband, *χαρίζομένη πόσει ᾧ*. Nor ought we to lessen this Commendation by thinking the Wives of those Times in general were more complaisant than those of our own. The Stories of *Phoenix*, *Clytemnestra*, *Medea*, and many others, are plain Instances how highly the keeping of Mistresses was resented by the married Ladies. But there was indeed a difference between the *Greeks* and *Asiatics* as to their Notions of Marriage: For it is certain the latter allowed Plurality of Wives; *Priam* had many lawful ones, and some of them Princesses who brought great Dowries. *Theano* was an *Asiatick*, and that is the most we can grant; for the Son she nurs'd so carefully was apparently not by a Wife, but by a Mistress; and her Passions were naturally the same with those of the *Grecian* Women. As to the Degree of Regard then shewn to the Bastards, they were carefully enough educated, tho' not (like this of *Antenor*) as the lawful Issue, nor admitted to an equal share of Inheritance. *Megapenthes* and *Nicostratus* were excluded from the Inheritance of *Sparta*, because they were born of Bond-

Women,

Women, as *Pausanias* says. But *Neoptolemus*, a natural Son of *Achilles* by *Deidamia*, succeeded in his Father's Kingdom, perhaps with respect to his Mother's Quality who was a Princess. Upon the whole, however that Matter stood, *Homer* was very favourable to Bastards, and has paid them more Complements than one in his Works. If I am not mistaken *Ulysses* reckons himself one in the *Odysséis*. *Agamemnon* in the eighth *Iliad* plainly accounts it no Disgrace, when charm'd with the noble Exploits of young *Teucer*, and praising him in the Rapture of his Heart, he just then takes occasion to mention his Illegitimacy as a kind of Panegyrick upon him. The Reader may consult the Passage, *W.* 284 of the Original and *W.* 333 of the Translation. From all this I should not be averse to believe that *Homer* himself was a Bastard, as *Virgil* was, of which I think this Observation a better Proof, than what is said for it in the common *Lives* of him.

XI.

VERSE 100. ————Hypsenor, gen'rous and divine,
Sprung from the brave Dolopion's mighty Line;
Who near ador'd Scamander made Abode;
Priest of the Stream, and honour'd as a God.

From the Number of Circumstances put together here, and in many other Passages, of the Parentage, Place of Abode, Profession, and Quality of the Persons our Author mentions; I think it is plain he composed his Poem from some Records or Traditions of the Actions of the Times preceding, and complied with the Truth of History. Otherwise these particular Descriptions of Genealogies and other minute Circumstances would have been an Affectation extremely needless and unreasonable. This Consideration will account for several things that seem odd or tedious, not to add that one may naturally believe he took these Occasions of paying a Complement to many great Men and Families of his Patrons, both in *Greece* and *Asia*.

XII. VERSE

XII.

VERSE 108. *Down sinks the Priest.*] *Homer* makes him die upon the cutting off his Arm, which is an Instance of his Skill; for the great Flux of Blood that must follow such a Wound, would be the immediate Cause of Death.

XIII.

VERSE 116. *Thus Torrents swift and strong.*] This whole Passage (says *Eustathius*) is extremely beautiful. It describes the Hero carry'd by an Enthusiastick Valor into the midst of his Enemies, and so mingled with their Ranks as if himself were a *Trojan*. And the Simile wonderfully illustrates this Fury proceeding from an uncommon Infusion of Courage from Heaven, in resembling it not to a constant River, but a Torrent rising from an extraordinary Burst of Rain. This Simile is one of those that draws along with it some foreign Circumstances: We must not often expect from *Homer* those minute Resemblances in every Branch of a Comparison, which are the Pride of modern Similes. If that which one may call the main Action of it, or the principal Point of Likeness, be preserved; he affects, as to the rest, rather to present the Mind with a great Image, than to fix it down to an exact one. He is sure to make a fine Picture in the whole, without drudging on the under Parts; like those free Painters who (one would think) had only made here and there a few very significant Strokes, that give Form and Spirit to all the Piece. For the present Comparison, *Virgil* in the second *Æneid* has inserted an Imitation of it, which I cannot think equal to this, tho' *Scaliger* prefers *Virgil's* to all our Author's Similitudes from Rivers put together.

*Non sic aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
Exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta trahit-----*

Not

Not with so fierce a Rage, the foaming Flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid Course withstood;
Bears down the Dams with unresisted Sway,
And sweeps the Cattel and the Corts away.

Dryden.

XIV.

VERSE 139. *The Dart stopt short of Life.*] Homer says it did not kill him, and I am at a Loss why M. Dacier translates it, *The Wound was slight*; when just after the Arrow is said to have pierc'd quite thro', and she herself there turns it, *Perçoit l'espaule d'outre en outre*. Had it been so slight, he would not have needed the immediate Assistance of *Minerva* to restore his usual Vigor, and enable him to continue the Fight.

XV.

VERSE 164. *From mortal Mists I purge thy Eyes.*] This Fiction of *Homer* (says M. Dacier) is founded upon an important Truth of Religion, not unknown to the Pagans, that God only can open the Eyes of Men, and enable them to see what they cannot discover by their own Capacity. There are frequent Examples of this in the Old Testament. God opens the Eyes of *Hagar* that she might see the Fountain, in *Genes.* 21. V. 14. So *Numbers* 22. V. 31. *The Lord open'd the Eyes of Balaam, and he saw the Angel of the Lord standing in his way, and his Sword drawn in his Hand.* A Passage much resembling this of our Author. *Venus* in *Virgil's* second *Æneid* performs the same Office to *Æneas*, and shews him the Gods who were engag'd in the Destruction of *Troy*.

*Aspice; namque omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, & humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam———
Apparent diræ faciès, inimicaque Trojæ
Numina magna Deùm.———*

Milton seems likewise to have imitated this where he makes
X Michael

Michael open Adam's Eyes to see the future Revolutions of the World, and Fortunes of his Posterity, Book II.

——— *He purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue
The visual Nerve, for he had much to see,
And from the Well of Life three Drops distill'd.*

This distinguishing Sight of *Diomed* was given him only for the present Occasion and Service in which he was employ'd by *Pallas*. For we find in the sixth Book that upon meeting *Glaucus*, he is ignorant whether that Hero be a Man or a God.

XVI.

VERSE 194. *No mystic Dream.*] This Line in the Original, Τοῖς δὲ ἐρχομένοις ὁ γέγων ἐκλυῖται ὄνειρος, contains as puzzling a Passage for the Construction as I have met with in *Homer*. Most Interpreters join the negative Particle *δὲ* with the Verb *ἐκλυῖται*, which may receive three different Meanings: That *Eurydamas* had not interpreted the Dreams of his Children when they went to the Wars, or that he had foretold them by their Dreams they should never return from the Wars, or that he should now no more have the Satisfaction to interpret their Dreams at their Return. After all, this Construction seems forced, and no way agreeable to the general Idiom of the Greek Language, or to *Homer's* simple Diction in particular. If we join *δὲ* with *ἐρχομένοις*, I think the most obvious Sense will be this; *Diomed* attacks the two Sons of *Eurydamas* an old Interpreter of Dreams; his Children not returning, the Prophet sought by his Dreams to know their Fate; however they fall by the Hands of *Diomed*. This Interpretation seems natural and poetical, and tends to move Compassion, which is almost constantly the Design of the Poet in his frequent short Digressions concerning the Circumstances and Relations of dying Persons.

XVII.

VERSE 202. *To Strangers now descends his wealthy Store.*] This

This is a Circumstance than which nothing could be imagined more tragical, considering the Character of the Father. *Homer* says the Trustees of the remote collateral Relations seiz'd the Estate before his Eyes (according to a Custom of those Times) which to a covetous old Man must be the greatest of Miseries.

XVIII.

VERSE 212. *Divine Æneas.*] It is here *Æneas* begins to act, and if we take a View of the whole Episode of this Hero in *Homer*, where he makes but an Under-part, it will appear that *Virgil* has kept him perfectly in the same Character in his Poem, where he shines as the first Hero. His Piety and his Valor, tho' not drawn at so full a length, are mark'd no less in the Original than in the Copy. It is the manner of *Homer* to express very strongly the Character of each Person in the first Speech he is made to utter in the Poem. In this of *Æneas*, there is a great Air of Piety in those Strokes, *Is he some God who punishes Troy for having neglected his Sacrifices?* And then that Sentence, *The Anger of Heaven is terrible.* When he is in Danger afterwards, he is saved by the heavenly Assistance of two Deities at once, and his Wounds cured in the holy Temple of *Pergamus* by *Latona* and *Diana*. As to his *Valor*, he is second only to *Hector*, and in personal Bravery as great in the *Greek* Author as in the *Roman*. He is made to exert himself on Emergencies of the first Importance and Hazard, rather than on common Occasions: he checks *Diomed* here in the midst of his Fury; in the thirteenth Book defends his Friend *Deiphobus* before it was his Turn to fight, being placed in one of the hindmost Ranks (which *Homer*, to take off all Objection to his Valor, tells us happen'd because *Priam* had an Animosity to him, tho' he was one of the bravest of the Army.) He is one of those who rescue *Hector* when he is overthrown by *Ajax* in the fourteenth Book. And what alone were sufficient to establish him a first-rate Hero, he is the first that dares resist *Achilles* himself at his Return to the Fight in all his Rage for the Loss of *Patroclus*. He indeed avoids encountering

tering two at once, in the present Book ; and shews upon the whole a sedate and deliberate Courage, which if not so glaring as that of some others, is yet more just. It is worth considering how thoroughly *Virgil* penetrated into all this, and saw into the very Idea of *Homer*, so as to extend and call forth the whole Figure in its full Dimensions and Colours from the slightest Hints and Sketches which were but casually touch'd by *Homer*, and even in some Points too where they were rather left to be understood, than express'd. And this, by the way, ought to be consider'd by those Criticks who object to *Virgil's Hero* the want of that sort of Courage which strikes us so much in *Homer's Achilles*. *Aeneas* was not the Creature of *Virgil's* Imagination, but one whom the World was already acquainted with, and expected to see continued in the same Character ; and one who perhaps was chosen for the Hero of the *Latin* Poem, not only as he was the Founder of the *Roman* Empire, but as this more calm and regular Character better agreed with the Temper and Genius of the Poet himself.

XIX.

VERSE 242. *Skill'd in the Bow, &c.*] We see thro' this whole Discourse of *Pandarus* the Character of a vain-glorious passionate Prince, who being skill'd in the Use of the Bow, was highly valued by himself and others for this Excellence ; but having been successless in two different Trials of his Skill, he is rais'd into an outrageous Passion, which vents itself in vain Threats on his guiltless Bow. *Eustathius* on this Passage relates a Story of a *Paphlagonian* famous like him for his Archery, who having miss'd his Aim at repeated Trials, was so transported by Rage, that breaking his Bow and Arrows, he executed a more fatal Vengeance by hanging himself.

XX.

VERSE 244. *Ten polish'd Chariots.*] Among the many Pictures *Homer* gives us of the Simplicity of the Heroic Ages, he mingles from time to time some Hints of an extraordinary

ry Magnificence. We have here a Prince who has all these Chariots for Pleasure at one time, with their particular Sets of Horses to each, and the most sumptuous Coverings in their Stables. But we must remember that he speaks of an *Asiatic* Prince, those *Barbarians* living in great Luxury. *Dacier*.

XXI.

VERSE 252. *Yet to Thrift inclin'd.*] 'Tis *Eusebius* his Remark, that *Pandarus* did this out of Avarice, to save the Expence of his Horses. I like this Conjecture, because nothing seems more judicious, than to give a Man of a perfidious Character a strong Tincture of Avarice.

XXII.

VERSE 261. *And undissembled Gore pursu'd the Wound.*] The *Greek* is ἀτρεπὲς αἷμα. He says he is sure it was real Blood that follow'd his Arrow; because it was anciently a Custom, particularly among the *Spartans*, to have Ornaments and Figures of a purple Colour on their Breast-Plates, that the Blood they lost might not be seen by the Soldiers, and tend to their Discouragement. *Plutarch* in his *Instit. Lacon.* takes notice of this Point of Antiquity, and I wonder it escap'd Madam *Dacier* in her Translation.

XXIII.

VERSE 273. *Nor Phœbus' honour'd Gift disgrace.*] For *Homer* tells us in the second Book, V. 334 of the Catalogue, that the Bow and Shafts of *Pandarus* were given him by *Apollo*.

XXIV.

VERSE 284. *Haste, seize the Whip, &c.*] *Homer* means not here, that one of the Heroes should alight or descend from the Chariot, but only that he should quit the Reins to the Management of the other, and stand on Foot upon the Chariot to fight from thence. As one might use the Expression

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sion, *to descend from the Ship*, to signify to quit the Helm or Oar, in order to take up Arms. This is the Note of *Eustathius*, by which it appears that most of the Translators are mistaken in the Sense of this Passage, and among the rest Mr. *Hobbes*.

XXV.

VERSE 320. *One Chief at least beneath this Arm shall die.*] It is the manner of our Author to make his Persons have some Intimation from within, either of prosperous or adverse Fortune, before it happens to them. In the present Instance, we have seen *Aeneas*, astonish'd at the great Exploits of *Diomed*, proposing to himself the Means of his Escape by the Swiftneſs of his Horses, before he advances to encounter him. On the other hand, *Diomed* is so filled with Assurance, that he gives Orders here to *Sthenelus* to seize those Horses, before they come up to him. The Opposition of these two (as *Mad. Dacier* has remark'd) is very observable.

XXVI.

VERSE 327. *The Coursers of Æthereal Breed.*] We have already observed the great Delight *Homer* takes in Horses. He makes some Horses, as well as Heroes, of celestial Race: and if he has been thought too fond of the *Genealogies* of some of his Warriors, in relating them even in a Battel; we find him here as willing to trace that of his Horses in the same Circumstance. These were of that Breed which *Jupiter* bestow'd upon *Tros*, and far superior to the common Strain of *Trojan* Horses. So that (according to *Eustathius's* Opinion) the Translators are mistaken who turn *Τρώϊοι ἵπποι*, the *Trojan Horses*, in V. 222 of the Original, where *Aeneas* extolls their Qualities to *Pandarus*. The same Author takes notice, that Frauds in the Case of Horses have been thought excusable in all Times, and commends *Anchises* for this Piece of Theft. *Virgil* was so well pleas'd with it as to imitate this Passage in the seventh *Æneid*.

Absenti

*Absenti Æneæ currum, geminosque jugales
Semine ab æthereo, spirantes naribus ignem,
Illorum de gente, patri quos dædala Circe
Supposita de matre nothos furata creavit.*

XXVII.

VERSE 353. *Full in his Face it enter'd.*] It has been ask'd, how *Diomed* being on Foot, could naturally be suppos'd to give such a Wound as is describ'd here. Were it never so improbable, the express mention that *Minerva* conducted the Javelin to that Part, would render this Passage unexceptionable. But without having recourse to a Miracle, such a Wound might be receiv'd by *Pandarus* either if he stoop'd; or if his Enemy took the Advantage of a rising Ground, by which means he might not impossibly stand higher, tho' the other were in a Chariot. This is the Solution given by the ancient *Scholia*, which is confirm'd by the Lowness of the Chariots, observed in the Essay on *Homer's Battels*.

XXVIII.

VERSE 361. *To guard his slaughter'd Friend Æneas flies.*] This protecting of the dead Body was not only an Office of Piety agreeable to the Character of *Æneas* in particular, but look'd upon as a Matter of great Importance in those Times. It was believ'd that the very Soul of the deceas'd suffer'd by the Body's remaining destitute of the Rites of Sepulture, as not being else admitted to pass the Waters of *Styx*.

*Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops inbumataque turba est;
Portitor ille, Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulchri.
Nec ripas datur horrendas & rauca fluenta
Transportare prius, quam sedibus ossa quierunt.
Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc litora circum.*

Virg. *Æn.* 6.

Whoever

Whoever considers this, will not be surprized at those long and obstinate Combates for the Bodies of the Heroes, so frequent in the *Iliad*. *Homer* thought it of such Weight, that he has put this Circumstance of want of Burial into the *Proposition* at the beginning of his Poem, as one of the chief Misfortunes that befel the *Greeks*.

XXIX.

VERSE 371. *Not two strong Men.*] This Opinion of a Degeneracy of human Size and Strength in the Process of Ages, has been very general. *Lucretius*, *Lib. 2.*

*Jamque adeo fracta est ætas, effœtaque tellus
Vix animalia parva creat, quæ cuncta creavit
Sœcla, deditque ferarum ingentia corpora partu.*

The active Life and Temperance of the first Men, before their native Powers were prejudiced by Luxury, may be supposed to have given them this Advantage. *Celsus* in his first Book observes, that *Homer* mentions no sort of Diseases in the old Heroic Times but what were immediately inflicted by Heaven, as if their Temperance and Exercise preserved them from all besides. *Virgil* imitates this Passage, with a farther Allowance of the Decay in Proportion to the Distance of his Time from that of *Homer*. For he says it was an Attempt that exceeded the Strength of *twelve* Men, instead of *two*.

-----*Saxum circumspicit ingens*-----
*Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.*

Juvenal has made an agreeable Use of this Thought in his fourteenth Satyr.

*Nam genus hoc vivo jam decrescebat Homero,
Terra malos homines nunc educat, atque pusillos.*

XXX.

XXX.

VERSE 391. *Hid from the Foe behind her shining Veil.]* Homer says, she spread her Veil that it might be a Defence against the Darts. How comes it then afterwards to be pierc'd thro', when *Venus* is wounded? It is manifest the Veil was not impenetrable, and is said here to be a Defence only as it render'd *Æneas* invifible, by being interposed. This is the Observation of *Eufathius*, and was thought too material to be neglected in the Translation.

XXXI.

VERSE 403. *To bold Deipylus--Whom most he lov'd.]* *Sthenelus* (says M. *Dacier*) loved *Deipylus*, *parce qu'il avoit la mefme humeur que luy, la mefme fageffe.* The Words in the Original are *ὅτι οἱ Φρεσὶν ἄετια ἦδη.* *Because his Mind was equal and confentaneous to his own;* which I fhould rather tranflate, with regard to the Character of *Sthenelus*, that he had the fame *Bravery*, than the fame *Wifdom.* For that *Sthenelus* was not remarkable for Wifdom appears from many *Paflages*, and particularly from his Speech to *Agamemnon* in the fourth Book, upon which fee *Plutarch's* Remark, *Note 28.*

XXXII.

VERSE 408. *The Chief in chace of Venus flies.]* We have feen with what Eafe *Venus* takes *Paris* out of the Battel in the third Book, when his Life was in danger from *Menelaus*; but here when ſhe has a Charge of more Importance and nearer Concern, ſhe is not able to preserve her ſelf or her Son from the Fury of *Diomed.* The difference of Succeſs in two Attempts ſo like each other, is occaſion'd by that Penetration of Sight with which *Pallas* had endu'd her Favorite. For the Gods in their Intercourſe with Men are not ordinarily ſeen but when they pleaſe to render themſelves viſible; wherefore *Venus* might think her ſelf and her Son ſecure from the Insolence of this daring Mortal; but was in this de-

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ceiv'd, being ignorant of that Faculty, wherewith the Hero was enabled to distinguish Gods as well as Men.

XXXIII.

VERSE 419. *Her snowy Hand the razing Steel profan'd.* Plutarch in his Symposiacks l. 9. tells us, that Maximus the Rhetorician propos'd this far-fetch'd Question at a Banquet, *On which of her Hands Venus was wounded?* and that Zopyrion answer'd it by asking, *On which of his Legs Philip was lame?* But Maximus reply'd it was a different Case: For Demosthenes left no Foundation to guess at the one, whereas Homer gives a Solution of the other, in saying that Diomed throwing his Spear across, wounded her Wrist: so that it was her right Hand he hurt, her left being opposite to his right. He adds another humorous Reason from Pallas's reproaching her afterwards, as having got this Wound while she was stroking and solliciting some Grecian Lady, and unbuckling her Zone; *An Action* (says this Philosopher) *in which no one would make use of the left Hand.*

XXXIV.

VERSE 422. *Such Stream as issues from a wounded God.* This is one of those Passages in Homer which have given occasion to that famous Censure of Tully and Longinus, *That he makes Gods of his Heroes, and Mortals of his Gods.* These, taken in a general Sense, appear'd the highest Impiety to Plato and Pythagoras; one of whom has banish'd Homer from his Commonwealth, and the other said he was tortured in Hell, for Fictions of this Nature. But if a due Distinction be made of a difference among Beings superior to Mankind, which both the Pagans and Christians have allowed, these Fables may be easily accounted for. *Wounds inflicted on the Dragon, Bruising of the Serpent's Head,* and other such metaphorical Images are consecrated in holy Writ, and apply'd to Angelical and incorporeal Natures. But in our Author's Days they had a Notion of Gods that were corporeal, to whom they ascribed Bodies, tho' of a more subtil Kind than those

those of Mortals. So in this very Place he supposes them to have Blood, but Blood of a finer and superior Nature. Notwithstanding the foregoing Censures, *Milton* has not scrupled to imitate and apply this to Angels in the Christian System; when *Satan* is wounded by *Michael* in his sixth Book.

-----Then *Satan* first knew Pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
The griding Sword with discontinuous Wound
Pass'd thro' him; but th' *Ethereal Substance* clos'd,
Not long divisible, and from the gash
A Stream of Nectarous Humour issuing flow'd,
Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed-----
Yet soon he heal'd, for Spirits that live throughout,
Vital in ev'ry Part, not as frail Man
In Entrails, Head or Heart, Liver or Reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die.

Aristotle, Cap. 26. *Art. Poet.* excuses *Homer* for following Fame and common Opinion in his Account of the Gods, tho' no way agreeable to Truth. The Religion of those Times taught no other Notions of the Deity, than that the Gods were Beings of human Forms and Passions; so that any but a real *Anthropomorphite* would probably have past among the ancient *Greeks* for an impious Herstick: They thought their Religion, which worshipp'd the Gods in Images of human Shape, was much more refin'd and rational than that of *Egypt* and other Nations, who ador'd them in animal or monstrous Forms. And certainly Gods of human Shape cannot justly be esteemed or described otherwise, than as a celestial Race, superior only to mortal Men by greater Abilities, and a more extensive Degree of Wisdom and Strength, subject however to the necessary Inconveniencies consequent to corporeal Beings. *Cicero* in his Book *de Nat. Deor.* urges this Consequence strongly against the *Epicureans*, who tho' they depos'd the Gods from any Power in creating or governing the World, yet maintain'd their Existence in human Forms. *Non enim sentitis quam multa vobis suscipienda sunt si impetraveritis ut concedamus eandem esse hominum & deorum figuram;*

figuram; omnis cultus & curatio corporis erit eadem adhibenda Deo quæ adhibetur homini, ingressus, cursus, accubatio, inclinatio, sessio, comprehensio, ad extremum etiam sermo & oratio. Nam quod & mares Deos & feminas esse dicitis, quid sequatur videtis.

This Particular of the wounding of *Venus* seems to be a Fiction of *Homer's* own Brain, naturally deducible from the Doctrine of corporeal Gods above-mentioned; and considered as Poetry, no way shocking. Yet our Author as if he had foreseen some Objection, has very artfully inserted a Justification of this bold Stroke, in the Speech *Dione* soon after makes to *Venus*. For as it was natural to comfort her Daughter, by putting her in mind that many other Deities had receiv'd as ill Treatment from Mortals by the Permission of *Jupiter*; so it was of great Use to the Poet, to enumerate those ancient Fables to the same Purpose, which being then generally assented to might obtain Credit for his own. This fine Remark belongs to *Eustathius*.

XXXV.

VERSE 424. *Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial Blood, &c.]* The Opinion of the Incorruptibility of Celestial Matter seems to have been receiv'd in the Time of *Homer*. For he makes the Immortality of the Gods to depend upon the incorruptible Nature of the Nutriment by which they are sustained: As the Mortality of Men to proceed from the corruptible Materials of which they are made, and by which they are nourished. We have several Instances in him from whence this may be inferred, as when *Diomed* questions *Glaucus* if he be a God or a Mortal, he adds, *One who is sustained by the Fruits of the Earth.* Lib. 6. V. 142.

XXXVI.

VERSE 449. *Low at his Knee she begg'd.]* All the former *English* Translators make it, *she fell on her Knees*, an Oversight occasion'd by the want of a competent Knowledge in Antiquities (without which no Man can tolerably understand this Author.) For the Custom of praying on the Knees was unknown

unknown to the *Greeks*, and in use only among the *Hebrews*.

XXXVII.

VERSE 472. *And share those Grievs inferior Pow'rs must share.*] The word *Inferior* is added by the Translator, to open the Distinction *Homer* makes between the Divinity itself, which he represents impassible, and the subordinate celestial Beings or Spirits.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 475. *The mighty Mars, &c.*] *Homer* in these Fables, as upon many other Occasions, makes a great Show of his Theological Learning, which was the manner of all the *Greeks* who had travell'd into *Ægypt*. Those who would see these Allegories explained at large, may consult *Eustathius* on this Place. *Virgil* speaks much in the same Figure when he describes the happy Peace with which *Augustus* had blest the World,

-----*Furor impius intus*
Sæva sedens super arma, & centum vinctus aënis
Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.

XXXIX.

VERSE 479. *Perhaps had perish'd.*] Some of *Homer's* Censurers have inferr'd from this Passage, that the Poet represents his Gods subject to Death, when nothing but great Misery is here described. It is a common way of Speech to use *Perdition* and Destruction for *Misfortune*. The Language of Scripture calls eternal Punishment *perishing everlastingly*. There is a remarkable Passage to this Purpose in *Tacitus*, *An. 6.* which very lively represents the miserable State of a distracted Tyrant: It is the beginning of a Letter from *Tiberius* to the Senate, *Quid scribam vobis, P. C. aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore, Dii me deæque pejus perdant quam perire quotidie sentio, si scio.*

XL.

VERSE 498. *No Infant on his Knees shall call him Sire.*] This is *Homer's* manner of foretelling that he shall perish unfortunately in *Battel*, which is infinitely a more artful way of conveying that Thought than by a direct Expression. He does not simply say, he shall never return from the War, but intimates as much by describing the Loss of the most sensible and affecting Pleasure that a Warrior can receive at his Return. Of the like Nature is the Prophecy at the end of this Speech of the Hero's Death, by representing it in a Dream of his Wife's. There are many fine Strokes of this kind in the Prophetical Parts of the Old Testament. Nothing is more natural than *Dione's* forming these Images of Revenge upon *Diomed*, the Hope of which Vengeance was so proper a Topick of Consolation to *Venus*.

XLI.

VERSE 500. *To stretch thee pale, &c.*] *Virgil* has taken notice of this threatening Denunciation of Vengeance, tho' fulfill'd in a different manner, where *Diomed* in his Answer to the Embassador of K. *Latinus* enumerates his Misfortunes, and imputes the Cause of them to this impious Attempt upon *Venus*. *Æneid*, Lib. II.

*Invidisse Deos patriis ut redditus oris
 Conjugium optatum & pulchram Calydonia viderem ?
 Nunc etiam horribili visu portenta sequuntur :
 Et socii amissi petierunt Æquora pennis :
 Fluminibusque vagantur aves (heu dira meorum
 Supplicia !) & scopulos, lachrymosis vocibus implent.
 Hæc adeo ex illo mihi jam speranda fuerunt
 Tempore, cum ferro cælestia corpora demens
 Appetii, & Veneris violavi vulnere dextram.*

XLII.

XLII.

VERSE 501. *Thy distant Wife.*] The Poet seems here to complement the Fair Sex at the Expence of Truth, by concealing the Character of *Ægiale*, whom he has describ'd with the Disposition of a faithful Wife; tho' the History of those Times represents her as an abandon'd Prostitute, who gave up her own Person and her Husband's Crown to her Lover, So that *Diomed* at his Return from *Troy*, when he expected to be receiv'd with all the Tenderness of a loving Spouse, found his Bed and Throne possess'd by an Adulterer, was forc'd to fly his Country, and seek Refuge and Subsistence in foreign Lands. Thus the offended Goddess executed her Vengeance by the proper Effects of her own Power, by involving the Hero in a Series of Misfortunes proceeding from the Incontinence of his Wife.

XLIII.

VERSE 517. *The Sire of Gods and Men superior smil'd.*] One may observe the Decorum and Decency our Author constantly preserves on this Occasion: *Jupiter* only smiles, the other Gods laugh out. That *Homer* was no Enemy to Mirth may appear from several Places of his Poem; which so serious as it is, is interspers'd with many Gayeties, indeed more than he has been follow'd in by the succeeding Epic Poets. *Milton*, who was perhaps sonder of him than the rest, has given most into the ludicrous; of which his *Paradise of Fools* in the third Book, and his *Jesting Angels* in the sixth, are extraordinary Instances. Upon the Confusion of *Babel*, he says there was great Laughter in Heaven: as *Homer* calls the Laughter of the Gods in the first Book ἀσβεστος γέλως, an *inextinguishable Laugh*: But the Scripture might perhaps embolden the *English* Poet, which says, *The Lord shall laugh them to Scorn*, and the like. *Plato* is very angry at *Homer* for making the Deities laugh, as a high Indecency and Offence to Gravity. He says the Gods in our Author represent Magistrates and Persons in Authority, and are design-
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ed as Examples to such : On this Supposition, he blames him for proposing immoderate Laughter as a thing decent in great Men. I forgot to take notice in its proper Place, that the Epithet *inextinguishable* is not to be taken literally for dissolute or ceaseless Mirth, but was only a Phrase of that time to signify Chearfulness and seasonable Gayety ; in the same manner as we may now say, *to die with Laughter*, without being understood to be in danger of dying with it. The Place, Time, and Occasion were all agreeable to Mirth : It was at a Banquet ; and *Plato* himself relates several things that past at the Banquet of *Agathon*, which had not been either decent or rational at any other Season. The same may be said of the present Passage : Raillery could never be more natural than when two of the Female Sex had an Opportunity of triumphing over another whom they hated. *Homer* makes Wisdom her self not able, even in the Presence of *Jupiter*, to resist the Temptation. She breaks into a ludicrous Speech, and the supreme Being himself vouchsafes a Smile at it. But this (as *Eustathius* remarks) is not introduced without Judgment and Precaution. For we see he makes *Minerva* first beg *Jupiter's* Permission for this Piece of Freedom, *Permit thy Daughter, gracious Jove* ; in which he asks the Reader's leave to enliven his Narration with this Piece of Gayety.

XLIV.

VERSE 540. *He dreads his Fury, and some Steps retires.*] *Diomed* still maintains his intrepid Character ; he retires but a *Step or two* even from *Apollo*. The Conduct of *Homer* is remarkably just and rational here. He gives *Diomed* no sort of Advantage over *Apollo*, because he would not feign what was entirely incredible, and what no Allegory could justify. He wounds *Venus* and *Mars*, as it is morally possible to overcome the irregular Passions which are represented by those Deities. But it is impossible to vanquish *Apollo*, in whatsoever Capacity he is considered, either as the *Sun*, or as *Destiny* : One may shoot at the Sun but not hurt him, and one may strive against *Destiny* but not surmount it. *Eustathius*.

XLV.

XLV.

VERSE 546. *A Phantome rais'd.*] The Fiction of a God's placing a Phantome instead of the Hero, to delude the Enemy and continue the Engagement, means no more than that the Enemy thought he was in the Battel. This is the Language of Poetry, which prefers a marvellous Fiction to a plain and simple Truth, the Recital whereof would be cold and unaffecting. Thus *Minerva's* guiding a Javelin, signifies only that it was thrown with Art and Dexterity; *Mars* taking upon him the Shape of *Acamas*, that the Courage of *Acamas* incited him to do so, and in like manner of the rest. The present Passage is copied by *Virgil* in the tenth *Æneid*, where the Spectre of *Æneas* is rais'd by *Juno* or the *Air*, as it is here by *Apollo* or the *Sun*; both equally proper to be employ'd in forming an Apparition. Whoever will compare the two Authors on this Subject, will observe with what admirable Art, and what exquisite Ornaments, the latter has improved and beautify'd his Original. *Scaliger* in comparing these Places, has absurdly censur'd the Phantome of *Homer* for its Inactivity; whereas it was only form'd to represent the Hero lying on the Ground, without any Appearance of Life or Motion. *Spencer* in the eighth Canto of the third Book seems to have improved this Imagination, in the Creation of his false *Florimel*, who performs all the Functions of Life, and gives occasion for many Adventures.

XLVI.

VERSE 575. *The Speech of Sarpedon to Hector.*] It will be hard to find a Speech more warm and spirited than this of *Sarpedon*, or which comprehends so much in so few Words. Nothing could be more artfully thought upon to pique *Hector*, who was so jealous of his Country's Glory, than to tell him he had formerly conceiv'd too great a Notion of the *Trojan* Valor; and to exalt the Auxiliaries above his Countrymen. The Description *Sarpedon* gives of the little Concern or Interest himself had in the War, in Opposition to the

Necessity and imminent Danger of the *Trojans*, greatly strengthens this Preference, and lays the Charge very home upon their Honour. In the latter Part, which prescribes *Hector* his Duty, there is a particular Reprimand in telling him how much it behoves him to animate and encourage the Auxiliaries; for this is to say in other Words, You should exhort them, and they are forc'd on the contrary to exhort you.

XLVII.

VERSE 611. *Ceres' sacred Floor.*] *Homer* calls the Threshing Floor *sacred* (says *Eusebius*) not only as it was consecrated to *Ceres*, but in regard of its great Use and Advantage to human Kind; in which Sense also he frequently gives the same Epithet to *Cities*, &c. This Simile is of an exquisite Beauty.

XLVIII.

VERSE 641. *So when th' embattel'd Clouds.*] This Simile contains as proper a Comparison, and as fine a Picture of Nature as any in *Homer*: Yet however it is to be fear'd the Beauty and Propriety of it will not be very obvious to many Readers, because it is the Description of a natural Appearance which they have not had an Opportunity to remark, and which can be observed only in a mountainous Country. It happens frequently in very calm Weather, that the Atmosphere is charg'd with thick Vapors, whose Gravity is such, that they neither rise nor fall, but remain poiz'd in the Air at a certain Height, where they continue frequently for several Days together. In a plain Country this occasions no other visible Appearance, but of an uniform clouded Sky; but in a Hilly Region these Vapors are to be seen covering the Tops and stretch'd along the Sides of the Mountains, the clouded Parts above being terminated and distinguish'd from the clear Parts below by a strait Line running parallel to the Horizon, as far as the Mountains extend. The whole Compass of Nature cannot afford a nobler and more exact Representation of a numerous Army, drawn up in Line of Battel, and expecting the Charge. The long-extended even front, the Closeness

Clofeness of the Ranks; the Firmness, Order, and Silence of the whole, are all drawn with great Resemblance in this one Comparifon. The Poet adds, that this Appearance is while *Boreas* and the other boifterous Winds which difperfe and break the Clouds, are laid afleep. This is as exact as it is Poetical; for when the Winds arife, this regular Order is foon diffolv'd. This Circumftance is added to the Description, as an ominous Anticipation of the Flight and Diffipation of the *Greeks*, which foon enfued when *Mars* and *Hector* broke in upon them.

XLIX.

VERSE 651. *Ye Greeks be Men, &c.*] If *Homer* in the longer Speeches of the *Iliad*, fays all that could be faid by Eloquence, in the fhorter he fays all that can be faid with Judgment. Whatever fome few modern Criticks have thought, it will be found upon due Reflection, that the Length or Brevity of his Speeches is determined as the Occafions either allow Leifure or demand Haste. This concise Oration of *Agamemnon* is a Mafterpiece in the Laconic way. The Exigence required he fould fay something very powerful, and no Time was to be loft. He therefore warms the Brave and the Timorous by one and the fame Exhortation; which at once moves by the Love of Glory, and the Fear of Death. It is fhort and full, like that of the brave *Scotch* General under *Gustavus*, who upon Sight of the Enemy, faid only this; *See ye thofe Lads? Either fell them or they'll fell you.*

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VERSE 652. *Your brave Associates and your felves revere.*] This noble Exhortation of *Agamemnon* is correspondent to the wife Scheme of *Neflor* in the fecond Book: where he advised to rank the Soldiers of the fame Nation together, that being known to each other, all might be incited either by a generous Emulation or a decent Shame. *Spondanus.*

LI.

LI.

VERSE 691. *Mars urg'd him on.*] This is another Instance of what has been in general observ'd in the Discourse on the Battels of *Homer*, his artful manner of making us measure one Hero by another. We have here an exact Scale of the Valor of *Aeneas* and of *Menelaus*; how much the former outweighs the latter, appears by what is said of *Mars* in these Lines, and by the Necessity of *Antilochus's* assisting *Menelaus*: as afterwards what Over-balance that Assistance gave him, by *Aeneas's* retreating from them both. How very nicely are these Degrees mark'd on either Hand? This Knowledge of the Difference which Nature itself sets between one Man and another, makes our Author neither blame these two Heroes for going against one, who was superior to each of them in Strength; nor that one for retiring from both, when their Conjunction made them an Overmatch to him. There is great Judgment in all this.

LII.

VERSE 696. *And all his Country's glorious Labours vain.*] For (as *Agamemnon* said in the fourth Book upon *Menelaus's* being wounded) if he were slain, the War would be at an end, and the *Greeks* think only of returning to their Country. *Spondanus.*

LIII.

VERSE 726. *Mars, stern Destroyer, &c.*] There is a great Nobleness in this Passage. With what Pomp is *Hector* introduced into the Battel, where *Mars* and *Bellona* are his Attendants? The Retreat of *Diomed* is no less beautiful; *Minerva* had remov'd the Mist from his Eyes, and he immediately discovers *Mars* assisting *Hector*. His Surprise on this Occasion is finely imagin'd by that of the Traveller on the sudden Sight of the River.

LIV.

LIV.

VERSE 784. *What brings this Lycian Counsellor so far?*] There is a particular Sarcaſm in *Tlepolemus's* calling *Sarpedon* in this Place *Λυκίων Βουλευφόρε*, *Lycian Counsellor*, one better skill'd in Oratory than War; as he was the Governor of a People who had long been in Peace, and probably (if we may gueſs from his Character in *Homer*) remarkable for his Speeches. This is rightly obſerved by *Spondanus*, 'tho' not taken notice of by *M. Dacier*.

LV.

VERSE 792. *Troy felt his Arm.*] He alludes to the Hiſtory of the firſt Deſtruction of *Troy* by *Hercules*, occaſion'd by *Laomedon's* refuſing that Hero the Horſes, which were the Reward promis'd him for the Delivery of his Daughter *Hefione*.

LVI.

VERSE 809. *With baſe Reproaches and unmanly Pride.*] Methinks theſe Words *κακῶ ἠνέπαπε μῶθῳ* include the chief Sting of *Sarpedon's* Answer to *Tlepolemus*, which no Commentator that I remember has remark'd. He tells him *Laomedon* deſerv'd his Miſfortune, not only for his Perſidy, but for injuring a brave Man with unmanly and ſcandalous *Reproaches*; alluding to thoſe which *Tlepolemus* had juſt before caſt upon him.

LVII.

VERSE 848. *Nor Hector to the Chief replies.*] *Homer* is in nothing more admirable than in the excellent Uſe he makes of the *Silence* of the Perſons he introduces. It would be endleſs to collect all the Inſtances of this Truth throughout his Poem; yet I cannot but put together thoſe that have already occur'd in the Courſe of this Work, and leave to the Reader the Pleaſure of obſerving it in what remains. The Silence of

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the two Heralds when they were to take *Briseis* from *Achilles* in *Lib. 1.* of which see *Note 39.* In the third Book, when *Iris* tells *Helen* the two Rivals were to fight in her Quarrel, and that all *Troy* were standing Spectators; that guilty Princess makes no Answer, but casts a Veil over her Face and drops a Tear; and when she comes just after into the Presence of *Priam*, she speaks not, till after he has in a particular manner encourag'd and commanded her. *Paris* and *Meneleus* being just upon the Point to encounter, the latter declares his Wishes and Hopes of Conquest to Heaven, the former being engag'd in an unjust Cause, says not a word. In the fourth Book, when *Jupiter* has express'd his Desire to favour *Troy*, *Juno* declaims against him, but the *Goddeſs of Wiſdom*, tho' much concern'd, holds her Peace. When *Agamemnon* too rashly reproves *Diomed*, that Hero remains silent, and in the true Character of a rough Warrior, leaves it to his Actions to speak for him. In the present Book where *Sarpedon* has reproach'd *Hector* in an open and generous manner, *Hector* preserving the same warlike Character, returns no Answer, but immediately hastens to the Business of the Field; as he also does in this Place, where he instantly brings off *Sarpedon*, without so much as telling him he will endeavour his Rescue. *Chapman* was not sensible of the Beauty of this, when he imagined *Hector's* Silence here proceeded from the Pique he had conceiv'd at *Sarpedon* for his late Reproof of him. That Translator has not scrupled to insert this Opinion of his in a groundless Interpolation altogether foreign to the Author. But indeed it is a Liberty he frequently takes, to draw any Passage to some new, far-fetch'd Conceit of his Invention; insomuch, that very often before he translates any Speech, to the Sense or Design of which he gives some fanciful Turn of his own; he prepares it by several additional Lines purposely to prepossess the Reader of that Meaning. Those who will take the Trouble may see Examples of this in what he sets before the Speeches of *Hector*, *Paris*, and *Helen* in the sixth Book, and innumerable other Places.

LVIII.

VERSE 858. *But Boreas rising fresh.*] *Sarpedon's* fainting at the Extraction of the Dart, and reviving by the free Air, shews the great Judgment of our Author in these Matters. But how Poetically has he told this Truth in raising the God *Boreas* to his Hero's Assistance, and making a little Machine of but one Line? This manner of representing common Things in Figure and Person, was perhaps the Effect of *Homer's Ægyptian* Education.

LIX.

VERSE 860. *The gen'rous Greeks, &c.*] This slow and orderly Retreat of the *Greeks* with their Front constantly turn'd to the Enemy, is a fine Encomium both of their Courage and Discipline. This manner of Retreat was in use among the ancient *Lacedæmonians*, as were many other martial Customs describ'd by *Homer*. This Practice took its Rise among that brave People from the Apprehensions of being slain with a Wound receiv'd in their Back. Such a Misfortune was not only attended with the highest Infamy, but they had found a way to punish them who suffer'd thus even after their Death, by denying them (as *Eustathius* informs us) the Rites of Burial.

LX.

VERSE 864. *Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's Hand
Stretch'd in their Blood, lay gasping on the Sand?*] This manner of breaking out into an Interrogation, amidst the Description of a Battel, is what serves very much to awaken the Reader. It is here an Invocation to the Muse that prepares us for something uncommon; and the Muse is suppos'd immediately to answer, *Teuthras the great, &c.* *Virgil*, I think, has improved the Strength of this Figure by addressing the Apostrophe to the Person whose Exploits he is celebrating, as to *Camilla* in the eleventh Book.

Quem

*Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera virgo,
Dejicis? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?*

LXI.

VERSE 885. *And now Heav'n's Empress calls her blazing Car, &c.*] *Homer* seems never more delighted than when he has some Occasion of displaying his Skill in Mechanicks. The Detail he gives us of this Chariot is a beautiful Example of it, where he takes occasion to describe every different Part with a Happiness rarely to be found in Descriptions of this Nature.

LXII.

VERSE 904. *Pallas disrobes.*] This Fiction of *Pallas* arraying herself with the Arms of *Jupiter*, finely intimates (says *Eustathius*) that she is nothing else but the Wisdom of the Almighty. The same Author tells us, that the Ancients mark'd this Place with a Star, to distinguish it as one of those that were perfectly admirable. Indeed there is a Greatness and Sublimity in the whole Passage, which is astonishing and superior to any Imagination but that of *Homer*, nor is there any that might better give occasion for that celebrated Saying, *That he was the only Man who had seen the Forms of the Gods, or the only Man who had shewn them.* With what Nobleness he describes the Chariot of *Juno*, the Armor of *Minerva*, the *Ægis* of *Jupiter*, fill'd with the Figures of *Horror*, *Affright*, *Discord*, and all the Terrors of War, the Effects of his Wrath against Men; and that Spear with which his Power and Wisdom overturns whole Armies, and humbles the Pride of the Kings who offend him? But we shall not wonder at the unusual Majesty of all these Ideas, if we consider that they have a near Resemblance to some Descriptions of the same Kind in the sacred Writings, where the Almighty is represented arm'd with Terror, and descending in Majesty to be aveng'd on his Enemies: The *Chariot*, the *Bow*, and the *Shield of God* are Expressions frequent in the *Psalms*.

LXIII.

LXIII.

VERSE 913. *A Fringe of Serpents.*] Our Author does not particularly describe this Fringe of the *Ægis*, as consisting of Serpents; but that it did so, may be learn'd from *Herodotus* in his fourth Book. "The Greeks (says he) borrowed the Vest and Shield of *Minerva* from the *Lybians*, only with this Difference, that the *Lybian* Shield was fringed with Thongs of Leather, the *Grecian* with Serpents." And *Virgil's* Description of the same *Ægis* agrees with this, *Æn.* 8. V. 435.

*Ægidaque horriferam, turbatæ Palladis arma,
Certatim squamis serpentum, auroque polibant,
Connexosque angues-----*

This Note is taken from *Spondanus*, as is also *Ogilby's* on this Place, but he has translated the Passage of *Herodotus* wrong; and made the *Lybian* Shield have the Serpents which were peculiar to the *Grecian*. By the way I must observe, that *Ogilby's* Notes are for the most part a Transcription of *Spondanus's*.

LXIV.

VERSE 920. *So vast, the wide Circumference contains A hundred Armies.*] The Words in the Original are ἑκατὸν πόλεων περιέεσσαν ἀραρυῖαν, which are capable of two Meanings; either that this Helmet of *Jupiter* was sufficient to have covered the Armies of an hundred Cities, or that the Armies of an hundred Cities were engraved upon it. It is here translated in such a manner that it may be taken either way, tho' the Learned are most inclined to the former Sense, as that Idea is greater and more extraordinary, indeed more agreeable to *Homer's* bold manner; and not extravagant if we call in the Allegory to our Assistance, and imagine it (with *M. Dacier*) an Allusion to the Providence of God that extends over all the Universe.

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LXV.

LXV.

VERSE 918. *Heav'n Gates spontaneous open'd.*] This marvellous Circumstance of the Gates of Heaven opening themselves of their own accord to the Divinities that pass thro' them, is copied by *Milton, Lib. 5.*

-----*At the Gate*
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the Gate self-open'd wide
On golden Hinges turning, as by Work
Divine the Sov'reign Architect had fram'd.

And again in the seventh Book,

-----*Heav'n open'd wide*
Her everduring Gates, Harmonious Sound,
On golden Hinges moving-----

As the Fiction that the Hours are the Guards of those Gates, gave him the Hint of that beautiful Passage in the beginning of his sixth,

-----*The Morn*
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosie Hand
Unbarr'd the Gates of Light, &c.

This Expression of *the Gates of Heaven* is in the *Eastern* manner, where they said the *Gates* of Heaven, or of Earth, for the *Entrance* or *Extremities* of Heaven or Earth; a Phrase usual in the Scriptures, as is observ'd by *Dacier*.

LXVI.

VERSE 919. *Heav'n's golden Gates, kept by the winged Hours.*] By the *Hours* here are meant the *Seasons*; and so *Hobbes* translates it, but spoils the Sense by what he adds,

The to the Seasons Jove the Power gave
Alone to judge of early and of late,

Which

Which is utterly unintelligible, and nothing like *Homer's* Thought. *Natalis Comes* explains it thus, *Lib. 4. c. 5.* *Homerus libro quinto Iliadis non solum has, Portas coeli servare, sed etiam nubes inducere & serenum facere, cum libuerit; quippe cum apertum coelum, serenum nominent Poetae, at clausum, tectum nubibus.*

LXVII.

VERSE 954. *To tame the Monster-God Minerva knows.]* For it is only *Wisdom* that can master *Strength*. It is worth while here to observe the Conduct of *Homer*. He makes *Minerva*, and not *Juno*, to fight with *Mars*; because a Combat between *Mars* and *Juno* could not be supported by any Allegory to have authorized the Fable: whereas the Allegory of a Battel between *Mars* and *Minerva* is very open and intelligible. *Eustathius*.

LXVIII.

VERSE 960. *Far as a Shepherd, &c.]* *Longinus* citing these Verses as a noble Instance of the Sublime, speaks to this Effect. "In what a wonderful manner does *Homer* exalt his Deities; measuring the Leaps of their very Horses by the whole Breadth of the Horizon? Who is there that considering the Magnificence of this Hyperbole, would not cry out with Reason, that if these heavenly Steeds were to make a second Leap, the World would want room for a third?" This puts me in mind of that Passage in *Hesiod's Theogony*, where he describes the Height of the Heavens, by saying a Smith's Anvil would be nine Days in falling from thence to Earth.

LXIX.

VERSE 971. *Smooth as the gliding Doves.]* This Simile is intended to express the Lightness and Smoothness of the Motion of these Goddesses. The Doves to which *Homer* compares them, are said by the ancient Scholiast to leave no Impression

Impression of their Steps. The Word βατήν in the Original may be render'd *ascenderunt* as well as *incesserunt*; so may imply (as M. *Dacier* translates it) moving without touching the Earth, which *Milton* finely calls *smooth-gliding without Step*. *Virgil* describes the gliding of one of these Birds by an Image parallel to that in this Verse.

—————*Mox aere lapsa quieto,
Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.*

This kind of Movement was appropriated to the Gods by the *Egyptians*, as we see in *Heliodorus*, *Lib. 3*. *Homer* might possibly have taken this Notion from them. And *Virgil* in that Passage where *Aeneas* discovers *Venus* by her Gate, *Et vera incessu patuit Dea*, seems to allude to some manner of moving that distinguish'd Divinities from Mortals. This Opinion is likewise hinted at by him in the fifth *Aeneid*, where he so beautifully and briefly enumerates the distinguishing Marks of a Deity,

—————*Divini signa decoris,
Ardentesque notate oculos: qui spiritus illi,
Qui vultus, vocisque sonus, vel gressus eunti!*

This Passage likewise strengthens what is said in the thirtieth Note on the first Book.

LXX.

VERSE 978. *Stentor the strong, endu'd with Brazen Lungs.*] There was a Necessity for Cryers whose Voices were stronger than ordinary, in those ancient Times, before the Use of Trumpets was known in their Armies. And that they were in Esteem afterwards may be seen from *Herodotus*, where he takes notice that *Darius* had in his Train an *Egyptian*, whose Voice was louder and stronger than any Man's of his Age. There is a farther Propriety in *Homer's* attributing this Voice to *Juno*; because *Juno* is no other than the *Air*, and because the *Air* is the Cause of Sound. *Eustathius*. *Spondanus*.

LXXI.

LXXI.

VERSE 998. *Degen'rate Prince, &c.*] This Speech of *Minerva* to *Diomed* derives its whole Force and Efficacy from the offensive Comparison she makes between *Tydeus* and his Son. *Tydeus* when he was single in the City of his Enemy, fought and overcame the *Thebans* even tho' *Minerva* forbade him; *Diomed* in the midst of his Army, and with Enemies inferior in Number, declines the Fight, tho' *Minerva* commands him. *Tydeus* disobeys her, to engage in the Battel; *Diomed* disobeys her to avoid engaging; and that too after he had upon many Occasions experienced the Assistance of the Goddess. Madam *Dacier* should have acknowledged this Remark to belong to *Eustathius*.

LXXII.

VERSE 1024. *Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies.*] *Minerva* in this Place very well paints the Manners of *Mars*, whose Business was always to fortify the weaker side, in order to keep up the Broil. I think the Passage includes a fine Allegory of the Nature of *War*. *Mars* is called *inconstant*, and a *Breaker of his Promises*, because the Chance of War is wavering, and uncertain Victory is perpetually changing sides. This latent Meaning of the Epithet ἀλλοπερσάλλος is taken notice of by *Eustathius*.

LXXIII.

VERSE 1033. *So great a God.*] The Translation has ventured to call a Goddess so; in Imitation of the *Greek*, which uses the word Θεός promiscuously for either Gender. Some of the *Latin* Poets have not scrupled to do the same. *Statius*, *Thebaid* 4. (speaking of *Diana*)

Nec caret umbra Deo.

And *Virgil*, *Æneid* 2. where *Æneas* is conducted by *Venus* thro' the Dangers of the Fire and the Enemy.

E e

Descendo,

*Descendo, ac ducente Deo, flammam inter & hostes
Expedior*——

LXXIV.

VERSE 1037. *Black Orcus' Helmet.*] As every thing that goes into the dark Empire of *Pluto*, or *Orcus*, disappears and is seen no more; the *Greeks* from thence borrow'd this figurative Expression, to put on *Pluto's Helmet*, that is to say, to become invisible. *Plato* uses this Proverb in the tenth Book of his *Republick*, and *Aristophanes* in *Acharnens*. *Eustatbius*.

LXXV.

VERSE 1054. *Loud as the Roar encountring Armies yield.*] This *Hyperbole* to express the roaring of *Mars*, so strong as it is, yet is not extravagant. It wants not a qualifying Circumstance or two; the Voice is not Human, but that of a Deity, and the Comparison being taken from an Army, renders it more natural with respect to the God of War. It is less daring to say that a God could send forth a Voice as loud as the Shout of two Armies, than that *Camilla*, a *Latian* Nymph, could run so swiftly over the Corn as not to bend an Ear of it. Or, to alledge a nearer Instance, that *Polyphemus* a meer Mortal, shook all the Island of *Sicily*, and made the deepest Caverns of *Ætna* roar with his Cries. Yet *Virgil* generally escapes the Censure of those Moderns who are shock'd with the bold Flights of *Homer*. It is usual with those who are Slaves to common Opinion to overlook or praise the same Things in one, that they blame in another. They think to depreciate *Homer* in extolling the Judgment of *Virgil*, who never shew'd it more than when he followed him in these Boldnesses. And indeed they who would take Boldness from Poetry, must leave Dulness in the room of it.

LXXVI.

VERSE 1058. *As Vapors blown, &c.*] *Mars* after a sharp Engage-

Engagement amidst the Rout of the *Trojans*, wrapt in a Whirlwind of Dust which was rais'd by so many thousand Combatants, flies toward *Olympus*. *Homer* compares him in this Estate, to those black Clouds, which during a scorching Southern Wind in the Dog-days, are sometimes born towards Heaven ; for the Wind at that time gathering the Dust together, forms a dark Cloud of it. The Heat of the Fight, the Precipitation of the *Trojans*, together with the Clouds of Dust that flew above the Army and took *Mars* from the Sight of his Enemy, supply'd *Homer* with this noble Image. *Dacier*.

LXXVII.

VERSE 1074. *Thou gav'st that Fury to the Realms of Light, Pernicious, wild, &c.*] It is very artful in *Homer*, to make *Mars* accuse *Minerva* of all those Faults and Enormities he was himself so eminently guilty of. Those People who are the most unjust and violent accuse others, even the best, of the same Crimes : Every irrational Man is a distorted Rule, tries every thing by that wrong Measure, and forms his Judgment accordingly. *Eusebius*.

LXXVIII.

VERSE 1091. *Condemn'd to Pain, tho' fated not to die.*] Those are mistaken who imagine our Author represents his Gods as mortal. He only represents the inferior or corporeal Deities as capable of Pains and Punishments, during the Will of *Jupiter*, which is not inconsistent with true Theology. If *Mars* is said in *Dione's* Speech to *Venus* to have been near perishing by *Otus* and *Ephialtes*, it means no more than lasting Misery, such as *Jupiter* threatens him with when he speaks of precipitating him into *Tartarus*. *Homer* takes care to tell us both of this God and of *Pluto* when *Paeon* cured them, that they were not mortal.

Οὐ μὲν γάρ τι καταθνήσκος ὑπέτετυκτο.

LXXIX.

LXXIX.

VERSE 1096. *Of all the Gods——Thou most unjust, most odious, &c.*] *Jupiter's* Reprimand of *Mars* is worthy the Justice and Goodness of the great Governor of the World, and seems to be no more than was necessary in this Place. *Homer* hereby admirably distinguishes between *Minerva* and *Mars*, that is to say, between *Wisdom* and ungovern'd *Fury*; the former is produced from *Jupiter* without a Mother, to show that it proceeds from God alone; (and *Homer's* alluding to that Fable in the preceding Speech shows that he was not unacquainted with this Opinion.) The latter is born of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, because, as *Plato* explains it, whatever is created by the Ministry of second Causes, and the Concurrency of Matter, partakes of that Original Spirit of Division which reigned in the *Chaos*, and is of a corrupt and rebellious Nature. The Reader will find this Allegory pursued with great Beauty in these two Speeches; especially where *Jupiter* concludes with saying he will not destroy *Mars*, because he comes from himself; God will not annihilate *Passion*, which he created to be of use to Reason: “Wisdom
“ (says *Eustathius* upon this Place) has occasion for *Passion*,
“ in the same manner as Princes have need of Guards.
“ Therefore Reason and Wisdom correct and keep *Passion* in
“ Subjection, but do not entirely destroy and ruin it.

LXXX.

VERSE 1101. *And all thy Mother in thy Soul rebels, &c.*] *Jupiter* says of *Juno*, that *she has a Temper which is insupportable, and knows not how to submit, tho' he is perpetually chastising her with his Reproofs.* *Homer* says no more than this, but *M. Dacier* adds, *Si je ne la retenois par la severité des mes loix, il n'est rien qu'elle ne bouleversast dans l'Olympe & sous l'Olympe.* Upon which she makes a Remark to this effect, “that if it were not for the Laws of Providence, the
“ whole World would be nothing but Confusion.” This Practice of refining and adding to *Homer's* Thought in the
Text,

Text, and then applauding the Author for it in the Notes, is pretty usual with the more florid modern Translators. In the third Iliad in *Helen's* Speech to *Priam*, W. 175. she wishes she had rather dy'd than follow'd *Paris* to *Troy*. To this is added in the *French*, *Mais je n'eus ni assez de Courage ni assez de vertu*, for which there is not the least Hint in *Homer*. I mention this particular Instance in pure Justice, because in the Treatise *de la Corruption du Gout Exam. de Liv. 3.* She triumphs over M. *de la Motte* as if he had omitted the Sense and Moral of *Homer* in that Place, when in Truth he only left out her own Interpolation.

LXXXI.

VERSE 1113. *As when the Fig's prest Juice, &c.]* The sudden Operation of the Remedy administer'd by *Pæon*, is well express'd by this Similitude. It is necessary just to take notice, that they anciently made use of the Juice or Sap of a green Fig for Runnet, to cause their Milk to coagulate. It may not be amiss to observe, that *Homer* is not very delicate in the Choice of his Allusions. He often borrowed his Similes from low Life, and provided they illustrated his Thoughts in a just and lively manner, it was all he had regard to.

THE Allegory of this whole Book lies so open, is carry'd on with such Closeness, and wound up with so much Fulness and Strength, that it is a wonder how it could enter into the Imagination of any Critick, that these Actions of *Diomed* were only a daring and extravagant Fiction in *Homer*, as if he affected the *Marvellous* at any rate. The great Moral of it is, that a brave Man should not contend against Heaven, but resist only *Venus* and *Mars*, Incontinence and ungovern'd Fury. *Diomed* is propos'd as an Example of a great and enterprizing Nature, which would perpetually be venturing too far, and committing Extravagancies or Impieties, did it not suffer itself to be check'd and guided by *Minerva* or Prudence: For it is this *Wisdom* (as we are told in the very first Lines of the Book) that raises a Hero above all others. Nothing is more observable than the particular Care *Homer* has taken to shew

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he designed this Moral. He never omits any Occasion throughout the Book, to put it in exprefs Terms into the Mouths of the Gods or Persons of the greatest Weight. *Minerva*, at the beginning of the Battel, is made to give this Precept to *Diomed*; *Fight not against the Gods, but give way to them, and resist only Venus*. The same Goddess opens his Eyes, and enlightens him so far as to perceive when it is Heaven that acts immediately against him, or when it is Man only that opposes him. The Hero himself, as soon as he has perform'd her Dictates in driving away *Venus*, cries out, not as to the Goddess, but as to the Passion, *Thou hast no Business with Warriors, is it not enough that thou deceiv'st weak Women?* Even the Mother of *Venus* while she comforts her Daughter, bears Testimony to the Moral: *That Man* (says she) *is not long-liv'd who contends with the Gods*. And when *Diomed*, transported by his Nature, proceeds but a Step too far, *Apollo* discovers himself in the most solemn manner, and declares this Truth in his own Voice, as it were by direct Revelation: *Mortal, forbear! consider, and know the vast difference there is between the Gods and Thee. They are immortal and divine, but Man a miserable Reptile of the Dust.*

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Episodes of *Glaucus* and *Diomed*, and of *Hector* and *Andromache*.

THE Gods having left the Field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief Augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the City in order to appoint a solemn Procession of the Queen and the Trojan Matrons to the Temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the Fight. The Battel relaxing during the Absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an Interview between the two Armies; where coming to the Knowledge of the Friendship and Hospitality past between their Ancestors, they make exchange of their Arms. Hector having performed the Orders of Helenus, prevail'd upon Paris to return to the Battel, and taken a tender Leave of his Wife Andromache, hastens again to the Field.

The Scene is first in the Field of Battel, between the Rivers Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

THE

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

[tals yield
NOW Heav'n forfakes the Fight : Th' Immor-
 To human Force and human Skill, the Field:
 Dark Show'rs of Javelins fly from Foes to Foes ;
 Now here, now there, the Tyde of Combate flows ;
 While *Troy's* fam'd Streams that bound the deathful 5
 On either side run purple to the Main. [Plain

Scaman-
der and
Simois.

Great *Ajax* first to Conquest led the way,
 Broke the thick Ranks, and turn'd the doubtful Day.
 The *Thracian Acamas* his Faulchion found,
 That hew'd th' enormous Giant to the Ground ; 10
 His thundering Arm a deadly Stroke imprest
 Where the black Horse-hair nodded o'er his Crest :

G g

Fix'd

Fix'd in his Front the brazen Weapon lies,
And seals in endless Shades his swimming Eyes.

15 Next *Teuthras*' Son distain'd the Sands with Blood,
Axylus, hospitable, rich and good :

In fair *Arisba*'s Walls (his native Place)

He held his Seat ; a Friend to Human Race.

Fast by the Road, his ever-open Door

20 Oblig'd the Wealthy, and reliev'd the Poor.

To stern *Tydidēs* now he falls a Prey,

No Friend to guard him in the dreadful Day !

Breathless the good Man fell, and by his side

His faithful Servant, old *Calestus* dy'd.

25 By great *Euryalus* was *Dresus* slain,

And next he lay'd *Opheltius* on the Plain.

Two Twins were near, bold beautiful and young,

From a fair *Naiad* and *Bucolion* sprung :

(*Laomedon*'s white Flocks *Bucolion* fed,

30 That Monarch's First-born by a foreign Bed ;

In secret Woods he won the *Naiad*'s Grace,

And two fair Infants crown'd his strong Embrace.)

Here dead they lay in all their youthful Charms ;

The ruthless Victor stripp'd their shining Arms.

Astyalus

Astyalus by *Polypætes* fell ;

35

Ulysses' Spear *Pidytes* sent to Hell ;

By *Tenzer's* Shaft brave *Aretæon* bled,

And *Nestor's* Son laid stern *Ablerus* dead.

Great *Agamemnon*, Leader of the Brave,

The mortal Wound of rich *Elatus* gave,

40

Who held in *Pedafus* his proud Abode,

And till'd the Banks where silver *Satnio* flow'd.

Melanthius by *Earypylus* was slain ;

And *Phylacas* from *Leitus* flies in vain.

Unblest *Adraffus* next at Mercy lies

45

Beneath the *Spartan* Spear, a living Prize.

Scar'd with the Din and Tumult of the Fight,

His headlong Steeds, precipitate in Flight,

Rush'd on a *Tamarisk's* strong Trunk, and broke

The shatter'd Chariot from the crooked Yoke :

50

Wide o'er the Field, resistless as the Wind,

For *Troy* they fly, and leave their Lord behind.

Prone on his Face he sinks beside the Wheel ;

Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful Steel ;

The fallen Chief in suppliant Posture press'd

55

The Victor's Knees, and thus his Pray'r address'd.

Oh

Oh spare my Youth, and for the Life I owe
 Large Gifts of Price my Father shall bestow ;
 When Fame shall tell, that not in Battel slain
 60 Thy hollow Ships his Captive Son detain,
 Rich Heaps of Brafs shall in thy Tent be told ;
 And Steel well-temper'd, and perfuasive Gold.

He said : Compassion touch'd the Hero's Heart,
 He stood fuspended with the lifted Dart :
 65 As Pity pleaded for his vanquish'd Prize,
 Stern *Agamemnon* swift to Vengeance flies,
 And furious, thus. Oh impotent of Mind !
 Shall these, shall these *Atrides*' Mercy find ?
 Well hast thou known proud *Troy*'s perfidious Land,
 70 And well her Natives merit at thy Hand !
 Not one of all the Race, not Sex, nor Age,
 Shall save a *Trojan* from our boundless Rage :
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury All ;
 Her Babes, her Infants at the Breast, shall fall.
 75 A dreadful Lesson of exampled Fate,
 To warn the Nations, and to curb the Great !
 The Monarch spoke : the Words with Warmth address'd
 To rigid Justice steel'd his Brother's Breast.

Fierce

Fierce from his Knees the hapless Chief he thrust ;
 The Monarch's Javelin stretch'd him in the Dust. 80
 Then pressing with his Foot his panting Heart,
 Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking Dart:
 Old *Nestor* saw, and rowz'd the Warrior's Rage ;
 Thus, Heroes ! thus, the vig'rous Combate wage !
 No Son of *Mars* descend, for servile Gains, 85
 To touch the Booty, while a Foe remains.
 Behold yon' glitt'ring Host, your future Spoil !
 First gain the Conquest, then reward the Toil.

And now had *Greece* Eternal Fame acquir'd.
 And frighted *Troy* within her Walls retir'd ; 90
 Had not sage *Helenus* her State redrest,
 Taught by the Gods that mov'd his sacred Breast :
 Where *Hector* stood, with great *Aeneas* join'd,
 The Seer reveal'd the Counsels of his Mind.

Ye gen'rous Chiefs ! on whom th' Immortals lay,
 The Cares and Glories of this doubtful Day,
 On whom your Aid's, your Country's Hopes depend,
 Wise to consult, and active to defend !
 Here, at our Gates, your brave Efforts unite,
 Turn back the Routed, and forbid the Flight ; 100

H h

E're

E're yet their Wives soft Arms the Cowards gain,
 The Sport and Insult of the Hostile Train.
 When your Commands have hearten'd ev'ry Band,
 Our selves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous Stand :
 105 Press'd as we are, and fore of former Fight,
 These Straits demand our last Remains of Might.
 Meanwhile, thou *Hector* to the Town retire,
 And teach our Mother what the Gods require :
 Direct the Queen to lead th' assembled Train
 110 Of *Troy's* chief Matrons to *Minerva's* Fane ;
 Unbar the sacred Gates ; and seek the Pow'r
 With offer'd Vows, in *Ilion's* topmost Tow'r,
 The largest Mantle her rich Wardrobes hold,
 Most priz'd for Art, and labour'd o'er with Gold,
 115 Before the Goddess' honour'd Knees be spread ;
 And twelve young Heifers to her Altars led.
 If so the Pow'r, atton'd by fervent Pray'r,
 Our Wives, our Infants, and our City spare,
 And far avert *Tydidēs'* wastful Ire,
 120 That mows whole Troops, and makes all *Troy* retire.
 Not thus *Achilles* taught our Hosts to dread,
 Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal Bed ;
 Not

Not thus resistless rul'd the Stream of Fight,
In Rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in Might.

Hector obedient heard ; and, with a Bound, 125
Leap'd from his trembling Chariot to the Ground ;
Thro' all his Host, inspiring Force he flies,
And bids the Thunder of the Battel rise.
With Rage recruited the bold *Trojans* glow,
And turn the Tyde of Conflict on the Foe : 130
Fierce in the Front he shakes two dazling Spears ;
All *Greece* recedes, and 'midst her Triumph fears.
Some God, they thought, who rul'd the Fate of Wars,
Shot down avenging, from the Vault of Stars.

Then thus, aloud. Ye dauntless *Dardans* hear ! 135
And you whom distant Nations send to War !
Be mindful of the Strength your Fathers bore ;
Be still your selves, and *Hector* asks no more.
One Hour demands me in the *Trojan* Wall,
To bid our Altars flame, and Victims fall : 140
Nor shall, I trust, the Matron's holy Train
And rev'rend Elders, seek the Gods in vain.

This said, with ample Strides the Hero past ;
The Shield's large Orb behind his Shoulder cast,

His

145 His Neck o'er shading, to his Ankle hung ;
 And as he march'd, the brazen Buckler rung.
 Now paus'd the Battel, (Godlike *Hector* gone)
 When daring *Glaucus* and great *Tydeus'* Son
 Between both Armies met : The Chiefs from far
 150 Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for War.
 Near as they drew, *Tydidēs* thus began.
 What art thou, boldest of the Race of Man ?
 Our Eyes, till now, that Aspect ne'er beheld,
 Where Fame is reap'd amid th' embattel'd Field ;
 155 Yet far before the Troops thou dar'st appear,
 And meet a Lance the fiercest Heroes fear.
 Unhappy they, and born of luckless Sires,
 Who tempt our Fury when *Minerva* fires !
 But if from Heav'n, Celestial thou descend ;
 160 Know, with Immortals we no more contend.
 Not long *Lycurgus* view'd the Golden Light,
 That daring Man who mix'd with Gods in Fight ;
Bacchus, and *Bacchus'* Votaries he drove
 With brandish'd Steel from *Nyssa's* sacred Grove,
 165 Their consecrated Spears lay scatter'd round,
 With curling Vines and twisted Ivy bound ;
 While

While *Bacchus* headlong fought the briny Flood,
 And *Thetis'* Arms receiv'd the trembling God.
 Nor fail'd the Crime th' Immortals Wrath to move,
 ('Th' Immortals blest with endless Ease above) 170
 Depriv'd of Sight by their avenging Doom,
 Chearless he breath'd, and wander'd in the Gloom,
 Then sunk unpity'd to the dire Abodes,
 A Wretch accurst, and hated by the Gods!
 I brave not Heav'n: But if the Fruits of Earth 175
 Sustain thy Life, and Human be thy Birth;
 Bold as thou art, too prodigal of Breath,
 Approach, and enter the dark Gates of Death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my Sire,
 (Reply'd the Chief) can *Tydeus'* Son enquire? 180
 Like Leaves on Trees the Race of Man is found,
 Now green in Youth, now with'ring on the Ground,
 Another Race the following Spring supplies,
 They fall successive, and successive rise;
 So Generations in their Course decay, 185
 So flourish these, when those are past away.
 But if thou still persist to search my Birth,
 Then hear a Tale that fills the spacious Earth.

A City stands on *Argos*' utmost Bound,
 190 (*Argos* the fair for warlike Steeds renown'd)
Æolian Syssiphus, with Wisdom blest,
 In ancient Time the happy Walls possess,
 Then call'd *Ephyre*: *Glaucus* was his Son;
 Great *Glaucus* Father of *Bellerophon*,
 195 Who o'er the Sons of Men in Beauty shin'd,
 Lov'd for that Valour which preserves Mankind.
 Then mighty *Prætus Argos*' Sceptres sway'd,
 Whose hard Commands *Bellerophon* obey'd.
 With direful Jealousy the Monarch rag'd,
 200 And the brave Prince in num'rous Toils engag'd.
 For him, *Antæa* burn'd with lawless Flame,
 And strove to tempt him from the Paths of Fame:
 In vain she tempted the relentless Youth,
 Endu'd with Wisdom, sacred Fear, and Truth.
 205 Fir'd at his Scorn the Queen to *Prætus* fled,
 And beg'd Revenge for her insulted Bed:
 Incens'd he heard, resolving on his Fate;
 But Hospitable Laws restrain'd his Hate:
 To *Lycia* the devoted Youth he sent,
 210 With Tablets seal'd, that told his dire Intent.

Now blest by ev'ry Pow'r who guards the Good,
 The Chief arriv'd at *Xanthus'* silver Flood :
 There *Lycia's* Monarch paid him Honours due ;
 Nine Days he feasted, and nine Bulls he flew.
 But when the tenth bright Morning Orient glow'd,²¹⁵
 The faithful Youth his Monarch's Mandate shew'd :
 The fatal Tablets, till that Instant seal'd,
 The deathful Secret to the King reveal'd.
 First, dire *Chymæra's* Conquest was enjoin'd ;
 A mingled Monster, of no mortal Kind ;
 Behind, a Dragon's fiery Tail was spread ;
 A Goat's rough Body bore a Lion's Head ;
 Her pitchy Nostrils flaky Flames expire ;
 Her gaping Throat emits infernal Fire.

220

This Pest he slaughter'd (for he read the Skies,²²⁵
 And trusted Heav'n's informing Prodigies)
 Then met in Arms the *Solymæan* Crew,
 (Fiercest of Men) and those the Warrior flew.
 Next the bold *Amazon's* whole Force defy'd ;
 And conquer'd still, for Heav'n was on his side.²³⁰

Nor ended here his Toils : His *Lycian* Foes
 At his Return, a treach'rous Ambush, rose,

With

With levell'd Spears along the winding Shore ;
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.

235 At length the Monarch with repentant Grief
Confess'd the Gods, and God-descended Chief;
His Daughter gave, the Stranger to detain,
With half the Honours of his ample Reign.
The *Lycians* grant a chosen Space of Ground,
240 With Woods, with Vineyards, and with Harvests
crown'd.

There long the Chief his happy Lot possess'd,
With two brave Sons and one fair Daughter blest'd ;
(Fair ev'n in heav'nly Eyes ; her fruitful Love
Crown'd with *Sarpedon's* Birth th' Embrace of *Jove*)
245 But when at last, distracted in his Mind,
Forfook by Heav'n, forsaking Human-kind,
Wide o'er th' *Aleian* Field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable Way !
Woes heap'd on Woes oppress'd his wasted Heart ;
250 His beauteous Daughter fell by *Phœbè's* Dart ;
His Eldest-born by raging *Mars* was slain,
In Combate on the *Solymæan* Plain.

Hippolachus

Hippolochus surviv'd; from him I came,
The honour'd Author of my Birth and Name;
By his Decree I fought the *Trojan* Town, 255
By his Instructions learn to win Renown,
To stand the first in Worth as in Command,
To add new Honours to my native Land,
Before my Eyes my mighty Sires to place,
And emulate the Glories of our Race. 260

He spoke, and Transport fill'd *Tydidēs'* Heart;
In Earth the gen'rous Warrior fix'd his Dart,
Then friendly, thus, the *Lycian* Prince addrest.
Welcome, my brave Hereditary Guest!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind Embrace, 265
Nor stain the sacred Friendship of our Race.
Know, Chief, our Grandfires have been Guests of old;
Oeneus the strong, *Bellerophon* the bold:
Our ancient Seat his honour'd Presence grac'd,
Where twenty Days in Genial Rites he pass'd. 270
The parting Heroes mutual Presents left;
A golden Goblet was thy Grandfire's Gift;
Oeneus a Belt of matchless Work bestow'd,
That rich with *Tyrian* Dye refulgent glow'd.

K k

(This

275 (This from his Pledge I learn'd, which safely stor'd
 Among my Treasures, still adorns my Board :
 For *Tydeus* left me young, when *Thebe's* Wall
 Beheld the Sons of *Greece* untimely fall.)

Mindful of this, in Friendship let us join ;
 280 If Heav'n our Steps to foreign Lands incline,
 My Guest in *Argos* thou, and I in *Lycia* thine. }
 Enough of *Trojans* to this Lance shall yield,
 In the full Harvest of yon' ample Field ;
 Enough of *Greeks* shall die thy Spear with Gore ;
 285 But Thou and *Diomed* be Foes no more.

Now change we Arms, and prove to either Host
 We guard the Friendship of the Line we boast.

Thus having said, the gallant Chiefs alight,
 Their Hands they join, their mutual Faith they plight,
 290 Brave *Glaucus* then each narrow Thought resign'd,
 (*Jove* warm'd his Bosom and enlarg'd his Mind)
 For *Diomed's* Brass Arms, of mean Device,
 For which nine Oxen paid (a vulgar Price)
 He gave his own, of Gold divinely wrought,
 295 A hundred Beeves the shining Purchase bought.

Meantime

Meantime the Guardian of the *Trojan* State,
 Great *Hector* enter'd at the *Scæan* Gate.
 Beneath the Beech-Tree's consecrated Shades,
 The *Trojan* Matrons and the *Trojan* Maids
 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious Care 300
 For Husbands, Brothers, Sons, engag'd in War.
 He bids the Train in long Procession go,
 And seek the Gods, t' avert th' impending Woe.
 And now to *Priam's* stately Courts he came,
 Rais'd on arch'd Columns of stupendous Frame; 305
 O'er these a Range of Marble Structure runs,
 The rich Pavillions of his fifty Sons,
 In fifty Chambers lodg'd; and Rooms of State
 Oppos'd to those, where *Priam's* Daughters sate:
 Twelve Domes for them and their lov'd Spouses shone, 310
 Of equal Beauty, and of polish'd Stone.
 Hither great *Hector* pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
 Of Royal *Hecuba*, his Mother Queen.
 (With her *Laodice*, whose beauteous Face
 Surpass'd the Nymphs of *Troy's* illustrious Race) 315
 Long in a strict Embrace she held her Son,
 And press'd his Hand, and tender thus begun.

O *Hector*!

O *Hector*! say, what great Occasion calls
 My Son from Fight, when *Greece* furrounds our Walls?
 320 Com'st thou to supplicate th' Almighty Pow'r,
 With lifted Hands from *Ilion's* lofty Tow'r?
 Stay, till I bring the Cup with *Bacchus* crown'd,
 In *Jove's* high Name to sprinkle on the Ground,
 And pay due Vows to all the Gods around.
 325 Then with a plenteous Draught refresh thy Soul,
 And draw new Spirits from the gen'rous Bowl;
 Spent as thou art with long laborious Fight,
 The brave Defender of thy Country's Right.

Far hence be *Bacchus's* Gifts (the Chief rejoin'd)
 330 Inflaming Wine, pernicious to Mankind,
 Unnerves the Limbs, and dulls the noble Mind.
 Let Chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred Juice
 To sprinkle to the Gods, its better Use.
 By me that holy Office were prophan'd;
 335 Ill fits it me, with human Gore distain'd,
 To the pure Skies these horrid Hands to raise,
 Or offer Heav'n's great Sire polluted Praise.
 You, with your Matrons, go! a spotless Train,
 And burn rich Odors in *Minerva's* Fane.

The

The largest Mantle your full Wardrobes hold, 340
 Most priz'd for Art, and labour'd o'er with Gold,
 Before the Goddess' honour'd Knees be spread,
 And twelve young Heifers to her Altar led.
 So may the Pow'r, atton'd by fervent Pray'r,
 Our Wives, our Infants, and our City spare, 345
 And far avert *Tydidæ's* wastful Ire,
 Who mows whole Troops and makes all *Troy* retire.
 Be this, O Mother, your religious Care;
 I go to rowze soft *Paris* to the War;
 If yet not lost to all the Sense of Shame, 350
 The recreant Warrior hear the Voice of Fame.
 Oh would kind Earth the hateful Wretch embrace,
 That Pest of *Troy*, that Ruin of our Race!
 Deep to the dark Abyss might he descend,
Troy yet should flourish, and my Sorrows end. 355

This heard, she gave Command; and summon'd came
 Each noble Matron, and illustrious Dame.
 The *Phrygian* Queen to her rich Wardrobe went, 360
 Where treasur'd Odors breath'd a costly Scent.
 There lay the Vestures, of no vulgar Art,
Sidonian Maids embroider'd ev'ry Part,

L 1

Whom

Whom from soft *Sidon* youthful *Paris* bore,
 With *Helen* touching on the *Tyrian* Shore.
 Here as the Queen revolv'd with careful Eyes
 365 The various Textures and the various Dies,
 She chose a Veil that shone superior far,
 And glow'd refulgent as the Morning Star.
 Herself with this the long Procession leads ;
 The Train majestically slow proceeds.
 370 Soon as to *Ilion's* topmost Tow'r they come,
 And awful reach the high *Palladian* Dome,
Antenor's Consort, fair *Theano*, waits
 As *Pallas'* Priestess, and unbars the Gates
 With Hands uplifted and imploring Eyes,
 375 They fill the Dome with supplicating Cries.
 The Priestess then the shining Veil displays,
 Plac'd on *Minerva's* Knees, and thus she prays.
 Oh awful Goddess ! ever-dreadful Maid,
Troy's strong Defence, unconquer'd *Pallas*, aid !
 380 Break thou *Tydidess'* Spear, and let him fall
 Prone on the Dust before the *Trojan* Wall.
 So twelve young Heifers, guiltless of the Yoke,
 Shall fill thy Temple with a grateful Smoke.

But

But thou, atton'd by Penitence and Pray'r,
 Our selves, our Infants, and our City spare! 385
 So pray'd the Priestess in her holy Fane;
 So vow'd the Matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the Pow'r with Pray'rs,
Hector to *Paris'* lofty Dome repairs.
 Himself the Mansion rais'd, from ev'ry Part 390
 Affembling Architects of matchless Art.
 Near *Priam's* Court and *Hector's* Palace stands
 The pompous Structure, and the Town commands.
 A Spear the Hero bore of wondrous Strength,
 Of full ten Cubits was the Lance's Length, 395
 The steely Point with golden Ringlets join'd,
 Before him brandish'd, at each Motion shin'd.
 Thus entring in the glitt'ring Rooms, he found
 His Brother-Chief, whose useless Arms lay round,
 His Eyes delighting with their splendid Show, 400
 Bright'ning the Shield, and polishing the Bow.
 Beside him, *Helen* with her Virgins stands,
 Guides their rich Labours, and instructs their Hands.

Him thus unactive, with an ardent Look
 The Prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke. 405

Thy

Thy Hate to *Troy*, is this the Time to show?

(Oh Wretch ill-fated, and thy Country's Foe!)

Paris and *Greece* against us both conspire;

Thy close Resentment, and their vengeful Ire.

410 For thee great *Ilium's* Guardian Heroes fall,

Till Heaps of Dead along defend her Wall;

For thee the Soldier bleeds, the Matron mourns,

And wastful War in all its Fury burns.

Ungrateful Man! deserves not this thy Care,

415 Our Troops to hearten, and our Toils to share?

Rise, or behold the conqu'ring Flames ascend,

And all the *Phrygian* Glories at an end.

Brother, 'tis just (reply'd the beauteous Youth)

Thy free Remonstrance proves thy Worth and Truth:

420 Yet charge my Absence less, oh gen'rous Chief!

On Hate to *Troy*, than conscious Shame and Grief:

Here, hid from human Eyes, thy Brother fate,

And mourn'd in secret, his, and *Ilium's* Fate.

'Tis now enough: now Glory spreads her Charms,

425 And beauteous *Helen* calls her Chief to Arms.

Conquest to Day my happier Sword may bless,

'Tis Man's to fight, but Heav'n's to give Success.

But

But while I arm, contain thy ardent Mind ;
Or go, and *Paris* shall not lag behind.

He said, nor answer'd *Priam's* warlike Son ; 430
When *Helen* thus with lowly Grace begun.

Oh gen'rous Brother ! if the guilty Dame
That caus'd these Woes, deserve a Sister's Name !
Would Heav'n, e're all these dreadful Deeds were done,
The Day, that show'd me to the golden Sun, 435
Had seen my Death ! Why did not Whirlwinds bear
The fatal Infant to the Fowls of Air ?

Why sunk I not beneath the whelming Tyde,
And 'midst the Roarings of the Waters dy'd ?
Heav'n fill'd up all my Ills, and I accurst 440
Bore all, and *Paris* of those Ills the worst.

Helen at least a braver Spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some Virtue, some Regard of Fame
Now tir'd with Toils, thy fainting Limbs recline,
With Toils, sustain'd for *Paris'* sake and mine : 445
The Gods have link'd our miserable Doom,
Our present Woe, and Infamy to come :
Wide shall it spread, and last thro' Ages long,
Example sad ! and Theme of future Song.

M m

The

450 The Chief reply'd : This Time forbids to rest :
 The *Trojan* Bands by hostile Fury prest.
 Demand their *Hector*, and his Arm require ;
 The Combate urges, and my Soul's on fire.
 Urge thou thy Knight to march where Glory calls,
 455 And timely join me, e're I leave the Walls.
 E're yet I mingle in the direful Fray,
 My Wife, my Infant, claim a Moment's Stay ;
 This Day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
 Demands a parting Word, a tender Tear :
 460 This Day, some God who hates our *Trojan* Land
 May vanquish *Hector* by a *Grecian* Hand.

He said, and past with sad presaging Heart
 To seek his Spouse, his Soul's far dearer Part ;
 At home he fought her, but he fought in vain ;
 465 She, with one Maid of all her Menial Train,
 Had thence retir'd ; and with her second Joy,
 The young *Astyanax*, the Hope of *Troy*.
 Penfive she stood on *Ilion's* Tow'ry Height,
 Beheld the War, and sicken'd at the Sight ;
 470 There her sad Eyes in vain her Lord explore,
 Or weep the Wounds her bleeding Country bore.

But

But he who found not whom his Soul desir'd,
 Whose Virtue charm'd him as her Beauty fir'd,
 Stood in the Gates, and ask'd what way she bent
 Her parting Step? If to the Fane she went, 475
 Where late the mourning Matrons made Resort;
 Or fought her Sisters in the *Trojan* Court?
 Not to the Court (reply'd th' Attendant Train)
 Nor mix'd with Matrons to *Minerva's* Fane:
 To *Ilion's* steepy Tow'r she bent her way, 480
 To mark the Fortunes of the doubtful Day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the *Grecian* Sword;
 She heard, and trembled for her absent Lord:
 Distracted with Surprise, she seem'd to fly,
 Fear on her Cheek, and Sorrow in her Eye. 485
 The Nurse attended with her Infant Boy,
 The young *Astyanax*, the Hope of *Troy*.

Hector, this heard, return'd without Delay;
 Swift thro' the Town he trod his former way,
 Thro' Streets of Palaces and Walks of State; 490
 And met the Mourner at the *Scæan* Gate.
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful Fair,
 His blameless Wife, *Aëtion's* wealthy Heir:

(*Cilician*

(*Cilician Thebè* great *Aëtion* fway'd,
 495 And *Hippoplacus*' wide-extended Shade)
 The Nurse stood near, in whose Embraces prest
 His only Hope hung smiling at her Breast,
 Whom each soft Charm and early Grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born Star that gilds the Morn.
 500 To this lov'd Infant *Hector* gave the Name
Scamandrius, from *Scamander*'s honour'd Stream;
Astyanax the *Trojans* call'd the Boy,
 From his great Father, the Defence of *Troy*.
 Silent the Warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
 505 To tender Passions all his mighty Mind:
 His beauteous Princess cast a mournful Look,
 Hung on his Hand, and then dejected spoke;
 Her Bosom labour'd with a boding Sigh,
 And the big Tear stood trembling in her Eye.
 510 Too daring Prince! ah whither dost thou run?
 Ah too forgetful of thy Wife and Son!
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A Widow I, an helpless Orphan He!
 For sure such Courage Length of Life denies,
 515 And thou must fall, thy Virtue's Sacrifice.

Greece

Greece in her single Heroes strove in vain ;
 Now Hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !
 Oh grant me Gods ! e're *Hector* meets his Doom,
 All I can ask of Heav'n, an early Tomb !

So shall my Days in one sad Tenor run, 520
 And end with Sorrows as they first begun.
 No Parent now remains, my Griefs to share,
 No Father's Aid, no Mother's tender Care.
 The fierce *Achilles* wrapt our Walls in Fire,
 Lay'd *Thebè* waste, and slew my warlike Sire ! 525
 His Fate Compassion in the Victor bred ;
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the Dead,
 His radiant Arms preserv'd from hostile Spoil,
 And lay'd him decent on the Fun'ral Pyle ;
 Then rais'd a Mountain where his Bones were burn'd, 530
 The Mountain Nymphs the rural Tomb adorn'd,
Jove's Sylvan Daughters bade their Elms bestow
 A barren Shade, and in his Honour grow.

By the same Arm my sev'n brave Brothers fell,
 In one sad Day beheld the Gates of Hell ; 553
 While the fat Herds and snowie Flocks they fed,
 Amid their Fields the hapless Heroes bled !

N n

My

My Mother liv'd to bear the Victor's Bands,
 The Queen of *Hippoplacia's* Sylvan Lands :
 540 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
 Her pleasing Empire and her native Plain,
 When ah ! oppress'd by Life-consuming Woe,
 She fell a Victim to *Diana's* Bow.

Yet while my *Hector* still survives, I see
 545 My Father, Mother, Brethren, all, in thee.
 Alas ! my Parents, Brothers, Kindred, all,
 Once more will perish if my *Hector* fall.
 Thy Wife, thy Infant, in thy Danger share :
 Oh prove a Husband's and a Father's Care !
 550 That Quarter most the skillful *Greeks* annoy,
 Where yon' wild Fig-Trees join the Wall of *Troy* :
 Thou, from this Tow'r defend th' important Post ;
 There *Agamemnon* points his dreadful Host,
 That Pass *Tydidēs*, *Ajax* strive to gain,
 555 And there the vengeful *Spartan* fires his Train.
 Thrice our bold Foes the fierce Attack have giv'n,
 Or led by Hopes, or dictated from Heav'n.
 Let others in the Field their Arms employ,
 But stay my *Hector* here, and guard his *Troy*.

The

The Chief reply'd : That Post shall be my Care, 560
Nor that alone, but all the Works of War.

How would the Sons of *Troy*, in Arms renown'd,
And *Troy's* proud Dames whose Garments sweep the
Ground,

Attaint the Lustre of my former Name,
Should *Hector* basely quit the Field of Fame? 565
My early Youth was bred to martial Pains,
My Soul impells me to th' embattel'd Plains ;
Let me be foremost to defend the Throne,
And guard my Father's Glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the Day decreed by Fates ; 570
(How my Heart trembles while my Tongue relates !)
The Day when thou, Imperial *Troy* ! must bend,
And see thy Warriors fall, thy Glories end.
And yet no dire Prefage so wounds my Mind,
My Mother's Death, the Ruin of my Kind, 575
Not *Priam's* hoary Hairs defil'd with Gore,
Not all my Brothers gasping on the Shore ;
As thine, *Andromache* ! thy Griefs I dread ;
I see thee trembling, weeping, Captive led !

In

580 In *Argive* Looms our Battels to design,
 And Woes, of which so large a Part was thine!
 To bear the Victor's hard Commands, or bring
 The Weight of Waters from *Hyperia's* Spring.
 There, while you groan beneath the Load of Life,
 585 They cry, Behold the mighty *Hector's* Wife!
 Some haughty *Greek* who lives thy Tears to see,
 Embitters all thy Woes, by naming me.
 The Thoughts of Glory past, and present Shame,
 A thousand Grievs shall waken at the Name!
 590 May I lie cold before that dreadful Day,
 Press'd with a Load of Monumental Clay!
 Thy *Hector* wrapt in everlasting Sleep,
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.
 Thus having spoke, th' illustrious Chief of *Troy*
 595 Stretch'd his fond Arms to clasp the lovely Boy.
 The Babe clung crying to his Nurse's Breast,
 Scar'd at the dazzling Helm, and nodding Crest.
 With secret Pleasure each fond Parent smil'd,
 And *Hector* hasted to relieve his Child,
 600 The glitt'ring Terrors from his Brows unbound,
 And plac'd the beaming Helmet on the Ground.

Then kist the Child, and lifting high in Air,
Thus to the Gods prefer'd a Father's Pray'r.

O Thou! whose Glory fills th'Æth'erial Throne,
And all ye deathless Pow'rs! protect my Son! 605
Grant him, like me, to purchase just Renown,
To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the Crown,
Against his Country's Foes the War to wage,
And rise the *Hector* of the future Age!
So when triumphant from successful Toils, 610
Of Heroes slain he bears the reeking Spoils,
Whole Hosts may hail him with deserv'd Acclaim,
And say, This Chief transcends his Father's Fame:
While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral Shouts of *Troy*,
His Mother's conscious Heart o'erflows with Joy. 615

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her Charms
Restor'd the pleasing Burden to her Arms;
Soft on her fragrant Breast the Babe she laid,
Hush'd to Repose, and with a Smile survey'd.
The troubled Pleasure soon chafis'd by Fear, 620
She mingled with the Smile a tender Tear.
The soften'd Chief with kind Compassion view'd,
And dry'd the falling Drops, and thus pursu'd.

O o

Andromache!

Andromache! my Soul's far better Part,
 625 Why with untimely Sorrows heaves thy Heart?
 No hostile Hand can antedate my Doom,
 Till Fate condemns me to the silent Tomb.
 Fix'd is the Term to all the Race of Earth,
 And such the hard Condition of our Birth.
 630 No Force can then resist, no Flight can save,
 All sink alike, the Fearful and the Brave.
 No more—but hasten to thy Tasks at home,
 There guide the Spindle, and direct the Loom:
 Me Glory summons to the martial Scene,
 635 The Field of Combate is the Sphere for Men.
 Where Heroes war, the foremost Place I claim,
 The first in Danger as the first in Fame.

Thus having said, the glorious Chief resumes
 His Tow'ry Helmet, black with shading Plumes.
 640 His Princess parts with a prophetick Sigh,
 Unwilling parts, and oft' reverts her Eye
 That stream'd at ev'ry Look: then, moving slow,
 Sought her own Palace, and indulg'd her Woe.
 There, while her Tears deplor'd the Godlike Man,
 645 Thro' all her Train the soft Infection ran,

The

The pious Maids their mingled Sorrows shed,
And mourn the living *Hector*, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to Honour's Call,
Forth issues *Paris* from the Palace Wall.

In Brazen Arms that cast a gleamy Ray, 650
Swift thro' the Town the Warrior bends his way.

The wanton Courser thus, with Reins unbound,
Breaks from his Stall, and beats the trembling Ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted Tides,
And laves, in Height of Blood, his shining Sides; 655

His Head now freed, he tosses to the Skies;

His Mane dishevel'd o'er his Shoulders flies;

He snuffs the Females in the distant Plain,

And springs, exulting, to his Fields again.

With equal Triumph, sprightly, bold and gay, 660

In Arms refulgent as the God of Day,

The Son of *Priam*, glorying in his Might,

Rush'd forth with *Hector* to the Fields of Fight.

And now the Warriors passing on the way,

The graceful *Paris* first excus'd his Stay. 665

To whom the noble *Hector* thus reply'd :

O, Chief! in Blood, and now in Arms, ally'd!

Thy

Thy Pow'r in War with Justice none contest ;
Known is thy Courage, and thy Strength confest.
670 What Pity, Sloath should seize a Soul so brave,
Or Godlike *Paris* live a Woman's Slave !
My Heart weeps Blood at what the *Trojans* say,
And hopes, thy Deeds shall wipe the Stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious Labours share ;
675 For much they suffer, for thy sake, in War.
These Ills shall cease, whene'er by *Jove's* Decree
We crown the Bowl to *Heav'n* and *Liberty* :
While the proud Foe his frustrate Triumphs mourns,
And *Greece* indignant thro' her Seas returns.

O B S E R V A T I O N S

O N T H E

Sixth Book.

P p

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SIXTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 7. **F**IRST Ajax.] *Ajax* performs his Exploits immediately upon the Departure of the Gods from the Battel. It is observ'd that this Hero is never assisted by the Deities, as most of the rest are : See his Character in the Notes on the seventh Book. The Expression of the *Greek* is, that he *brought Light to his Troops*, which *M. Dacier* takes to be metaphorical : I do not see but it may be literal ; he broke the thick Squadrons of the Enemy, and open'd a Passage for the Light.

II.

VERSE 9. *The Thracian Acamas.*] This *Thracian* Prince is the same in whose Likeness *Mars* appears in the preceding Book, rallying the *Trojans* and forcing the *Greeks* to retire. In the present Description of his Strength and Size, we see with what Propriety this Personage was selected by the Poet as fit to be assumed by the God of War.

III.

VERSE 16. *Axylus, Hospitable.*] This beautiful Character of *Axylus* has not been able to escape the Misunderstanding of
 4 some

some of the Commentators, who thought *Homer* design'd it as a *Reproof of an undistinguish'd Generosity*. It is evidently a Panegyrick on that Virtue, and not improbably on the Memory of some excellent, but unfortunate Man in that Country, whom the Poet honours with the noble Title of *A Friend to Mankind*. It is indeed a severe *Reproof of the Ingratitude of Men*, and a kind of Satyr on human Race, while he represents this Lover of his Species miserably perishing without Assistance from any of those Numbers he had obliged. This Death is very moving, and the Circumstance of a faithful Servant's dying by his side, well imagined, and natural to such a Character. His manner of keeping House near a frequented Highway, and relieving all Travellers, is agreeable to that ancient Hospitality which we now only read of. There is Abundance of this Spirit every where in the *Odyssæis*. The Patriarchs in the Old Testament sit at their Gates to see those who pass by, and entreat them to enter into their Houses: This cordial manner of Invitation is particularly described in the 18th and 19th Chapters of *Genesis*. The Eastern Nations seem to have had a peculiar Disposition to these Exercises of Humanity, which continues in a great measure to this Day. It is yet a Piece of Charity frequent with the *Turks*, to erect *Caravanserahs*, or Inns for the Reception of Travellers. Since I am upon this Head, I must mention one or two extraordinary Examples of ancient Hospitality. *Diodorus Siculus* writes of *Gallias* of *Agrigentum*, that having built severall Inns for the Relief of Strangers, he appointed Persons at the Gates to invite all who travell'd to make use of them; and that this Example was followed by many others who were inclined after the ancient manner to live in a human and beneficent Correspondence with Mankind. That this *Gallias* entertain'd and cloath'd at one time no less than five hundred Horsemen; and that there were in his Cellars three hundred Vessels, each of which contain'd an hundred Hogheads of Wine. The same Author tells us of another *Agrigentine*, that at the Marriage of his Daughter feasted all the People of his City, who at that time were above twenty thousand.

Herodotus in his seventh Book has a Story of this kind, which is prodigious, being of a private Man so immensely rich

rich as to entertain *Xerxes* and his whole Army. I shall transcribe the Passage as I find it translated to my Hands.

“ *Pythius* the Son of *Atrys*, a *Lydian*, then residing in
 “ *Celene*, entertain’d the King and all his Army with great
 “ Magnificence, and offer’d him his Treasures towards the
 “ Expence of the War: which Liberality *Xerxes* communi-
 “ cating to the *Persians* about him, and asking who this
 “ *Pythius* was, and what Riches he might have to enable
 “ him to make such an Offer? Receiv’d this Answer; *Py-*
 “ *thius*, said they, is the Person who presented your Father
 “ *Darius* with a Plane-Tree and Vine of Gold: and after
 “ you, is the richest Man we know in the World. *Xerxes*
 “ surpriz’d with these last Words, ask’d him to what Sum his
 “ Treasures might amount. I shall conceal nothing from
 “ you, said *Pythius*; nor pretend to be ignorant of my own
 “ Wealth; but being perfectly inform’d of the State of my
 “ Accompts, shall tell you the Truth with Sincerity. When
 “ I heard you was ready to begin the March towards the
 “ *Grecian* Sea, I resolv’d to present you with a Sum of Mo-
 “ ney towards the Charge of the War; and to that end
 “ having taken an Account of my Riches, I found by Com-
 “ putation that I had two thousand Talents of Silver, and
 “ three Millions nine hundred ninety three thousand Pieces
 “ of Gold, bearing the Stamp of *Darius*. These Treasures
 “ I freely give you, because I shall be sufficiently furnish’d
 “ with whatever is necessary to Live by the Labour of my
 “ Servants and Husbandmen.

“ *Xerxes* heard these Words with Pleasure, and in answer
 “ to *Pythius*, said; My *Lydian* Host, since I parted from
 “ *Susa* I have not found a Man besides your self, who has
 “ offer’d to entertain my Army, or voluntarily to contribute
 “ his Treasures to promote the present Expedition. You a-
 “ lone have treated my Army magnificently, and readily of-
 “ fer’d me immense Riches: Therefore, in Return of your
 “ Kindness, I make you my Host; and that you may be
 “ Master of the intire Sum of four Millions in Gold, I will
 “ give you seven thousand *Darian* Pieces out of my own
 “ Treasure. Keep then all the Riches you now possess; and
 “ if

“ if you know how to continue always in the same good
 “ Disposition, you shall never have reason to repent of your
 “ Affection to me, either now or in future time.

The Sum here offer'd by *Pythius* amounts by *Brerewood's* Computation to three Millions three hundred seventy five thousand Pounds Sterling, according to the lesser Valuation of Talents. I make no Apology for inserting so remarkable a Passage at length, but shall only add, that it was at last the Fate of this *Pythius* (like our *Axylus*) to experience the Ingratitude of Man; his eldest Son being afterwards cut in Pieces by the same *Xerxes*.

IV.

VERSE 57. *Ob spare my Youth, &c.*] This Passage, where *Agamemnon* takes away that *Trojan's* Life whom *Menelaus* had pardoned, and is not blamed by *Homer* for so doing, must be ascribed to the uncivilized Manners of those Times, when Mankind was not united by the Bonds of a rational Society, and is not therefore to be imputed to the Poet, who followed Nature as it was in his Days. The Historical Books of the Old Testament abound in Instances of the like Cruelty to conquer'd Enemies.

Virgil had this Part of *Homer* in his View when he described the Death of *Magus* in the tenth *Æneid*. Those Lines of his Prayer where he offers a Ransome are translated from this of *Adrastus*, but both the Prayer and the Answer *Æneas* makes when he refuses him Mercy, are very much heighten'd and improved. They also receive a great Addition of Beauty and Propriety from the Occasion on which he inserts them: Young *Pallas* is just kill'd, and *Æneas* seeking to be reveng'd upon *Turnus*, meets this *Magus*. Nothing can be a more artful Piece of Address than the first Lines of that Supplication, if we consider the Character of *Æneas* to whom it is made.

*Per patrios manes, per spes surgentis Jūli,
 Te precor, hanc animam serves natoque, Patrique !*

And

And what can exceed the Closeness and Fullness of that Reply to it?

-----*Belli commercia Turnus*
Sustulit ista prior, jam tum Pallante perempto.
Hoc patris Anchisæ manes, hoc sentit Jūlus.

This removes the Imputation of Cruelty from *Æneas*, which had less agreed with his Character than it does with *Agamemnon's*; whose Reproof to *Menelaus* in this Place is not unlike that of *Samuel* to *Saul* for not killing *Agag*.

V.

VERSE 74. *Her Infants at the Breast shall fall.*] Or, her Infants yet in the Womb, for it will bear either Sense. But I think *Madam Dacier* in the right, in her Affirmation that the *Greeks* were not arrived to that Pitch of Cruelty to rip up the Wombs of Women with Child. *Homer* (says she) to remove all equivocal Meaning from this Phrase, adds the Words *κῆρον ἐόντα*, *juvenem puerulum existentem*, which would be ridiculous were it said of a Child yet unborn. Besides, he would never have represented one of his first Heroes capable of so barbarous a Crime, or at least would not have commended him (as he does just after) for such a wicked Exhortation.

VI.

VERSE 88. *First gain the Conquest, then divide the Spoil.*] This important Maxim of War is very naturally introduced, upon *Nestor's* having seen *Menelaus* ready to spare an Enemy for the sake of a Ransome. It was for such Lessons as these (says *M. Dacier*) that *Alexander* so much esteem'd *Homer* and study'd his Poem. He made his Use of this Precept in the Battel of *Arbela*, when *Parmenio* being in danger of weakening the main Body to defend the Baggage, he sent this Message to him. Leave the Baggage there, for if we carry the Victory, we shall not only recover what is our own,

own, but be Masters of all that is the Enemy's. Histories ancient and modern are fill'd with Examples of Enterprizes that have miscarry'd, and Battels that have been lost, by the Greediness of Soldiers for Pillage.

VII.

VERSE 98. *Wise to consult, and active to defend.*] This is a twofold Branch of Praise, expressing the Excellence of these Princes both in Council and in Battel. I think Madam Dacier's Translation does not come up to the Sense of the Original. *Les plus hardis & les plus experimentez des nos Capitains.*

VIII.

VERSE 107. *Thou Hector to the Town.*] It has been a modern Objection to *Homer's* Conduct, that *Hector* upon whom the whole Fate of the Day depended, is made to retire from the Battel, only to carry a Message to *Troy* concerning a Sacrifice, which might have been done as well by any other. They think it absurd in *Helenus* to advise this, and in *Hector* to comply with it. What occasion'd this false Criticism was that they imagin'd it to be a Piece of Advice, and not a Command. *Helenus* was a Priest and Augur of the highest Rank, he enjoins it as a Point of Religion, and *Hector* obeys him as one inspired from Heaven. The *Trojan* Army was in the utmost Distress, occasion'd by the prodigious Slaughter made by *Diomed*: There was therefore more Reason and Necessity to propitiate *Minerva* who assisted that Hero; which *Helenus* might know, tho' *Hector* would have chosen to have stay'd and trusted to the Arm of Flesh. Here is nothing but what may agree with each of their Characters. *Hector* goes as he was obliged in Religion, but not before he has animated the Troops, re-established the Combate, repulsed the *Greeks* to some distance, received a Promise from *Helenus* that they would make a stand at the Gates, and given one himself to the Army that he would soon return to the Fight: All which *Homer* has been careful to specify, to save the Honour and preserve the Character of this Hero. As to *Helenus* his
Part,

Part, he saw the Straits his Countrymen were reduced to; he knew his Authority as a Priest, and design'd to revive the Courage of the Troops by a Promise of divine Assistance. Nothing adds more Courage to the Minds of Men than Superstition, and perhaps it was the only Expedient then left; much like a modern Practice in the Army, to enjoin a *Fast* when they wanted Provision. *Helenus* could no way have made his Promise more credible, than by sending away *Hector*; which look'd like an Assurance that nothing could prejudice them during his Absence on such a religious Account. No Leader of less Authority than *Hector* could so properly have enjoin'd this solemn Act of Religion; and lastly, no other whose Valour was less known than his, could have left the Army in this Juncture without a Taint upon his Honour. *Homer* makes this Piety succeed; *Paris* is brought back to the Fight, the *Trojans* afterwards prevail, and *Jupiter* appears openly in their favour, l. 8. Tho' after all, I cannot dissemble my Opinion, that the Poet's chief Intention in this, was to introduce that fine Episode of the Parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*. This Change of the Scene to *Troy* furnishes him with a great Number of Beauties. By this means (says *Eustathius*) his Poem is for a time divested of the Fierceness and Violence of Battels, and being as it were wash'd from Slaughter and Blood, becomes calm and smiling by the Beauty of these various Episodes.

IX.

VERSE 117. *If so the Pow'r atton'd.*] The Poet here plainly supposes *Helenus*, by his Skill in Augury or some other divine Inspiration, well inform'd that the Might of *Diomed* which wrought such great Destruction among the *Trojans*, was the Gift of *Pallas* incens'd against them. The Prophet therefore directs Prayers, Offerings, and Sacrifices to be made to appease the Anger of this offended Goddess; not to invoke the Mercy of any propitious Deity. This is conformable to the whole System of *Pagan* Superstition, the Worship whereof being grounded not on Love but Fear, seems directed rather to avert the Malice and Anger of a wrathful and

R r

mischievous

mischievous Dæmon, than to implore the Assistance and Protection of a benevolent Being. In this Strain of Religion this same Prophet is introduced by *Virgil* in the third *Æneid*, giving particular Direction to *Æneas* to appease the Indignation of *Juno*, as the only means which could bring his Labours to a prosperous End.

*Unum illud tibi, nate Dea, præque omnibus unum
Prædicam, & repetens iterumque iterumque monebo.
Junonis magnæ primum prece numen adora:
Junoni cane vota libens, dominamque potentem
Supplicibus supera donis:-----*

X.

VERSE 147. *The Interview of Glaucus and Diomed.*] No Passage in our Author has been the Subject of more severe and groundless Criticisms than this, where these two Heroes enter into a long Conversation (as they will have it) in the Heat of a Battel. Monsieur *Dacier's* Answer in Defence of *Homer* is so full, that I cannot do better than to translate it from his Remarks on the 26th Chapter of *Aristotle's Poetic*. There can be nothing more unjust than the Criticisms past upon things that are the Effect of Custom. It was usual in ancient Times for Soldiers to talk together before they encounter'd. *Homer* is full of Examples of this sort, and he very well deserves we should be so just as to believe, he had never done it so often, but that it was agreeable to the Manners of his Age. But this is not only a thing of Custom, but founded in Reason itself. The Ties of Hospitality in those Times were held more sacred than those of Blood; and it is on that Account *Diomed* gives so long an Audience to *Glaucus*, whom he acknowledges to be his Guest, with whom it was not lawful to engage in Combat. *Homer* makes an admirable Use of this Conjuncture, to introduce an entertaining History after so many Battels as he has been describing, and to unbend the Mind of his Reader by a Recital of so much Variety as the Story of the Family of *Sisyphus*. It may be farther observ'd, with what
Address

Address and Management he places this long Conversation ; it is not during the Heat of an obstinate Battel, which had been too unseasonable to be excused by any Custom whatever ; but he brings it in after he has made *Hector* retire into *Troy*, when the Absence of so powerful an Enemy had given *Diomed* that Leisure which he could not have had otherwise. One need only read the judicious Remark of *Eustathius* upon this Place. *The Poet* (says he) *after having caus'd Hector to go out of the Fight, interrupts the Violence of Wars, and gives some Relaxation to the Reader, in causing him to pass from the Confusion and Disorder of the Action to the Tranquillity and Security of an Historical Narration. For by means of the happy Episode of Glaucus, he casts a thousand pleasing Wonders into his Poem ; as Fables, that include beautiful Allegories, Histories, Genealogies, Sentences, ancient Customs, and several other Graces that tend to the diversifying of his Work, and which by breaking (as one may say) the Monotony of it, agreeably instruct the Reader.* Let us observe, in how fine a manner *Homer* has hereby praised both *Diomed* and *Hector*. For he makes us know, that as long as *Hector* is in the Field, the *Greeks* have not the least Leisure to take breath ; and that as soon as he quits it, all the *Trojans*, however they had regain'd all their Advantages, were not able to employ *Diomed* so far as to prevent his entertaining himself with *Glaucus* without any danger to his Party. Some may think after all, that tho' we may justify *Homer*, we cannot excuse the Manners of his Time ; it not being natural for Men with Swords in their Hands to dialogue together in cold Blood just before they engage. But not to alledge, that these very Manners yet remain in those Countries, which have not been corrupted by the Commerce of other Nations, (which is a great Sign of their being natural) what Reason can be offer'd that it is more natural to fall on at first Sight with Rage and Fierceness, than to speak to an Enemy before the Encounter ? Thus far *Monsieur Dacier*, and *St. Evremont* asks humourously, if it might not be as proper in that Country for Men to harangue before they fought, as it is in *England* to make Speeches before they are hanged.

That

That *Homer* is not in general apt to make unseasonable Harangues (as these Censurers would represent) may appear from that remarkable Care he has shewn in many Places to avoid them: As when in the fifth Book *Æneas* being cured on a sudden in the middle of the Fight, is seen with Surprise by his Soldiers; he specifies with particular Caution, that they *asked him no Questions how he became cured*, in a time of so much Business and Action. Again, when there is a Necessity in the same Book that *Minerva* should have a Conference with *Diomed*, in order to engage him against *Mars* (after her Prohibition to him to fight with the Gods) *Homer* chuses a time for that Speech, just when the Hero is retir'd behind his Chariot to take Breath, which was the only Moment that could be spared during the Hurry of that whole Engagement. One might produce many Instances of the same kind.

The Discourse of *Glaucus* to *Diomed* is severely censured, not only on Account of the Circumstance of Time and Place, but likewise on the Score of the Subject, which is taxed as improper, and foreign to the End and Design of the Poem. But the Criticks who have made this Objection, seem neither to comprehend the Design of the Poet in general, nor the particular Aim of this Discourse. Many Passages in the best ancient Poets appear unaffected at present, which probably gave the greatest Delight to their first Readers, because they were nearly interested in what was there related. It is very plain that *Homer* designed this Poem as a Monument to the Honour of the *Greeks*, who, tho' consisting of several independent Societies, were yet very national in Point of Glory, being strongly affected with every thing that seem'd to advance the Honour of their common Country, and resentful of any Indignity offer'd to it. This Disposition was the Ground of that grand Alliance which is the Subject of this Poem. To Men so fond of their Country's Glory, what could be more agreeable than to read a History fill'd with Wonders of a noble Family transplanted from *Greece* into *Asia*? They might here learn with Pleasure that the *Grecian* Virtues did not degenerate by removing into distant Climes: but especially they must be affected with uncommon Delight to find that

Sarpedon

Sarpedon and *Glaucus*, the bravest of the *Trojan* Auxiliaries, were originally *Greeks*.

Tasso in this manner has introduced an agreeable Episode, which shews *Clorinda* the Offspring of *Christian* Parents, tho' engag'd in the Service of the *Infidels*, Cant. 12.

XI.

VERSE 149. *Between both Armies met, &c.*] It is usual with *Homer* before he introduces a Hero, to make as it were a Halt, to render him the more remarkable. Nothing could more prepare the Attention and Expectation of the Reader, than this Circumstance at the first meeting of *Diomed* and *Glaucus*. Just at the Time when the Mind begins to be weary with the Battel, it is diverted with the Prospect of a single Combate, which of a sudden turns to an Interview of Friendship and an unexpected Scene of sociable Virtue. The whole Air of the Conversation between these two Heroes has something heroically solemn in it.

XII.

VERSE 159. *But if from Heav'n, &c.*] A quick change of Mind from the greatest Impiety to as great Superstition, is frequently observable in Men who having been guilty of the most heinous Crimes without any Remorse, on the sudden are fill'd with Doubts and Scruples about the most lawful or indifferent Actions. This seems the present Case of *Diomed*, who having knowingly wounded and insulted the Deities, is now afraid to engage the first Man he meets, lest perhaps a God might be conceal'd in that Shape. This Disposition of *Diomed* produces the Question he puts to *Glaucus*, which without this Consideration will appear impertinent, and so naturally occasions that agreeable Episode of *Bellerophon* which *Glaucus* relates in answer to *Diomed*.

XIII.

VERSE 161. *Not long Lycurgus, &c.*] What *Diomed*
S f here

here says is the Effect of Remorse, as if he had exceeded the Commission of *Pallas* in encountering with the Gods, and dreaded the Consequences of proceeding too far. At least he had no such Commission now, and besides, was no longer capable of distinguishing them from Men (a Faculty she had given him in the foregoing Book :) He therefore mentions this Story of *Lycurgus* as an Example that sufficed to terrify him from so rash an Undertaking. The Ground of the Fable they say is this, *Lycurgus* caused most of the Vines of his Country to be rooted up, so that his Subjects were obliged to mix it with Water when it was less plentiful: Hence it was feign'd that *Thetis* receiv'd *Bacchus* into her Bosom.

XIV.

VERSE 170. *Immortals blest with endless Ease.*] Tho' *Dacier's* and most of the Versions take no Notice of the Epithet used in this Place, *Θεοὶ πέλα ζῶντες*, *Dii facile seu beatè viventes*; the Translator thought it a Beauty which he could not but endeavour to preserve.

XV.

VERSE 178. *Approach, and enter the dark Gates of Death.*] This haughty Air which *Homer* gives his Heroes was doubtless a Copy of the Manners and hyperbolical Speeches of those Times. Thus *Goliath* to *David*, *Sam. i. Ch. 17. Approach, and I will give thy Flesh to the Fowls of the Air and the Beasts of the Field.* The Orientals speak the same Language to this Day.

XVI.

VERSE 181. *Like Leaves on Trees.*] There is a noble Gravity in the beginning of this Speech of *Glaucus*, according to the true Style of Antiquity; *Few and evil are our Days.* This beautiful Thought of our Author whereby the Race of Men are compared to the Leaves of Trees, is celebrated by
Simonides

Simonides in a fine Fragment extant in *Stobæus*. The same Thought may be found in *Ecclesiasticus*, Ch. 14. V. 18. almost in the same Words ; *As of the green Leaves on a thick Tree, some fall, and some grow ; so is the Generation of Flesh and Blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born.*

The Reader who has seen so many Passages imitated from *Homer* by succeeding Poets, will no doubt be pleased to see one of an ancient Poet which *Homer* has here imitated ; this is a Fragment of *Musæus* preserv'd by *Clemens Alexandrinus* in his *Stromata*, Lib. 6.

Ὡς δ' αὐτως καὶ φύλλα φύει ζείδωρος ἄρβρα,
Ἄλλα μὲν ἐν μέλῃσιν ἀποφθίνει, ἄλλα δὲ φύει,
Ὡς δὲ καὶ ἀνθρώπων γενεὴ καὶ φύλλον ἑλίσσει.

Tho' this Comparison be justly admir'd for its Beauty in this obvious Application to the Mortality and Succession of human Life, it seems however design'd by the Poet in this Place as a proper Emblem of the transitory State not of Men but of Families, which being by their Misfortunes or Follies fallen and decay'd, do again in a happier Season revive and flourish in the Fame and Virtues of their Posterity : In this Sense it is a direct Answer to what *Diomed* had ask'd, as well as a proper Preface to what *Glaucus* relates of his own Family, which having been extinct in *Corinth*, had recover'd new Life in *Lycia*.

XVII.

VERSE 193. *Then call'd Ephyre.*] It was the same which was afterwards called *Corinth*, and had that Name in *Homer's* Time, as appears from this Catalogue, V. 77.

XVIII.

VERSE 196. *Lov'd for that Valour which preserves Mankind.*] This Distinction of true Valour which has the Good of Mankind for its End, in Opposition to the Valour of Tyrants or Oppressors, is beautifully hinted by *Homer* in the Epithet

pithet ἐπαεινή, *amiable Valour*. Such as was that of *Bellerophon* who freed the Land from Monsters, and Creatures destructive to his Species. It is apply'd to this young Hero with particular Judgment and Propriety, if we consider the Innocence and Gentleness of his Manners appearing from the following Story, which every one will observe has a great Resemblance with that of *Joseph* in the Scriptures.

XIX.

VERSE 216. *The faithful Youth his Monarch's Mandate show'd.*] *Plutarch* much commends the Virtue of *Bellerophon*, who faithfully carry'd those Letters he might so justly suspect of ill Consequence to him: The Passage is in his Discourse of *Curiosity*, and worth transcribing. "A Man of Curiosity
" is void of all Faith, and it is better to trust Letters or any
" important Secrets to Servants, than to Friends and Famili-
" liars of an inquisitive Temper. *Bellerophon* when he car-
" ry'd Letters that order'd his own Destruction, did not un-
" seal them, but forbore touching the King's Dispatches with
" the same Continence, as he had refrain'd from injuring
" his Bed: For Curiosity is an Incontinence as well as
" Adultery.

XX.

VERSE 219. *First dire Chimæra.*] *Chimæra* was feign'd to have the Head of a Lion breathing Flames, the Body of a Goat, and the Tail of a Dragon; because the Mountain of that Name in *Lycia* had a *Vulcano* on its top, and nourish'd Lions, the middle Part afforded Pasture for Goats, and the bottom was infested with Serpents. *Bellerophon* destroying these, and rendring the Mountain habitable, was said to have conquer'd *Chimæra*. He calls this Monster Θεῖον γένος, in the manner of the *Hebrews*, who gave to any thing vast or extraordinary the Appellative of *Divine*. So the Psalmist says, *The Mountains of God*, &c.

XXI.

XXI.

VERSE 227. *The Solymæan Crew.*] These *Solyimi* were an ancient Nation inhabiting the mountainous Parts of *Asia Minor* between *Lycia* and *Pisidia*. *Pliny* mentions them as an Instance of a People so entirely destroy'd, that no Footsteps of them remain'd in his Time. Some Authors both ancient and modern, from a Resemblance in sound to the *Latin* Name of *Jerusalem*, have confounded them with the *Jews*. *Tacitus*, speaking of the various Opinions concerning the Origin of the *Jewish* Nation, has these Words, *Clara alii tradunt Judæorum initia, Solyimos carminibus Homeri celebratum gentem, conditæ urbi Hierosolyman nomen è suo fecisse*. Hist. Lib. 6.

XXII.

VERSE 239. *The Lycians grant a chosen Space of Ground.*] It was usual in the ancient Times, upon any signal Piece of Service perform'd by the Kings or great Men, to have a Portion of Land decreed by the Publick as a Reward to them. Thus when *Sarpedon* in the twelfth Book incites *Glaucus* to behave himself valiantly, he puts him in mind of these Possessions granted by his Countrymen.

Γλαῦκε, τίη δὴ νῶϊ τετιμήμεσθα μάλιστα---&c.
Καὶ Τέμενος νεμόμεσθα μέγα Ξάνθοιο παρ' ὄχθας,
Καλὸν, Φυταλῆς κ' ἀρούρης πυροφόροιο;

In the same manner in the ninth Book of *Virgil*, *Nisus* is promised by *Ascanius* the *Fields* which were possess'd by *Latinus*, as a Reward for the Service he undertook.

-----*Campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus.*

Chapman has an Interpolation in this Place, to tell us that this *Field* was afterwards called by the *Lycians*, *The Field of Wandrings*, from the Wandrings and Distraction of *Bellerophon* in the latter Part of his Life. But they were not

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these Fields that were call'd 'Αλφειοι, but those upon which he fell from the Horse *Pegasus*, when he endeavour'd (as the Fable has it) to mount to Heaven.

XXIII.

VERSE 245. *But when at last, &c.*] The same Criticks who have taxed *Homer* for being too tedious in this Story of *Bellerophon*, have censured him for omitting to relate the particular Offence which had rais'd the Anger of the Gods against a Man formerly so highly favour'd by them: But this Relation coming from the Mouth of his Grandson, it is with great Decorum and Propriety he passes over in Silence those Crimes of his Ancestor, which had provok'd the divine Vengeance against him. *Milton* has interwoven this Story with what *Homer* here relates of *Bellerophon*.

*Lest from this flying Steed unrein'd (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
Dismounted on the Aleian Field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.*

Parad. lost. B. 7.

Tully in his third Book of *Tusculane Questions*, having observ'd that Persons oppress'd with Woe naturally seek Solitude, instances this Example of *Bellerophon*, and gives us his Translation of two of these Lines.

*Qui miser in campos mœrens errabat Aleis,
Ipse suum cor edens, hominum vestigia vitans.*

XXIV.

VERSE 267. *Our Grandfires have been Guests of old.*] The Laws of Hospitality were anciently held in great Veneration. The Friendship contracted hereby was so sacred, that they prefer'd it to all the Bands of Consanguinity and Alliance, and accounted it obligatory even to the third and fourth Generation. We have seen in the foregoing Story of *Bellero-*

Bellerophon, that *Proetus*, a Prince under the Supposition of being injur'd in the highest degree, is yet afraid to revenge himself upon the Criminal on this Account: He is forced to send him into *Lycia* rather than be guilty of a Breach of this Law in his own Country. And the King of *Lycia* having entertain'd the Stranger before he unseal'd the Letters, puts him upon Expeditions abroad, in which he might be destroy'd, rather than at his Court. We here see *Diomed* and *Glaucus* agreeing not to be Enemies during the whole Course of a War, only because their Grandfathers had been mutual Guests. And we afterwards find *Teucer* engaged with the *Greeks* on this Account against the *Trojans*, tho' he was himself of *Trojan* Extraction, the Nephew of *Priam* by the Mother's side, and Cousin German of *Hector*, whose Life he pursues with the utmost Violence. They preserved in their Families the Presents which had been made on these Occasions, as obliged to transmit to their Children the Memorials of this Right of Hospitality. *Eustathius*.

XXV.

VERSE 291. *Jove warm'd his Bosom and enlarg'd his Mind,*] The Words in the Original are ἐξέλετο φρένας, which may equally be interpreted, *he took away his Sense*, or *he elevated his Mind*. The former being a Reflection upon *Glaucus's* Prudence, for making so unequal an Exchange, the latter a Praise of the Magnanimity and Generosity which induced him to it. *Porphyry* contends for its being understood in this last way, and *Eustathius*, Monsieur and Madam *Dacier* are of the same Opinion. Notwithstanding it is certain that *Homer* uses the same Words in the contrary Sense in the seventeenth *Iliad*, V. 470. and in the nineteenth, V. 137. And it is an obvious Remark, that the Interpretation of *Porphyry* as much dishonours *Diomed* who proposed this Exchange, as it does Honour to *Glaucus* for consenting to it. However I have followed it, if not as the juster, as the most heroic Sense, and as it has the nobler Air in Poetry.

XXVI.

XXVI.

VERSE 295. *A hundred Beeves.*] I wonder the Curious have not remark'd from this Place, that the Proportion of the Value of *Gold* to *Brass* in the Time of the *Trojan* War, was but as an *hundred* to *nine*; allowing these Armours of equal Weight; which as they belong'd to Men of equal Strength, is a reasonable Supposition. As to this manner of computing the Value of the Armour by *Beeves* or *Oxen*, it might be either because the Money was anciently stamp'd with those Figures, or (which is most probable in this Place) because in those Times they generally purchased by Exchange of Commodities, as we see by a Passage near the end of the seventh Book.

XXVII.

VERSE 329. *Far hence be Bacchus' Gifts—Enflaming Wine.*] This Maxim of *Hector's* concerning Wine, has a great deal of Truth in it. It is a vulgar Mistake to imagine the Use of Wine either raises the Spirits, or encreases Strength. The best Physicians agree with *Homer* in the Point; whatever our modern Soldiers may object to this old heroic Regiment. One may take notice that *Sampson* as well as *Hector* was a Water-drinker; for he was a *Nazarite* by Vow, and as such was forbid the Use of Wine. To which *Milton* alludes in his *Sampson Agonistes*.

*Where-ever Fountain or fresh Current flow'd
Against the Eastern Ray, translucent, pure,
With touch Æthereal of Heav'n's fiery Rod,
I drank, from the clear milky Juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor env'y'd them the Grape,
Whose Heads that turbulent Liquor fills with Fumes.*

XXVIII.

VERSE 335. *Ill fits it me, with human Gore distain'd, &c.*] The

The Custom which prohibits Persons polluted with Blood to perform any Offices of divine Worship before they were purified, is so ancient and universal, that it may in some sort be esteem'd a Precept of natural Religion, tending to inspire an uncommon Dread and religious Horror of Bloodshed. There is a fine Passage in *Euripides* where *Iphigenia* argues how impossible it is that human Sacrifices should be acceptable to the Gods, since they do not permit any defil'd with Blood, or even pollured with the Touch of a dead Body, to come near their Altars. *Iphig. in Tauris. V. 380.* *Virgil* makes his *Aeneas* say the same thing *Hector* does here.

*Me bello è tanto digressum & caede recenti
Attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivō
Abluero.-----*

XXIX.

VERSE 361. *Sidonian Maids.*] *Dictys Cretensis, lib. 1.* acquaints us that *Paris* return'd not directly to *Troy* after the Rape of *Helen*, but fetch'd a Compass, probably to avoid Pursuit. He touch'd at *Sidon*, where he surprized the King of *Phoenicia* by Night, and carry'd off many of his Treasures and Captives, among which probably were these *Sidonian* Women. The Author of the ancient Poem of the *Cypriacks* says, he sail'd from *Sparta* to *Troy* in the Space of three Days: from which Passage *Herodotus* concludes that Poem was not *Homer's*. We find in the Scriptures, that *Tyre* and *Sidon* were famous for Works in Gold, Embroidery, &c. and for whatever regarded Magnificence and Luxury.

XXX.

VERSE 374. *Wish Hands uplifted.*] The only Gesture describ'd by *Homer* as used by the Ancients in the Invocation of the Gods, is the lifting up their Hands to Heaven. *Virgil* frequently alludes to this Practice; particularly in the second Book there is a Passage, the Beauty of which is much rais'd by this Consideration.

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Ecce

*Ecce trahebatur passis Priameia virgo
Crinibus, a Templo, Cassandra, adytisque Minervæ,
Ad cælum tendens ardentia lumina frustra,
Lumina! nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.*

XXXI.

VERSE 378. *Oh awful Goddess, &c.*] This Procession of the Trojan Matrons to the Temple of *Minerva*, with their Offering, and the Ceremonies; tho' it be a Passage some Moderns have criticis'd upon, seems to have particularly pleas'd *Virgil*. For he has not only introduced it among the Figures in the Picture at *Carthage*,

*Interea ad templum non æquæ Palladis ibant
Crinibus Iliades passis, peplumque ferebant
Suppliciter tristes; & tussis pectora palmis.
Diva solo fixos oculos averſa tenebat.*

But he has again copied it in the eleventh Book, where the *Latian* Dames make the same Procession upon the Approach of *Æneas* to their City. The Prayer to the Goddess is translated almost word for word:

*Armipotens præſes belli, Tritonia virgo,
Frangere manu telum Phrygiæ prædonis, & ipsum
Prænum ſterne ſolo portisque effunde ſub altis.*

This Prayer in the *Latin* Poet seems introduced with less Propriety, since *Pallas* appears no where interested in the Conduct of Affairs thro' the whole *Æneid*. The first Line of the *Greek* here is translated more literally than the former Versions; ἐνσπῆλαι, δια θεῶν. I take the first Epithet to allude to *Minerva's* being the particular Protectress of *Troy* by means of the *Palladium*, and not (as Mr. *Hobbes* understands it) the Protectress of all Cities in general.

XXXII.

XXXII.

VERSE 387. *But they vow'd in vain.*] For *Helenus* only ordered that Prayers should be made to *Minerva* to drive *Diomed* from before the Walls. But *Theano* prays that *Diomed* may perish, and perish flying, which is included in his falling forward. Madam *Dacier* is so free as to observe here, that Women are seldom moderate in the Prayers they make against their Enemies, and therefore are seldom heard.

XXXIII.

VERSE 390. *Himself the Mansion rais'd.*] I must own myself not so great an Enemy to *Paris* as some of the Commentators. His blind Passion is the unfortunate Occasion of the Ruine of his Country, and he has the ill Fate to have all his fine Qualities swallowed up in that. And indeed I cannot say he endeavours much to be a better Man than his Nature made him. But as to his Parts and Turn of Mind, I see nothing that is either weak, or wicked, the general Manners of those Times considered. On the contrary, a gentle Soul, patient of good Advice, tho' indolent enough to forget it; and liable only to that Frailty of Love which methinks might in his Case as well as *Helen's* be charged upon the Stars, and the Gods. So very amorous a Constitution, and so incomparable a Beauty to provoke it, might be Temptation enough even to a wise Man, and in some degree make him deserve Compassion, if not Pardon. It is remarkable, that *Homer* does not paint him and *Helen* (as some other Poets would have done) like Monsters, odious to Gods and Men, but allows their Characters such esteemable Qualifications as could consist, and in Truth generally do, with tender Frailties. He gives *Paris* several polite Accomplishments, and in particular a Turn to those Sciences that are the Result of a fine Imagination. He makes him have a Taste and Addiction to curious Works of all sorts, which caus'd him to transport *Sidonian* Artists to *Troy*, and employ himself at home in adorning and finishing his Armour: And now we
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are told that he assembled the most skilful Builders from all Parts of the Country, to render his Palace a compleat Piece of *Architecture*. This, together with what *Homer* has said elsewhere of his Skill in the *Harp*, which in those Days included both *Musick* and *Poetry*, may I think establish him a *Bel-Esprit* and a *fine Genius*.

XXXIV.

VERSE 406. *Thy Hate to Troy, &c.*] All the Commentators observe this Speech of *Hector* to be a Piece of Artifice; he seems to imagine that the Retirement of *Paris* proceeds only from his Resentment against the *Trojans*, and not from his Indolence, Luxury, or any other Cause. *Plutarch* thus discourses upon it. “ As a discreet Physician rather chuses
“ to cure his Patient by Diet or Rest, than by Castoreum or
“ Scammony, so a good Friend, a good Master, or a good
“ Father, are always better pleased to make use of Commenda-
“ tion than Reproof, for the Reformation of Manners :
“ For nothing so much assists a Man who reprehends with
“ Frankness and Liberty, nothing renders him less offensive,
“ or better promotes his good Design, than to reprove with
“ Calmness, Affection, and Temper. He ought not therefore
“ to urge them too severely if they deny the Fact, nor forestall
“ their Justification of themselves, but rather try to help
“ them out, and furnish them artificially with honest and
“ colourable Pretences to excuse them; and tho’ he sees that
“ their Fault proceeded from a more shameful Cause, he
“ should yet impute it to something less criminal. Thus *He-*
“ *ctor* deals with *Paris*, when he tells him, *This is not the*
“ *time to manifest your Anger against the Trojans* : As if his
“ Retreat from the Battel had not been absolutely a Flight,
“ but merely the Effect of Resentment and Indignation.
Plut. Of knowing a Flatterer from a Friend, juxta fin.

XXXV.

VERSE 418. *Brother, 'tis just, &c.*] *Paris* readily lays hold of the Pretext *Hector* had furnish'd him with, and confesses
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he has partly touch'd upon the true Reason of his Retreat, but that it was also partly occasion'd by the Concern he felt at the Victory of his Rival. Next he professes his Readiness for the Fight; but nothing can be a finer Trait (if we consider his Character) than what *Homer* puts into his Mouth just in this Place, that *he is now exhorted to it by Helen*: which shews that not the Danger of his Country and Parents, neither private Shame, nor publick Hatred, could so much prevail upon him, as the Commands of his Mistress, to go and recover his Honour.

XXXVI.

VERSE 432. *Helen's Speech.*] The Repentance of *Helena* (which we have before observed *Homer* never loses an Opportunity of manifesting) is finely touch'd again here. Upon the whole we see the Gods are always concern'd in what befalls an unfortunate Beauty: Her Stars foredoom'd all the Mischief, and Heaven was to blame in suffering her to live: Then she fairly gets quit of the Infamy of her Lover, and shews she has higher Sentiments of Honour than he. How very natural is all this in the like Characters to this Day?

XXXVII.

VERSE 462. *The Episode of Hector and Andromache.*] *Homer* undoubtedly shines most upon the great Subjects, in raising our Admiration or Terror: Pity, and the softer Passions, are not so much of the Nature of his Poem, which is formed upon Anger and the Violence of Ambition. But we have cause to think his Genius was no less capable of touching the Heart with Tenderness, than of firing it with Glory, from the few Sketches he has left us of his Excellency that way too. In the present Episode of the Parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*, he assembled all that Love, Grief, and Compassion could inspire. The greatest Censurers of *Homer* have acknowledg'd themselves charm'd with this Part, even Monsieur *Perault* translated it into *French Verse* as a kind of

Penitential Sacrifice for the Sacrileges he had committed against this Author.

This Episode tends very much to raise the Character of *Hector* and endear him to every Reader. This Hero, tho' doubtful if he should ever see *Troy* again, yet goes not to his Wife and Child, till after he has taken care for the Sacrifice, exhorted *Paris* to the Fight, and discharg'd every Duty to the Gods, and to his Country; his Love of which, as we formerly remark'd, makes his chief Character. What a beautiful Contraste has *Homer* made between the Manners of *Paris* and those of *Hector*, as he here shews them one after the other in this domestic Light, and in their Regards to the Fair Sex? What a Difference between the Characters and Behaviour of *Helen* and of *Andromache*? And what an amiable Picture of conjugal Love, oppos'd to that of unlawful Passion?

I must not forget, that Mr. *Dryden* has formerly translated this admirable Episode, and with so much Success, as to leave me at least no hopes of improving or equalling it. The utmost I can pretend is to have avoided a few modern Phrases and Deviations from the Original, which have escaped that great Man. I am unwilling to remark upon an Author to whom every *English* Poet owes so much; and shall therefore only take notice of a Criticism of his which I must be obliged to answer in its Place, as it is an Accusation of *Homer* himself.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 468. *Pensive she stood on Ilion's Tow'ry Height.*] It is a fine Imagination to represent the Tenderness of *Andromache* for *Hector*, by her standing upon the Tower of *Troy*, and watching all his Motions in the Field; even the religious Office of the Procession to *Minerva's* Temple could not draw her from this Place, at a time when she thought her Husband in danger.

XXXIX.

VERSE 473. *Whose Virtue charm'd him, &c.*] *Homer* in
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this Verse particularizes the Virtue of *Andromache* in the Epithet ἀμύμονα, *blameless*, or *without a Fault*. I have used it literally in another Part of this Episode.

XL.

VERSE 487. *Hector, this heard, return'd.*] *Hector* does not stay to seek his Wife on the Tower of *Ilium*, but hastens where the Business of the Field calls him. *Homer* is never wanting in Point of Honour and Decency, and while he constantly obeys the strictest Rules, finds a way to make them contribute to the Beauty of his Poem. Here for instance he has managed it so, that this Observance of *Hector's* is the Cause of a very pleasing Surprise to the Reader; for at first he is not a little disappointed to find that *Hector* does not meet *Andromache*, and is no less pleased afterwards to see them encounter by chance, which gives him a Satisfaction he thought he had lost. *Dacier*.

XLI.

VERSE 501. *Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd Stream, &c.*] This manner of giving proper Names to Children derived from any Place, Accident, or Quality belonging to them or their Parents, is very ancient, and was customary among the *Hebrews*. The *Trojans* call'd the Son of *Hector*, *Astyanax*, because (as it is said here and at the end of the twenty second Book) *his Father defended the City*. There are many Instances of the same kind in the thirtieth Chapter of *Genesis*, where the Names given to *Jacob's* Children, and the Reasons of those Names, are enumerated.

XLII.

VERSE 524. *The fierce Achilles, &c.*] Mr. *Dryden* in the Preface to the third Volume of *Miscellany Poems* has pass'd a Judgment upon Part of this Speech which is altogether unworthy of him. " *Andromache* (says he) in the midst of her Concernment and " Fright for *Hector*, runs off her Bias, to tell him a Story " of

“ of her Pedigree, and of the lamentable Death of her Fa-
 “ ther, her Mother, and her seven Brothers. The Devil
 “ was in *Hector*, if he knew not all this Matter, as well as
 “ she who told it him ; for she had been his Bedfellow for
 “ many Years together : and if he knew it, then it must be
 “ confess’d, that *Homer* in this long Digression, has rather
 “ given us his own Character, than that of the fair Lady
 “ whom he paints. His dear Friends the Commentators,
 “ who never fail him at a Pinch, will needs excuse him, by
 “ making the present Sorrow of *Andromache*, to occasion
 “ the Remembrance of all the past : But others think that
 “ she had enough to do with that Grief which now oppress’d
 “ her, without running for Assistance to her Family.” But
 may not it be answer’d, that nothing was more natural in
Andromache, than to recollect her past Calamities in order to
 represent her present Distress to *Hector* in a stronger Light,
 and shew her utter Desertion if he should perish. What could
 more effectually work upon a generous and tender Mind like
 that of *Hector* ? What could therefore be more proper to
 each of their Characters ? If *Hector* be induced to refrain from
 the Field, it proceeds from Compassion to *Andromache* : If
Andromache endeavour to persuade him, it proceeds from her
 Fear for the Life of *Hector*. *Homer* had yet a farther View
 in this Recapitulation ; it tends to raise his chief Hero *Achil-
 les*, and acquaints us with those great Atchievements of his
 which preceded the Opening of the Poem. Since there was
 a Necessity that this Hero should be absent from the Action
 during a great Part of the *Iliad*, the Poet has shewn his Art
 in nothing more, than the Methods he takes from time to
 time to keep up our great Idea of him, and to awaken our
 Expectation of what he is to perform in the Progress of the
 Work. His greatest Enemies cannot upbraid or complain of
 him, but at the same time they confess his Glory and de-
 scribe his Victories. When *Apollo* encourages the *Trojans* to
 fight, it is by telling them *Achilles* fights no more. When
Juno animates the *Greeks*, it is by putting them in mind that
 they have to do with Enemies who durst not appear out of
 their Walls while *Achilles* engaged. When *Andromache* trem-
 bles for *Hector*, it is with Remembrance of the resistless Force
 of

of *Achilles*. And when *Agamemnon* would bribe him to a Reconciliation, it is partly with those very Treasures and Spoils which had been won by *Achilles* himself.

XLIII.

VERSE 528. *His Arms preserv'd from hostile Spoil.*] This Circumstance of *Aetion's* being burned with his Arms will not appear trivial in this Relation, when we reflect with what eager Passion these ancient Heroes fought to spoil and carry off the Armour of a vanquish'd Enemy; and therefore this Action of *Achilles* is mention'd as an Instance of uncommon Favour and Generosity. Thus *Aeneas* in *Virgil* having slain *Lausus*, and being mov'd with Compassion for this unhappy Youth, gives him a Promise of the like Favour.

*Arma, quibus lætatus, habes tua: teque parentum
Manibus, & cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto.*

XLIV.

VERSE 532. *Joves's Sylvan Daughters bade their Elms bestow
A barren Shade, &c.*] It was the Custom to plant about Tombs only such Trees as Elms, Alders, &c. that bear no Fruit, as being most suitable to the Dead. This Passage alludes to that Piece of Antiquity.

XLV.

VERSE 543. *A Victim to Diana's Bow.*] The Greeks ascribed all sudden Deaths of Women to *Diana*. So *Ulysses* in *Odyss.* 11. asks *Antyclia* among the Shades if she died by the Darts of *Diana*? And in the present Book *Laodame* the Daughter of *Bellerophon*, is said to have perish'd young by the Arrows of this Goddess. Or perhaps it may allude to some Disease fatal to Women, such as *Macrobius* speaks of *Sat.* 1. 17. *Fœminas certis afflictas morbis Σεληνοβλήτες ή 'Αστερμηδοβλήτες vocant.*

XLVI.

VERSE 550. *That Quarter most----Where yon' wild Fig-trees.*] The Artifice *Andromache* here uses to detain *Hector* in *Troy* is very beautifully imagined. She takes occasion from the three Attacks that had been made by the Enemy upon this Place, to give him an honourable Pretence for staying at that Rampart to defend it. If we consider that those Attempts must have been known to all in the City, we shall not think she talks like a Soldier, but like a Woman, who naturally enough makes use of any Incident that offers, to persuade her Lover to what she desires. The Ignorance too which she expresses, of the Reasons that mov'd the *Greeks* to attack this particular Place, was what I doubt not *Homer* intended, to reconcile it the more to a Female Character.

XLVII.

VERSE 583. *Hyperia's Spring.*] Drawing Water was the Office of the meanest Slaves. This appears by the holy Scripture, where the *Gibeonites* who had deceiv'd *Josuah* are made Slaves and subjected to draw Water. *Josuah* pronounces the Curse against them in these Words: *Now therefore ye are cursed, and there shall none of you be freed from being Bondmen, and Hewers of Wood, and Drawers of Water.* Josh. Ch. 9. V. 23. *Dacier.*

XLVIII.

VERSE 595. *Stretch'd his fond Arms.*] There never was a finer Piece of Painting than this. *Hector* extends his Arms to embrace his Child; the Child affrighted at the glittering of his Helmet and the shaking of the Plume, shrinks backward to the Breast of his Nurse; *Hector* unbraces his Helmet, lays it on the Ground, takes the Infant in his Arms, lifts him towards Heaven, and offers a Prayer for him to the Gods: then returns him to the Mother *Andromache*, who receives him with a Smile of Pleasure, but at the same instant

instant the Fears for her Husband make her burst into Tears. All these are but small Circumstances, but so artfully chosen, that every Reader immediately feels the force of them, and represents the whole in the utmost Liveliness to his Imagination. This alone might be a Confutation of that false Criticism some have fallen into, who affirm that a Poet ought only to collect the great and noble Particulars in his Paintings. But it is in the Images of Things as in the Characters of Persons; where a small Action, or even a small Circumstance of an Action, lets us more into the Knowledge and Comprehension of them, than the material and principal Parts themselves. As we find this in a History, so we do in a Picture, where sometimes a small Motion or Turning of a Finger will express the Character and Action of the Figure more than all the other Parts of the Design. *Longinus* indeed blames an Author's insisting too much on trivial Circumstances; but in the same Place extols *Homer* as "the Poet who best knew how to make use of important and beautiful Circumstances, and to avoid the mean and superfluous ones." There is a vast difference betwixt a *small* Circumstance and a *trivial* one, and the smallest become important if they are well chosen, and not confused.

XLIX.

VERSE 604. *Hector's Prayer for his Son.*] It may be asked how *Hector's* Prayer, that his Son might protect the *Trojans*, could be consistent with what he had said just before, that he certainly knew *Troy* and his Parents would perish. We ought to reflect that this is only a Prayer: *Hector* in the Excess of a tender Emotion for his Son, entreats the Gods to preserve *Troy*, and permit *Astyanax* to rule there. It is at all times allowable to beseech Heaven to appease its Anger, and change its Decrees; and we are taught that Prayers can alter Destiny. *Dacier*. Besides it cannot be infer'd from hence, that *Hector* had any divine Foreknowledge of his own Fate and the approaching Ruine of his Country; since in many following Passages we find him possess'd with strong Hopes and firm Assurances to raise the Siege by the Flight or Destruction
on

on of the *Greeks*. So that these Forebodings of his Fate were only the Apprehensions and Misgivings of a Soul dejected with Sorrow and Compassion, by considering the great Dangers to which he saw all that was dear to him expos'd.

L.

VERSE 612. *Transcends his Father's Fame.*] The Commendation *Hector* here gives himself, is not only agreeable to the Openness of a brave Man, but very becoming on such a solemn Occasion; and a natural Effect from the Testimony of his own Heart to his Honour; at this time especially, when he knew not but he was speaking his last Words. *Virgil* has not scrupled it, in what he makes *Æneas* say to *Ascanius* at his Parting for the Battel.

*Et pater Æneas & avunculus excitet Hector.
Disce puer virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis-----*

Æn. 12.

I believe he had this of *Homer* in his Eye, tho' the pathetic mention of *Fortune* in the last Line seems an Imitation of that Prayer of *Sophocles*, copied also from hence, where *Ajax* wishes his Son may be *like him in all things but in his Misfortunes*.

LI.

VERSE 615. *His Mother's conscious Heart.*] Tho' the chief Beauty of this Prayer consists in the paternal Piety shewn by *Hector*, yet it wants not a fine Stroake at the end, to continue him in the Character of a tender Lover of his Wife, when he makes one of the Motives of his Wish, to be the Joy she shall receive on hearing her Son applauded.

LII.

VERSE 628. *Fix'd is the Term.*] The Reason which *Hector* here urges to allay the Affliction of his Wife, is grounded on
a very

a very ancient and common Opinion, that the fatal Period of Life is appointed to all Men at the time of their Birth; which as no Precaution can avoid, so no Danger can hasten. This Sentiment is as proper to give Comfort to the distress'd, as to inspire Courage to the desponding; since nothing is so fit to quiet and strengthen our Minds in Times of Difficulty, as a firm Assurance that our Lives are expos'd to no real Hazards, in the greatest Appearances of Danger.

LIII.

VERSE 649. *Forth issues Paris.*] *Paris* stung by the Reproaches of *Hector*, goes to the Battel. 'Tis a just Remark of *Eustathius*, that all the Reproofs and Remonstrances made in *Homer* have constantly their Effect. The Poet by this shews the great Use of Reprehensions when properly apply'd, and finely intimates that every worthy Mind will be the better for them.

LIV.

VERSE 652. *The wanton Courser thus, &c.*] This beautiful Comparison being translated by *Virgil* in the eleventh *Æneid*; I shall transcribe the Originals that the Reader may have the Pleasure of comparing them.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις σατὸς ἵππος ἀκοήσας ἐπὶ φάτῃ,
 Δεσμὸν ἀπορρήξας θείει πεδίῳ κροαίνων,
 Εἰωθὼς λθεῖσθαι εὐρρεῖος ποταμοῖο,
 Κυδίσων, ὑψὲ δὲ κἀκὴ ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
 ὦμοις αἰσσοῦνται· ὁ δ' ἀγλαῆφι πεποιθὼς,
 ῥίμφα ἔγχεα φέρει μέλα τ' ἥθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων.

*Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præsepia vinculis
 Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,
 Aut ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum:
 Aut assuetus aque perfundi flumine noto
 Emicat, arrectisque fremit cervicibus alte
 Luxurians; luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos.*

Z z

Tho'

Tho' nothing can be translated better than this is by *Virgil*, yet in *Homer* the Simile seems more perfect, and the Place more proper. *Paris* had been indulging his Ease within the Walls of his Palace, as the Horse in his Stable, which was not the Case of *Turnus*. The Beauty and Wantonness of the Steed agrees more exactly with the Character of *Paris* than with the other: And the Insinuation of his Love of the Mares has yet a nearer Resemblance. The languishing Flow of that Verse,

Εἰωθὼς λᾶσθαι εὐρρετὸς ποταμοῖο,

finely corresponds with the Ease and Luxuriancy of the pamper'd Courser bathing in the Flood; a Beauty which *Scaliger* did not consider, when he criticis'd particularly upon that Line. *Tasso* has also imitated this Simile, *Cant.* 9.

*Come deftrier, che da la regie stalle
Ove a l'uso de l'arme si referba,
Fugge, e libero alfin per largo calle
Và trà gl'armenti, ò al fiume usato, ò a l'erba;
Scherzau sù 'l collo i crini, e sù le spalle,
Si scote la cervice alta, e superba;
Suonano i piè nel corso, e par, ch'auvampi,
Di sonori nitriti empiendo i campi.*

LV.

VERSE 665. *Paris excus'd his Stay.*] Here, in the Original, is a short Speech of *Paris* containing only these Words; *Brother, I have detained you too long, and should have come sooner as you desired me.* This and some few others of the same Nature in the *Iliad*, the Translator has ventured to omit, expressing only the Sense of them. A living Author (whom future Times will quote, and therefore I shall not scruple to do it) says that these short Speeches, tho' they may be natural in other Languages, can't appear so well in ours, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as
so

so many Rubs in the Story that are still turning the Narration out of its proper Course.

LVI.

VERSE 669. *Known is thy Courage, &c.*] *Hector* here confesses the natural Valour of *Paris*, but observes it to be overcome by the Indolence of his Temper and the Love of Pleasure. An ingenious *French* Writer very well remarks, that the true Character of this Hero has a great Resemblance with that of *Marc Anthony*. See the 4th and 11th Notes on the third Book.

LVII.

VERSE 677. *We crown the Bowl to Heav'n and Liberty.*] The Greek is, *κηληρα ἐλευθερον*, the free Bowl, in which they made Libations to *Jupiter* after the Recovery of their Liberty. The Expression is observed by *M. Dacier* to resemble those of the *Hebrews*; *The Cup of Salvation, the Cup of Sorrow, the Cup of Benediction, &c.* *Athenæus* mentions those Cups which the *Greeks* call'd *γραμμάτια ἐκπώματα*, and were consecrated to the Gods in Memory of some Success. He gives us the Inscription of one of this sort, which was, ΔΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ.

THE

THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

A 22

The ARGUMENT.

The single Combate of *Hector* and *Ajax*.

THE Battel renewing with double Ardour upon the Return of *Hector*, *Minerva* is under Apprehensions for the Greeks. *Apollo* seeing her descend from *Olympus*, joins her near the *Scæan Gate*. They agree to put off the general Engagement for that Day, and incite *Hector* to challenge the Greeks to a single Combate. Nine of the Princes accepting the Challenge, the Lot is cast, and falls upon *Ajax*. These Heroes, after several Attacks, are parted by the Night. The Trojans calling a Council, *Antenor* proposes the Delivery of *Helen* to the Greeks, to which *Paris* will not consent, but offers to restore them her Riches. *Priam* sends a Herald to make this Offer, and to demand a Truce for burning the Dead, the last of which only is agreed to by *Agamemnon*. When the Funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the Advice of *Nestor*, erect a Fortification to protect their Fleet and Camp, flank'd with Towers, and defended by a Ditch and Palisades. *Neptune* testifies his Jealousy at this Work, but is pacified by a Promise from *Jupiter*. Both Armies pass the Night in Feasting, but *Jupiter* disheartens the Trojans with Thunder and other Signs of his Wrath.

The three and twentieth Day ends with the Duel of *Hector* and *Ajax*: The next Day the Truce is agreed: Another is taken up in the Funeral Rites of the Slain; and one more in building the Fortification before the Ships: So that somewhat above three Days is employed in this Book. The Scene lies wholly in the Field.

THE

THE
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OF THE
ILIAD.

SO spoke the Guardian of the *Trojan* State,
Then rush'd impetuous thro' the *Scaean* Gate.
Him *Paris* follow'd to the dire Alarms ;
Both breathing Slaughter, both resolv'd in Arms.
As when to Sailors lab'ring thro' the Main,
That long had heav'd the weary Oar in vain,
Jove bids at length th' expected Gales arise ;
The Gales blow grateful, and the Vessel flies :
So welcome these to *Troy's* desiring Train ;
The Bands are cheer'd, the War awakes again. 10
Bold *Paris* first the Work of Death begun,
On great *Meneftheus*, *Areithous'* Son ;

Sprung

Sprung from the fair *Philomeda's* Embrace,
The pleasing *Arnè* was his native Place.

15 Then sunk *Eioneus* to the Shades below,
Beneath his steely Casque he felt the Blow
Full on his Neck, from *Hector's* weighty Hand ;
And roll'd, with Limbs relax'd, along the Land.
By *Glaucus's* Spear the bold *Iphinous* bleeds,
20 Fix'd in the Shoulder as he mounts his Steeds ;
Headlong he tumbles : His slack Nerves unbound
Drop the cold useless Members on the Ground.

When now *Minerva* saw her *Argives* slain,
From vast *Olympus* to the gleaming Plain
25 Fierce she descends : *Apollo* mark'd her Flight,
Nor shot less swift from *Ilion's* Tow'ry Height :
Radiant they met, beneath the Beechen Shade ;
When thus *Apollo* to the blue-ey'd Maid.

What cause, O Daughter of Almighty *Jove* !
30 Thus wings thy Progress from the Realms above ?
Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,
To give to *Greece* the long-divided Day ?
Too much has *Troy* already felt thy Hate,
Now breathe thy Rage, and hush the stern Debate :

This

This Day, the Business of the Field suspend ; 35
War soon shall kindle, and great *Ilion* bend ;
Since vengeful Goddesses confed'rate join
To raze her Walls, tho' built by Hands Divine.

To whom the Progeny of *Jove* replies.
I left, for this, the Council of the Skies : 40
But who shall bid conflicting Hosts forbear,
What Art shall calm the furious Sons of War ?
To her the God : Great *Hector's* Soul incite
To dare the boldest *Greek* to single Fight,
Till *Greece*, provok'd, from all her Numbers show 45
A Warrior worthy to be *Hector's* Foe.

At this agreed, the Heav'nly Pow'rs withdrew ;
Sage *Helenus* their secret Counsels knew :
Hector inspir'd he fought : To him address,
Thus told the Dictates of his sacred Breast. 50
O Son of *Priam* ! let thy faithful Ear
Receive my Words ; thy Friend and Brother hear !
Go forth persuasive, and a while engage
The warring Nations to suspend their Rage ;
Then dare the boldest of the hostile Train 55
To mortal Combate on the list'd Plain.

B b b

For

For not this Day shall end thy glorious Date ;
The Gods have spoke it, and their Voice is Fate.

He said ; The Warrior heard the Word with Joy :

60 Then with his Spear restrain'd the Youth of Troy,
Held by the midst athwart. On either Hand

The Squadrons part ; th' expecting Trojans stand.

Great *Agamemnon* bids the Greeks forbear ;

They breathe, and hush the Tumult of the War.

65 Th' *Athenian* Maid, and glorious God of Day,

With silent Joy the settling Hosts survey :

In Form like Vulturs, on the Beeche's Height

They sit conceal'd, and wait the future Fight.

The thronging Troops obscure the dusky Fields,

70 Horrid with bristling Spears, and gleaming Shields.

As when a gen'ral Darkness veils the Main,

(Soft *Zephyr* curling the wide wat'ry Plain)

The Waves scarce heave, the Face of Ocean sleeps,

And a still Horror saddens all the Deeps :

75 Thus in thick Orders settling wide around,

At length compos'd they sit, and shade the Ground.

Great *Hector* first amidst both Armies broke

The solemn Silence, and their Powers bespoke.

Hear all ye *Trojan*, all ye *Grecian* Bands,
What my Soul prompts, and what some God commands. 80
Great *Jove* averle our Warfare to compose,
O'erwhelms the Nations with new Toils and Woes;
War with a fiercer Tide once more returns,
Till *Ilion* falls, or till yon' Navy burns.
You then, O Princes of the *Greeks*! appear, 85
'Tis *Hector* speaks, and calls the Gods to hear:
From all your Troops select the boldest Knight,
And him, the boldest, *Hector* dares to Fight.
Here if I fall, by chance of Battel slain,
Be his my Spoil, and his these Arms remain; 90
But let my Body, to my Friends return'd,
By *Trojan* Hands and *Trojan* Flames be burn'd.
And if *Apollo*, in whose Aid I trust,
Shall stretch your daring Champion in the Dust;
If mine the Glory to despoil the Foe; 95
On *Phæbus*' Temple I'll his Arms bestow:
The breathless Carcase to your Navy sent,
Greece on the Shore shall raise a Monument;
Which when some future Mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad *Hellespont*'s resounding Seas, 100

Thus

Thus shall he say. " A valiant *Greek* lies there,

" By *Hector* slain, the mighty Man of War.

The Stone shall tell your vanquish'd Hero's Name,

And distant Ages learn the Victor's Fame.

105 This fierce Defiance *Greece* astonish'd heard,

Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.

Stern *Menelaus* first the Silence broke,

And inty groaning, thus opprobrious spoke.

Women of *Greece*! Oh Scandal of your Race,

110 Whose Coward Souls your manly Form disgrace.

How great the Shame, when ev'ry Age shall know

That not a *Grecian* met this noble Foe!

Go then! resolve to Earth from whence ye grew,

A heartless, spiritless, inglorious Crew:

115 Be what ye seem, unanimated Clay!

My self will dare the Danger of the Day.

'Tis Man's bold Task the gen'rous Strife to try,

But in the Hands of God is Victory.

These Words scarce spoke, with gen'rous Ardour prest,

120 His manly Limbs in Azure Arms he drest:

That Day, *Atrides*! a superior Hand

Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile Strand;

But

But all at once, thy Fury to compose;
 The Kings of *Greece*, an awful Band, arose !
 Ev'n He their Chief, great *Agamemnon* press'd 125
 Thy daring Hand, and this Advice address'd.
 Whither, O *Menelaus* ! would'st thou run,
 And tempt a Fate which Prudence bids thee shun ?
 Griev'd tho' thou art, forbear the rash Design ;
 Great *Hector's* Arm is mightier far than thine. 130
 Ev'n fierce *Achilles* learn'd its Force to fear,
 And trembling met this dreadful Son of War.
 Sit thou secure amidst thy social Band ;
Greece in our Cause shall arm some pow'rful Hand.
 The mightiest Warrior of th' *Achaian* Name, 135
 Tho' bold, and burning with Desire of Fame,
 Content, the doubtful Honour might foregoe,
 So great the Danger, and so brave the Foe.

He said, and turn'd his Brother's vengeful Mind,
 He stoop'd to Reason, and his Rage resign'd. 140
 No longer bent to rush on certain Harms,
 His joyful Friends unbrace his Azure Arms.

He, from whose Lips divine Persuasion flows,
 Grave *Nestor*, then, in graceful Act arose.

C c c

Thus

145 Thus to the Kings he spoke. What Grief, what Shame
Attend on *Greece*, and all the *Grecian* Name?

How shall, alas! her hoary Heroes mourn,
Their Sons degen'rate, and their Race a Scorn?

What Tears shall down thy silver Beard be roll'd,

150 Oh *Peleus*, old in Arms, in Wisdom old!

Once with what Joy the gen'rous Prince would hear
Of ev'ry Chief who fought this glorious War,

Participate their Fame, and pleas'd enquire
Each Name, each Action, and each Hero's Sire?

155 Gods! should he see our Warriors trembling stand,
And trembling all before one hostile Hand;

How would he lift his aged Arms on high,
Lament inglorious *Greece*, and beg to die!

Oh would to all th' immortal Pow'rs above,

160 *Minerva*, *Phæbus*, and Almighty *Jove*!

Years might again roll back, my Youth renew,
And give this Arm the Spring which once it knew:

When fierce in War, where *Jardan's* Waters fall,
I led my Troops to *Phea's* trembling Wall,

165 And with th' *Arcadian* Spears my Prowess try'd,
Where *Celadon* rolls down his rapid Tide.

There

There *Ereuthalion* brav'd us in the Field,
Proud, *Areithous'* dreadful Arms to wield ;
Great *Areithous*, known from Shore to Shore
By the huge, knotted Iron-Mace he bore ; 170
No Lance he shook, nor bent the twanging Bow,
But broke, with this, the Battel of the Foe.
Him not by manly Force *Lycurgus* flew,
Whose guileful Javelin from the Thicket flew,
Deep in a winding Way his Breast assail'd, 175
Nor ought the Warrior's thund'ring Mace avail'd.
Supine he fell : Those Arms which *Mars* before
Had giv'n the Vanquish'd, now the Victor bore.
But when old Age had dim'd *Lycurgus* Eyes,
To *Ereuthalion* he consign'd the Prize. 180
Furious with this, he crush'd our levell'd Bands,
And dar'd the Trial of the strongest Hands ;
Nor cou'd the strongest Hands his Fury stay ;
All saw, and fear'd, his huge, tempestuous Sway.
Till I, the youngest of the Host, appear'd, 185
And youngest, met whom all our Army fear'd.
I fought the Chief : my Arms *Minerva* crown'd :
Prone fell the Giant o'er a Length of Ground.

What

What then I was, Oh were your *Nestor* now!

190 Not *Hector*'s self should want an equal Foe.

But Warriors, you, that youthful Vigour boast,

The Flow'r of *Greece*, th' Examples of our Host,

Sprung from such Fathers, who such Numbers sway;

Can you stand trembling, and desert the Day?

195 His warm Reproofs the list'ning Kings inflame,

And nine, the noblest of the *Grecian* Name,

Up-started fierce: But far before the rest.

The King of Men advanc'd his dauntless Breast:

Then bold *Tydidēs*, great in Arms, appear'd;

200 And next his Bulk gigantic *Ajax* rear'd:

Oileus follow'd, *Idomen* was there,

And *Merion*, dreadful as the God of War:

With these *Eurypylus* and *Thoas* stand,

And wise *Ulysses* clos'd the daring Band.

205 All these, alike inspir'd with noble Rage,

Demand the Fight. To whom the *Pylian* Sage:

Lest Thirst of Glory your brave Souls divide,

What Chief shall combat, let the Lots decide.

Whom Heav'n shall chuse, be his the Chance to raise

210 His Country's Fame, his own immortal Praise.

The

The Lots produc'd, each Hero signs his own,
Then in the Gen'ral's Helm the Fates are thrown.
The People pray with lifted Eyes and Hands,
And Vows like these ascend from all the Bands.
Grant thou Almighty! in whose Hand is Fate, 215
A worthy Champion for the *Grecian* State.
This Task let *Ajax* or *Tydidēs* prove,
Or He, the King of Kings, belov'd by *Jove*.

Old *Nestor* shook the Casque. By Heav'n inspir'd,
Leap'd forth the Lot of ev'ry *Greek* desir'd. 220
This from the Right to Left the Herald bears,
Held out in Order to the *Grecian* Peers.
Each to his Rival yields the Mark unknown,
Till Godlike *Ajax* finds the Lot his own;
Surveys th' Inscription with rejoicing Eyes, 225
Then casts before him, and with Transport cries:

Warriors! I claim the Lot, and arm with Joy;
Be mine the Conquest of this Chief of *Troy*.
Now, while my brightest Arms my Limbs invest,
To *Saturn's* Son be all your Vows address: 230
But pray in secret, lest the Foes should hear,
And deem your Pray'rs the mean Effect of Fear.

D d d

Said

Said I in secret? No, your Vows declare,
In such a Voice as fills the Earth and Air.

235 Lives there a Chief whom *Ajax* ought to dread,
Ajax, in all the Toils of Battel bred?

From warlike *Salamis* I drew my Birth,
And born to Combates, fear no Force of Earth.

He said. The Troops with elevated Eyes,
240 Implore the God whose Thunder rends the Skies.

O Father of Mankind, Superior Lord!

On lofty *Ida*'s holy Hill ador'd;

Who in the highest Heav'n hast fix'd thy Throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone:

245 Grant thou, that *Telamon* may bear away
The Praise and Conquest of this doubtful Day.

Or if illustrious *Hector* be thy Care,

That both may claim 'em, and that both may share.

Now *Ajax* brac'd his dazling Armour on;
250 Sheath'd in bright Steel the Giant-Warrior shone:

He moves to Combate with majestic Pace;

So stalks in Arms the grizly God of *Thrace*,

When *Jove* to punish faithless Men prepares,

And gives whole Nations to the Waste of Wars.

Thus

Thus march'd the Chief, tremendous as a God ; 255
Grimly he smil'd ; Earth trembled as he strode :
His massy Javelin quiv'ring in his Hand,
He stood, the Bulwark of the *Grecian* Band.

Thro' ev'ry *Argive* Heart new Transport ran,
All *Troy* stood trembling at the mighty Man. 260
Ev'n *Hector* paus'd, and with new Doubt oppress'd
Felt his great Heart suspended in his Breast :
'Twas vain to seek Retreat, and vain to fear ;
Himself had challeng'd, and the Foe drew near.

Stern *Telamon* behind his ample Shield 265
As from a Brazen Tow'r, o'erlook'd the Field.
Huge was its Orb, with sev'n thick Folds o'ercaft,
Of tough Bull-hides ; of solid Brasses the last.
(The Work of *Tychius*, who in *Hyle* dwell'd,
And All in Arts of Armoury excell'd.) 270
This *Ajax* bore before his manly Breast,
And threat'ning, thus his adverse Chief address'd.

Hector ! approach my Arm, and singly know
What Strength thou hast, and what the *Grecian* Foe.
Achilles shuns the Fight ; yet some there are 275
Not void of Soul, and not unskill'd in War :

Let

Let him, unactive on the Sea-beat Shore,
 Indulge his Wrath, and aid our Arms no more ;
 Whole Troops of Heroes, *Greece* has yet to boast,
 280 And sends thee One, a Sample of her Host.

Such as I am, I come to prove thy Might ;
 No more----be sudden, and begin the Fight.

O Son of *Telamon*, thy Country's Pride !

(To *Ajax* thus the *Trojan* Prince reply'd)

285 Me, as a Boy or Woman would'st thou fright,
 New to the Field, and trembling at the Fight ?
 Thou meet'st a Chief deserving of thy Arms,
 To Combate born, and bred amidst Alarms :
 I know to shift my Ground, remount the Car,
 290 Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry Call of War,
 To right, to left, the dext'rous Lance I wield,
 And bear thick Battel on my sounding Shield.
 But open be our Fight, and bold each Blow ;
 I steal no Conquest from a noble Foe.

295 He said, and rising, high above the Field
 Whirl'd the long Lance against the sev'nfold Shield.
 Full on the Brags descending from above
 Thro' six Bull-hides the furious Weapon drove,

Till

Till in the sev'nth it fix'd. Then *Ajax* threw,
 Thro' *Hector's* Shield the forceful Javelin flew, 300
 His Corflet enters, and his Garment rends,
 And glancing downwards near his Flank descends.
 The wary *Trojan* shrinks, and bending low
 Beneath his Buckler, disappoints the Blow.
 From their bor'd Shields the Chiefs the Javelins drew, 305
 Then close impetuous, and the Charge renew :
 Fierce as the Mountain-Lions bath'd in Blood,
 Or foaming Boars, the Terror of the Wood.
 At *Ajax Hector* his long Lance extends ;
 The blunted Point against the Buckler bends. 310
 But *Ajax* watchful as his Foe drew near,
 Drove thro' the *Trojan* Targe the knotty Spear ;
 It reach'd his Neck, with matchless Strength impell'd ;
 Spouts the black Gore, and dims his shining Shield.
 Yet ceas'd not *Hector* thus ; but, stooping down, 315
 In his strong Hand up-heav'd a flinty Stone,
 Black, craggy, vast : To this his Force he bends ;
 Full on the Brazen Bos the Stone descends ;
 The hollow Brass refounded with the Shock.
 Then *Ajax* seiz'd the Fragment of a Rock, 320

E e e

Apply'd

Apply'd each Nerve, and swinging round on high,
With Force tempestuous let the Ruin fly:

The huge Stone thund'ring thro' his Buckler broke;

325 His slacken'd Knees receiv'd the numbing Stroke;

Great *Hector* falls extended on the Field,

His Bulk supporting on the shatter'd Shield.

Nor wanted heav'nly Aid: *Apollo's* Might

Confirm'd his Sinews, and restor'd to Fight.

330 And now both Heroes their broad Faulchions drew,

In flaming Circles round their Heads they flew,

But then by Heralds Voice the Word was giv'n,

The sacred Ministers of Earth and Heav'n:

Divine *Talthybius* whom the *Greeks* employ,

335 And sage *Idæus* on the Part of *Troy*,

Between the Swords their peaceful Sceptres rear'd;

When thus *Idæus'* awful Voice was heard.

Forbear, my Sons! your farther Force to prove,

Both dear to Men, and both belov'd of *Jove*.

340 To either Host your matchless Worth is known,

Each sounds your Praise, and War is all your own.

But now the Night extends her awful Shade;

The Goddess parts you: Be the Night obey'd.

To

To whom great *Ajax* his high Soul exprefs'd.

O Sage ! to *Hector* be thefe Words addrefs'd.

345

Let him, who firft provok'd our Chiefs to fight,

Let him demand the Sanction of the Night :

If firft he ask it, I content obey,

And ceafe the Strife when *Hector* flows the way.

Oh firft of *Greeks* ! (his noble Foe rejoin'd)

350

Whom Heav'n adorns, fuperior to thy Kind,

With Strength of Body, and with Worth of Mind !

Now Martial Law commands us to forbear,

Hereafter we fhall meet in glorious War,

Some future Day fhall lengthen out the Strife,

355

And let the Gods decide of Death or Life !

Since then the Night extends her gloomy Shade,

And Heav'n enjoins it, be the Night obey'd.

Return, brave *Ajax*, to thy *Grecian* Friends,

And joy the Nations whom thy Arm defends ;

360

As I fhall glad each Chief, and *Trojan* Wife,

Who wearies Heav'n with Vows for *Hector's* Life.

But let us, on this memorable Day,

Exchange fome Gift ; that *Greece* and *Troy* may fay,

“ Not

365 " Not Hate, but Glory, made these Chiefs contend ;
 " And each brave Foe was in his Soul a Friend.

With that, a Sword with Stars of Silver grac'd,
 The Baldric studded, and the Sheath enchas'd,
 He gave the *Greek*. The gen'rous *Greek* bestow'd

370 A radiant Belt that rich with Purple glow'd.

Then with majestic Grace they quit the Plain ;
 This seeks the *Grecian*, that the *Phrygian* Train.

The *Trojan* Bands returning *Hector* wait,
 And hail with Joy the Champion of their State :

375 Escap'd great *Ajax*, they survey'd him round,
 Alive, unharm'd, and vig'rous from his Wound.
 To *Troy's* high Gates the God-like Chief they bear,
 Their present Triumph, as their late Despair.

But *Ajax*, glorying in his hardy Deed,
 380 The well-arm'd *Greeks* to *Agamemnon* lead.

A Steer for Sacrifice the King design'd,
 Of full five Years, and of the nobler Kind.

The Victim falls, they strip the smoaking Hide,
 The Beast they quarter, and the Joints divide,

185 Then spread the Tables, the Repast prepare,
 Each takes his Seat, and each receives his Share.

The

The King himself (an Honorary Sign)
 Before great *Ajax* plac'd the mighty *Chine*.
 When now the Rage of Hunger was remov'd ;
Nestor, in each persuasive Art approv'd,
 The Sage whose Counfels long had sway'd the rest, 390
 In Words like these his prudent Thought exprest.

How dear, O Kings ! this fatal Day has cost,
 What *Greeks* are perish'd ! what a People lost !
 What Tides of Blood have drench'd *Scamander's* Shore ?
 What Crowds of Heroes sunk, to rise no more ? 395
 Then hear me, Chief ! nor let the Morrow's Light
 Awake thy Squadrons to new Toils of Fight.
 Some Space at least permit the War to breathe,
 While we to Flames our slaughter'd Friends bequeathe,
 From the red Field their scatter'd Bodies bear, 400
 And nigh the Fleet a Fun'ral Structure rear :
 So decent Urns their snowy Bones may keep,
 And pious Children o'er their Ashes weep.
 Here, where on one promiscuous Pile they blaz'd,
 High o'er them all a gen'ral Tomb be rais'd. 405
 Next, to secure our Camp, and Naval Pow'rs,
 Raife an embattel'd Wall, with lofty Tow'rs ;

F f f

From

From Space to Space be ample Gates around,
 For passing Chariots, and a Trench profound.
 410 So *Greece* to Combate shall in Safety go,
 Nor fear the fierce Incurfions of the Foe.
 'Twas thus the Sage his wholsome Counsel mov'd ;
 The sceptred Kings of *Greece* his Words approv'd.
 Meanwhile, conven'd at *Priam's* Palace Gate,
 415 The *Trojan* Peers in nightly Council fate :
 A Senate void of Union as of Choice,
 Their Hearts were fearful, and confus'd their Voice.
Antenor rising, thus demands their Ear :
 Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and Auxiliars hear !
 420 'Tis Heav'n the Counsel of my Breast inspires,
 And I but move what ev'ry God requires,
 Let *Sparta's* Treasures be this Hour restor'd,
 And *Argive Helen* own her ancient Lord.
 The Ties of Faith, the sworn Alliance broke,
 425 Our impious Battels the just Gods provoke.
 As this Advice ye practise, or reject,
 So hope Success, or dread the dire Effect.
 The Senior spoke, and fate. To whom reply'd
 The graceful Husband of the *Spartan* Bride.

Cold

Cold Counfels, *Trojan*, may become thy Years, 430
But found ungrateful in a Warrior's Ears :

Old Man, if void of Fallacy or Art

Thy Words exprefs the Purpose of thy Heart,

Thou, in thy Time, more found Advice haft giv'n ;

But Wisdom has its Date, assign'd by Heav'n. 435

Then hear me, Princes of the *Trojan* Name !

Their Treasures I'll reftore, but not the Dame ;

My Treasures too, for Peace, I will refign ;

But be this bright Poffeffion ever mine.

'Twas then, the growing Difcord to compofe, 440
Slow from his Seat the rev'rend *Priam* rofe.

His God-like Afpect deep Attention drew :

He paus'd, and thefe pacific Words enfue.

Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and Auxiliar Bands !

Now take Refreshment as the Hour demands : 445

Guard well the Walls, relieve the Watch of Night,

Till the new Sun reftores the chearful Light :

Then fhall our Herald to th' *Atrides* fent,

Before their Ships, proclaim my Son's Intent :

Next let a Truce be ask'd, that *Troy* may burn 450

Her fllaughter'd Heroes, and their Bones in-urn.

That

That done, once more the Fate of War be try'd,
And whose the Conquest, mighty *Jove* decide!

The Monarch spoke: the Warriors snatch'd with haste
455 (Each at his Post in Arms) a short Repaste.

Soon as the rosy Morn had wak'd the Day,

To the black Ships *Idæus* bent his way:

There, to the Sons of *Mars*, in Council found,

He rais'd his Voice: The Hosts stood list'ning round.

460 Ye Sons of *Atreus*, and ye *Greeks*, give ear!

The Words of *Troy*, and *Troy's* great Monarch hear.

Pleas'd may ye hear (so Heav'n succeed my Pray'rs)

What *Paris*, Author of the War, declares.

The Spoils and Treasures he to *Ilion* bore,

465 (Oh had he perish'd e'er they touch'd our Shore)

He proffers injur'd *Greece*; with large Encrease

Of added *Trojan* Wealth to buy the Peace.

But to restore the beauteous Bride again,

This *Greece* demands, and *Troy* requests in vain.

470 Next, O ye Chiefs! we ask a Truce to burn

Our slaughter'd Heroes, and their Bones in-urn.

That done, once more the Fate of War be try'd,

And whose the Conquest, mighty *Jove* decide!

The

The *Greeks* gave ear, but none the Silence broke,
At length *Tydidēs* rose, and rising spoke. 475
Oh take not, Friends! defrauded of your Fame,
Their proffer'd Wealth, nor ev'n the *Spartan* Dame.
Let Conquest make them ours: Fate shakes their Wall,
And *Troy* already totters to her Fall.

Th' admiring Chiefs, and all the *Grecian* Name, 480
With gen'ral Shouts return'd him loud Acclaim.
Then thus the King of Kings rejects the Peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'st the Voice of *Greece*.
For what remains; let Fun'ral Flames be fed
With Heroes Corps: I war not with the Dead: 485
Go search your slaughter'd Chiefs on yonder Plain,
And gratify the *Manes* of the slain.
Be witness, *Jove*! whose Thunder rolls on high.
He said, and rear'd his Sceptre to the Sky.

To sacred *Troy*, where all her Princes lay 490
To wait th' Event, the Herald bent his way.
He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd
The Peace rejected, but the Truce obtain'd.
Strait to their sev'ral Cares the *Trojans* move,
Some search the Plain, some fell the founding Grove: 495

G g g

Nor

Nor less the *Greeks*, descending on the Shore,
Hew'd the green Forests, and the Bodies bore.
And now from forth the Chambers of the Main,
To shed his sacred Light on Earth again,
500 Arose the golden Chariot of the Day,
And tipt the Mountains with a purple Ray.
In mingled Throngs, the *Greek* and *Trojan* Train
Thro' Heaps of Carnage search'd the mournful Plain.
Scarce could the Friend his slaughter'd Friend explore,
505 With Dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with Gore.
The Wounds they wash'd, their pious Tears they shed,
And, lay'd along their Cars, deplor'd the dead.
Sage *Priam* check'd their Grief: With silent Haste
The Bodies decent on the Piles were plac'd:
510 With melting Hearts the cold Remains they burn'd;
And sadly flow, to sacred *Troy* return'd.
Nor less the *Greeks* their pious Sorrows shed,
And decent on the Pile dispose the dead;
The cold Remains consume with equal Care;
515 And slowly, sadly, to their Fleet repair.
Now, e're the Morn had streak'd with red'ning Light
The doubtful Confines of the Day and Night;
About

About the dying Flames the *Greeks* appear'd,
 And round the Pile a gen'ral Tomb they rear'd.
 Then, to secure the Camp and Naval Pow'rs, 520
 They rais'd embattel'd Walls with lofty Tow'rs:
 From Space to Space were ample Gates around,
 For passing Chariots; and a Trench profound,
 Of large Extent, and deep in Earth below
 Strong Piles infix'd stood adverse to the Foe. 525

So toil'd the *Greeks*: Meanwhile the Gods above
 In shining Circle round their Father *Jove*,
 Amaz'd beheld the wondrous Works of Man:
 Then * He, whose Trident shakes the Earth, began.

What Mortals henceforth shall our Pow'r adore, 530
 Our Fanes frequent, our Oracles implore,
 If the proud *Grecians* thus successful boast
 Their rising Bulwarks on the Sea-beat Coast?
 See the long Walls extending to the Main,
 No God consulted, and no Victim slain! 535
 Their Fame shall fill the World's remotest Ends,
 Wide, as the Morn her golden Beam extends.
 While old *Laomedon's* divine Abodes,
 Those radiant Structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods,
 Shall,

540 Shall, raz'd and lost, in long Oblivion sleep.

Thus spoke the hoary Monarch of the Deep.

Th' Almighty Thund'rer with a Frown replies,

That clouds the World, and blackens half the Skies.

Strong God of Ocean! Thou, whose Rage can make

545 The solid Earth's eternal Basis shake!

What Cause of Fear from mortal Works, cou'd move

The meanest Subject of our Realms above?

Where-e'er the Sun's refulgent Rays are cast,

Thy Pow'r is honour'd, and thy Fame shall last.

550 But yon' proud Work no future Age shall view,

No Trace remain where once the Glory grew.

The fapp'd Foundations by thy Force shall fall,

And whelm'd beneath thy Waves, drop the huge Wall:

Vast Drifts of Sand shall change the former Shore;

555 The Ruin vanish'd, and the Name no more.

Thus they in Heav'n: while, o'er the *Grecian* Train,

The rolling Sun descending to the Main

Beheld the finish'd Work. Their Bulls they flew;

Black from the Tents the fav'ry Vapors flew.

560 And now the Fléet, arriv'd from *Lemnos*' Strands,

With *Bacchus*' Blessings chear'd the gen'rous Bands.

Of

Of fragrant Wines the rich *Eumæus* sent
A thousand Measures to the Royal Tent.

(*Eumæus*, whom *Hypsipyle* of yore

To *Jason*, Shepherd of his People, bore)

565

The rest they purchas'd at their proper Cost,

And well the plenteous Freight supply'd the Host:

Each, in exchange, proportion'd Treasures gave;

Some Brass or Iron, some an Oxe, or Slave.

All Night they feast, the *Greek* and *Trojan* Pow'rs; 570

Those on the Fields, and these within their Tow'rs.

But *Jove* averse the Signs of Wrath display'd,

And shot red Light'nings thro' the gloomy Shade:

Humbled they stood; pale Horror seiz'd on all,

While the deep Thunder shook th' Aerial Hall. 575

Each pour'd to *Jove* before the Bowl was crown'd,

And large Libations drench'd the thirsty Ground;

Then late refresh'd with Sleep from Toils of Fight,

Enjoy'd the balmy Blessings of the Night.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Seventh Book.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SEVENTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 2. **T**HRO' the Scæan Gate.] This Gate is not here particularized by *Homer*, but it appears by the 393^d Verse of the sixth Book that it could be no other.

Eustathius takes notice of the Difference of the Words ἐξέσσοντο and ἤλθε, the one apply'd to *Hector*, the other to *Paris*: by which the Motion of the former is described as an impetuous falling forth, agreeable to the Violence of a Warrior; and that of the latter as a calmer Movement, correspondent to the gentler Character of a Lover. But perhaps this Remark is too refined, since *Homer* plainly gives *Paris* a Character of Bravery in what immediately precedes and follows this Verse.

II.

VERSE 5. *As when to Sailors, &c.*] This Simile makes it plain that the Battel had relax'd during the Absence of *Hector* in *Troy*; and consequently that the Conversation of *Diomed* and *Glaucus* in the former Book, was not (as *Homer's* Censurers would have it) in the Heat of the Engagement.

I i i

III.

III.

VERSE 23. *When now Minerva, &c.*] This Machine of the two Deities meeting to part the Armies is very noble. *Eustathius* tells us it is an allegorical *Minerva*, and *Apollo*: *Minerva* represents the prudent Valour of the Greeks, and *Apollo* who stood for the Trojans, the Power of Destiny: So that the Meaning of the Allegory may be, that the Valour and Wisdom of the Greeks had now conquer'd Troy, had not Destiny withstood. *Minerva* therefore complies with *Apollo*, an Intimation that Wisdom can never oppose Fate. But if you take them in the literal Sense as a real God and Goddess, it may be ask'd what Necessity there was for the Introduction of two such Deities? To this *Eustathius* answers, that the last Book was the only one, in which both Armies were destitute of the Aid of the Gods: In Consequence of which there is no gallant Action achiev'd, nothing extraordinary done, especially after the Retreat of *Hector*; but here the Gods are again introduced to usher in a new Scene of great Actions. The same Author offers this other Solution: *Hector* finding the Trojan Army overpower'd, considers how to stop the Fury of the present Battel; this he thinks may best be done by the Proposal of a single Combate: Thus *Minerva* by a very easy and natural Fiction may signify that Wisdom or Courage (she being the Goddess of both) which suggests the Necessity of diverting the War; and *Apollo*, that seasonable Stratagem by which he effected it.

IV.

VERSE 37. *Vengeful Goddesses.*] Ἰμὲν ἀθανάτων in this Place must signify *Minerva* and *Juno*, the Word being of the feminine Gender. *Eustathius*.

V.

VERSE 48. *Sage Helenus their sacred Counsels knew.*] *Helenus* was the Priest of *Apollo*, and might therefore be suppos'd

pos'd to be informed of this by his God, or taught by an Oracle that such was his Will. Or else being an *Augur*, he might learn it from the Flight of those Birds, into which the Deities are here feigned to transform themselves, (perhaps for that Reason, as it would be a very Poetical manner of expressing it.) The Fiction of these Divinities sitting on the Beech-Tree in the Shape of *Vulturs*, is imitated by *Milton* in the fourth Book of *Paradise Lost*, where *Satan* leaping over the Boundaries of *Eden* sits in the Form of a Cormorant upon the Tree of Life.

.VI.

VERSE 57. *For not this Day shall end thy glorious Date.*] *Eustathius* justly observes that *Homer* here takes from the Greatness of *Hector's* Intrepidity, by making him foreknow that he should not fall in this Combate; whereas *Ajax* encounters him without any such Encouragement. It may perhaps be difficult to give a Reason for this Management of the Poet, unless we ascribe it to that commendable Prejudice, and honourable Partiality he bears his Countrymen; which makes him give a Superiority of Courage to the Heroes of his own Nation.

VII.

VERSE 60. *Then with his Spear restrain'd the Youth of Troy, Held by the midst athwart.---*] The Remark of *Eustathius* here is observable: He tells us that the Warriors of those Times (having no Trumpets, and because the Voice of the loudest Herald would be drown'd in the Noise of a Battel) address'd themselves to the Eyes, and that grasping the middle of the Spear denoted a Request that the Fight might a while be suspended; the holding the Spear in that Position not being the Posture of a Warrior; and thus *Agamemnon* understands it without any farther Explication. But however it be, we have a lively Picture of a General who stretches his Spear across, and presses back the most advanced Soldiers of his Army.

VIII.

VIII.

VERSE 71. *As when a gen'ral Darknefs, &c.]* The thick Ranks of the Troops composing themselves, in order to sit and hear what *Hector* was about to propose, are compared to the Waves of the Sea that are just stirr'd by the *West* Wind; the Simile partly consisting in the Darknefs and Stillnefs. This is plainly different from those Images of the Sea, given us on other Occasions, where the Armies in their Engagement and Confusion are compared to the Waves in their Agitation and Tumult: And that the contrary is the Drift of this Simile appears particularly from *Homer's* using the Word *ἔλατο*, *sedebant*, twice in the Application of it. All the other Versions seem to be mistaken here: What caused the Difficulty was the Expression *ὄρα μὲν γιγνέον*, which may signify the *West* Wind *blowing on a sudden*, as well as *first rising*. But the Design of *Homer* was to convey an Image both of the gentle Motion that arose over the Field from the Helmets and Spears before their Armies were quite settled; and of the Repose and Awe which ensued, when *Hector* began to speak.

IX.

VERSE 79. *Hear all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian Bands.]* The Appearance of *Hector*, his formal Challenge, and the Affright of the Greeks upon it, have a near Resemblance to the Description of the Challenge of *Goliath* in the first Book of *Samuel*, Ch. 17. *And he stood and cried to the Armies of Israel---Chuse you a Man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your Servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our Servants.---When Saul and all Israel heard the Words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid, &c.*

There is a fine Air of Gallantry and Bravery in this Challenge of *Hector*. If he seems to speak too vainly, we should consider him under the Character of a Challenger, whose Business it is to defy the Enemy. Yet at the same time we find

find a decent Modesty in his manner of expressing the Conditions of the Combate: He says simply, *If my Enemy kills me*; but of himself, *If Apollo grant me Victory*. It was an Imagination equally agreeable to a Man of Generosity and a Lover of Glory, to mention the Monument to be erected over his vanquish'd Enemy; tho' we see he considers it not so much an Honour paid to the Conquer'd as a Trophie to the Conqueror. It was natural too to dwell most upon the Thought that pleas'd him best, for he takes no notice of any Monument that should be rais'd over himself if he should fall unfortunately. He no sooner allows himself to expatiate, but the Prospect of Glory carries him away thus far beyond his first Intention, which was only to allow the Enemy liberty to inter their Champion with Decency.

X.

VERSE 96. *On Phœbus' Temple I'll his Arms bestow.*] It was the Manner of the Ancients to dedicate Trophies of this kind to the Temples of the Gods. The particular Reason for consecrating the Arms in this Place to *Apollo*, is not only as he was the constant Protector of *Troy*, but as this Thought of the Challenge was inspired by him.

XI.

VERSE 98. *Greece on the Shore shall raise a Monument.*] *Homer* took the Hint of this from several Tombs of the ancient Heroes who had fought at *Troy*, remaining in his time upon the Shore of the *Hellepont*. He gives that Sea the Epithet *broad*, to distinguish the particular Place of those Tombs, which was on the *Rhœtean* or *Sigæan* Coast, where the *Hellepont* (which in other Parts is narrow) opens itself to the *Ægean* Sea. *Strabo* gives an Account of the Monument of *Ajax* near *Rhœteum*, and of *Achilles* at the Promontory of *Sigæum*. This is one among a thousand Proofs of our Author's exact Knowledge in Geography and Antiquities. Time (says *Eustathius*) has destroy'd those Tombs which were to have preserv'd *Hector's* Glory, but *Homer's* Poetry more
K k k lasting

lasting than Monuments and Proof against Ages, will for ever support and convey it to the latest Posterity.

XII.

VERSE 105. *All Greece astonish'd heard.*] It seems natural to enquire, why the *Greeks*, before they accepted *Hector's* Challenge, did not demand Reparation for the former Treachery of *Pandarus*, and insist upon delivering up the Author of it; which had been the shortest way for the *Trojans* to have wip'd off that Stain: It was very reasonable for the *Greeks* to reply to this Challenge, that they could not venture a second single Combate for fear of such another insidious Attempt upon their Champion. And indeed I wonder that *Nestor* did not think of this Excuse for his Countrymen, when they were so backward to engage. One may make some sort of answer to this, if we consider the Clearness of *Hector's* Character, and his Words at the beginning of the foregoing Speech, where he first complains of the Revival of the War as a Misfortune common to them both (which is at once very artful and decent) and lays the blame of it upon *Jupiter*. Tho', by the way, his charging the *Trojans* Breach of Faith upon the Deity looks a little like the reasoning of some modern Saints in the Doctrine of absolute Reprobation, making God the Author of Sin, and may serve for some Instance of the Antiquity of that false Tenet.

XIII.

VERSE 109. *Women of Greece! &c.*] There is a great deal of Fire in this Speech of *Menelaus*, which very well agrees with his Character and Circumstances. Methinks while he speaks one sees him in a Posture of Emotion, pointing with Contempt at the Commanders about him. He upbraids their Cowardice, and wishes they may become (according to the literal Words) *Earth and Water*: that is, be resolved into those Principles they spring from, or die. Thus *Eustatius* explains it very exactly from a Verse he cites of *Zenophanes*.

Πάντες

Πάντες γὰρ γαίησιν καὶ ὕδατος ἐκγεγόμεσθα.

XIV.

VERSE 134. *Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd his Force to fear.*] The Poet every where takes occasion to set the brotherly Love of *Agamemnon* toward *Menelaus* in the most agreeable Light: When *Menelaus* is wounded, *Agamemnon* is more concern'd than He; and here dissuades him from a Danger, which he offers immediately after to undertake himself. He makes use of *Hector's* superior Courage to bring him to a Compliance; and tells him that even *Achilles* dares not engage with *Hector*. This (says *Eustathius*) is not true, but only the Affection for his Brother thus breaks out into a kind Extravagance. *Agamemnon* likewise consults the Honour of *Menelaus*, for it will be no Disgrace to him to decline encountering a Man whom *Achilles* himself is afraid of. Thus he artfully provides for his Safety and Honour at the same time.

XV.

VERSE 135. *The mightiest Warrior, &c.*] It cannot with Certainty be concluded from the Words of *Homer*, who is the Person to whom *Agamemnon* applies the last Lines of this Speech; the Interpreters leave it as undetermin'd in their Translations as it is in the Original: Some would have it understood of *Hector*, that the *Greeks* would send such an Antagonist against him, from whose Hands *Hector* might be glad to escape. But this Interpretation seems contrary to the plain Design of *Agamemnon's* Discourse, which only aims to deter his Brother from so rash an Undertaking as engaging with *Hector*. So that instead of dropping any Expression which might depreciate the Power or Courage of this Hero, he endeavours rather to represent him as the most formidable of Men, and dreadful even to *Achilles*. This Passage therefore will be most consistent with *Agamemnon's* Design, if it be consider'd as an Argument offer'd to *Menelaus*, at once

to dissuade him from the Engagement, and to comfort him under the Appearance of so great a Disgrace as refusing the Challenge; by telling him that any Warrior, how bold and intrepid soever, might be content to sit still and rejoice that he is not expos'd to so hazardous an Engagement. The Words αἶνε Φύγησι Δῆϊς ἐκ πολέμοιο, signify not to escape out of the Combate (as the Translators take it) but to avoid entering into it.

The Phrase of γόνυ κάμψειν, which is literally *to bend the Knee*, means (according to *Eustathius*) to *rest*, to sit down, καθεσθῆναι, and is used so by *Æschylus* in *Prometheo*. Those Interpreters were greatly mistaken who imagin'd it signify'd *to kneel down*, to thank the Gods for escaping from such a Combate; whereas the Custom of kneeling in Prayer (as we before observ'd) was not in use among these Nations.

XVI.

VERSE 145. *The Speech of Nestor.*] This Speech, if we consider the Occasion of it, could be made by no Person but *Nestor*. No young Warrior could with Decency exhort others to undertake a Combate which himself declin'd. Nothing could be more in his Character than to represent to the *Greeks* how much they would suffer in the Opinion of another old Man like himself. In naming *Peleus* he sets before their Eyes the Expectations of all their Fathers, and the Shame that must afflict them in their old Age if their Sons behaved themselves unworthily. The Account he gives of the Conversations he had formerly held with that King, and his Jealousy for the Glory of *Greece*, is a very natural Picture of the warm Dialogues of two old Warriors upon the Commencement of a new War. Upon the whole, *Nestor* never more displays his Oratory than in this Place: You see him rising with a Sigh, expressing a pathetick Sorrow, and wishing again for his Youth that he might wipe away this Disgrace from his Country. The Humour of Story-telling, so natural to old Men, is almost always mark'd by *Homer* in the Speeches of *Nestor*. The Apprehension that their Age makes them contemptible, puts them upon repeating the brave Deeds of their Youth.

Youth. *Plutarch* justifies the Praises *Nestor* here gives himself, and the Vaunts of his Valour, which on this Occasion were only Exhortations to those he address'd them to: By these he restores Courage to the *Greeks* who were astonish'd at the bold Challenge of *Hector*, and causes nine of the Princes to rise and accept it. If any Man had a right to commend himself, it was this venerable Prince, who in relating his own Actions did no more than propose Examples of Virtue to the Young. *Virgil*, without any such softening Qualification, makes his Hero say of himself,

Sum pius Æneas, fama super æthera notus.

And comfort a dying Warrior with these Words,

Æneæ magni dextra cadis.----

The same Author also imitates the Wish of *Nestor* for a Return of his Youth, where *Evander* cries out,

*O mihi præteritos, referat si Jupiter annos!
Qualis eram, cum primam aciem Præneste sub ipsa
Stravi, scutorumque incendi Victor acervos,
Et regem hac Herilum dextra sub Tartara misi!*

As for the Narration of the *Arcadian* War introduced here, it is a Part of the true History of those Times, as we are inform'd by *Pausanias*.

XVII:

VERSE 177. *Those Arms which Mars before Had giv'n.]* *Homer* has the peculiar Happiness of being able to raise the obscurest Circumstance into the strongest Point of Light. *Aeneas* had taken these Arms in Battel, and this gives occasion to our Author to say they were the Present of *Mars*, *Eustathius*.

XVIII.

VERSE 188. *Prone fell the Giant o'er a Length of Ground.]* Nestor's insisting upon this Circumstance of the Fall of Erechtalion, which paints his vast Body lying extended on the Earth, has a particular Beauty in it, and recalls into the old Man's Mind the Joy he felt on the Sight of his Enemy after he was slain. These are the fine and natural Strokes that give Life to the Descriptions of Poetry.

XIX.

VERSE 195. *And nine, the noblest, &c.]* In this Catalogue of the nine Warriors, who offer themselves as Champions for Greece, one may take notice of the first and the last who rises up. Agamemnon advanced foremost, as it best became the General, and Ulysses with his usual Caution took time to deliberate till seven more had offer'd themselves. Homer gives a great Encomium of the Eloquence of Nestor in making it produce so sudden an Effect; especially when Agamemnon, who did not proffer himself before, even to save his Brother, is now the first that steps forth: One would fancy this particular Circumstance was contrived to shew, that Eloquence has a greater Power than even Nature itself.

XX.

VERSE 207. *Let the Lots decide.]* This was a very prudent Piece of Conduct in Nestor: he does not chuse any of these nine himself, but leaves the Determination entirely to Chance. Had he named the Hero, the rest might have been griev'd to have seen another prefer'd before them; and he well knew that the Lot could not fall upon a wrong Person, where all were valiant. *Eustathius.*

XXI.

VERSE 208. *Whom Heav'n shall chuse, be his the Chance to raise His Country's Fame, his own immortal Praise.]* The Original of this Passage is somewhat confused; the Interpreters

interpreters render it thus: Cast the Lots, and he who shall be chosen, if he escapes from this dangerous Combate, will do an eminent Service to the *Greeks*, and also have cause to be greatly satisfied himself. But the Sense will appear more distinct and rational if the Words *εὖτος* and *αὐτός* be not understood of the same Person: and the Meaning of *Nestor* will then be, he who is chosen for the Engagement by the Lot, will do his Country great Service, and he likewise who is not, will have reason to rejoice for escaping so dangerous a Combate. The Expression *αἶκε φύγησι Διὶς ἐκ πολέμοιο*, is the same *Homer* uses in *W.* 118, 119. of this Book, which we explain'd in the same Sense in Note 15.

XXII.

VERSE 212. *The People pray.*] *Homer* who supposes every thing on Earth to proceed from the immediate Disposition of Heaven, allows not even the *Lots* to come up by Chance, but places them in the Hands of God. The People pray to him for the Disposal of them, and beg that *Ajax*, *Diomed*, or *Agamemnon* may be the Person. In which the Poet seems to make the Army give his own Sentiments, concerning the Preference of Valour in his Heroes, to avoid an odious Comparison in downright Terms, which might have been inconsistent with his Design of complementing the *Grecian* Families. They afterwards offer up their Prayers again, just as the Combate is beginning, that if *Ajax* does not conquer, at least he may divide the Glory with *Hector*; in which the Commentators observe *Homer* prepares the Readers for what is to happen in the Sequel.

XXIII.

VERSE 224. *Surveys th' Inscription.*] There is no Necessity to suppose that they put any Letters upon these Lots, at least not their Names, because the Herald could not tell to whom the Lot of *Ajax* belong'd, till he claim'd it himself. It is more probable that they made some private Mark or Signet each upon his own Lot. The Lot was only a Piece of Wood, a Shell, or any thing that lay at hand. *Eustathius*.

XXIV.

XXIV.

VERSE 226. *Warriors! I claim the Lot.*] This is the first Speech of *Ajax* in the *Iliad*. He is no Orator, but always expresses himself in short, generally bragging, or threatening, and very positive. The Appellation of ἔρκος Ἀχαιῶν, the *Bulwark of the Greeks*, which *Homer* almost constantly gives him, is extremely proper to the Bulk, Strength, and Immobility of this heavy Hero, who on all Occasions is made to stand to the Business; and support the Brunt. These Qualifications are given him, that he may last out, when the rest of the chief Heroes are wounded. This makes him of excellent Use in *Iliad* 13, &c. He there puts a Stop to the whole Force of the Enemy, and a long time prevents the firing of the Ships. It is particularly observable that he is never assisted by any Deity as the others are. Yet one would think *Mars* had been no improper Patron for him, there being some Resemblance in the boisterous Character of that God and this Hero. However it be, this Consideration may partly account for a Particular which else might very well raise a Question: Why *Ajax*, who is in this Book superior in Strength to *Hector*, should afterward in the *Iliad* shun to meet him, and appear his Inferior? We see the Gods make this difference: *Hector* is not only assisted by them in his own Person, but his Men second him, whereas those of *Ajax* are dispirited by Heaven: To which one may add another which is a natural Reason, *Hector* in this Book expressly tells *Ajax* he will now make use of no Skill or Art in Fighting with him. The *Greek* in bare brutal Strength prov'd too hard for *Hector*, and therefore he might be suppos'd afterwards to have exerted his Dexterity against him.

XXV.

VERSE 250. *He moves to Combate, &c.*] This Description is full of the sublime Imagery so peculiar to our Author. The *Grecian* Champion is drawn in all that terrible Glory with which he equals his Heroes to the Gods: He is no less dreadful

ful than *Mars* moving to Battel to execute the Decrees of *Jove* upon Mankind, and determine the Fate of Nations. His March, his Posture, his Countenance, his Bulk, his Tow'r-like Shield, in a word, his whole Figure strikes our Eyes in all the strongest Colours of Poetry. We look upon him as a Deity, and are not astonish'd at those Emotions which *Hector* feels at the Sight of him.

XXVI.

VERSE 269. *The Work of Tychius.*] I shall ask leave to transcribe here the Story of this *Tychius*, as we have it in the ancient *Life of Homer* attributed to *Herodotus*. “ *Homer* falling into Poverty, determined to go to *Cuma*, and as he past thro’ the Plain of *Hermus*, came to a Place called *The New Wall*, which was a Colony of the *Cumeans*. Here (after he had recited five Verses in Celebration of *Cuma*) he was received by a Leather-dresser, whose Name was *Tychius*, into his House, where he shew’d to his Host and his Company, a Poem on the Expedition of *Amphiaraus*, and his Hymns. The Admiration he there obtain’d procur’d him a present Subsistence. They shew to this Day with great Veneration the Place where he sat when he recited his Verses, and a Poplar which they affirm to have grown there in his Time.” If there be any thing in this Story, we have reason to be pleas’d with the grateful Temper of our Poet, who took this Occasion of immortalizing the Name of an ordinary Tradesman, who had obliged him. The same Account of his Life takes notice of several other Instances of his Gratitude in the same kind.

XXVII.

VERSE 270. *In Arts of Armoury.*] I have called *Tychius* an Armourer rather than a Leather-dresser or Currier; his making the Shield of *Ajax* authorizes one Expression as well as the other; and tho’ that which *Homer* uses had no Lowness or Vulgarity in the *Greek*, it was not to be admitted into *English* heroic Verse.

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XXVIII.

XXVIII.

VERSE 273. *Hector, approach my Arm, &c.*] I think it needless to observe how exactly this Speech of *Ajax* corresponds with his blunt and Soldier-like Character. The same Propriety, in regard to this Hero, is maintained throughout the *Iliad*. The Business he is about is all that employs his Head, and he speaks of nothing but Fighting. The last Line is an Image of his Mind at all times,

No more---be sudden, and begin the Fight.

XXIX.

VERSE 285. *Me, as a Boy or Woman, wouldst thou fright?*] This Reply of *Hector* seems rather to allude to some Action *Ajax* had used in his Approach to him, as *shaking his Spear*, or the like, than to any thing he had said in his Speech. For what he had told him amounts to no more than that there were several in the *Grecian Army* who had courted the Honour of this Combate as well as himself. I think one must observe many things of this kind in *Homer*, that allude to the particular Attitude or Action in which the Author supposes the Person to be in at that time.

XXX.

VERSE 290. *Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry Call of War.*] The Greek is, *To move my Feet to the Sound of Mars*, which seems to shew that those military Dances were in Use even in *Homer's Time*, which were afterwards practised in *Greece*.

XXXI.

VERSE 305. *From their bor'd Shields the Chiefs their Javelins drew.*] *Homer* in this Combate makes his Heroes perform all their Exercises with all sorts of Weapons; first darting Lances at distance, then advancing closer, and pushing with Spears, then

then casting Stones, and lastly attacking with Swords ; in every one of which the Poet gives the Superiority to his Countryman. It is farther observable (as *Eustathius* remarks) that *Ajax* allows *Hector* an Advantage in throwing the first Spear.

XXXII.

VERSE 328. *Apollo's Might.*] In the beginning of this Book we left *Apollo* perch'd upon a Tree, in the Shape of a Vultur, to behold the Combate: He comes now very opportunely to save his Favourite *Hector*. *Eustathius* says that *Apollo* is the same with *Destiny*, so that when *Homer* says *Apollo* sav'd him, he means no more than that it was not his Fate yet to die, as *Helenus* had foretold him.

XXXIII.

VERSE 332. *Heralds, the sacred Ministers, &c.*] The Heralds of old were sacred Persons, accounted the Delegates of *Mercury*, and inviolable by the Law of Nations. The ancient Histories have many Examples of the Severity exercised against those who committed any Outrage upon them. Their Office was to assist in the Sacrifices and Councils, to proclaim War or Peace, to command Silence at Ceremonies or single Combates, to part the Combatants, and to declare the Conqueror, &c.

XXXIV.

VERSE 334. *Divine Talhybius, &c.*] This Interposition of the two Heralds to part the Combatants, on the Approach of the Night, is apply'd by *Tasso* to the single Combate of *Tancred* and *Argantes* in the sixth Book of his *Jerusalem*. The Herald's Speech, and particularly that remarkable Injunction to *Obey the Night*, are translated literally by that Author. The Combatants there also part not without a Promise of meeting again in Battel, on some more favourable Opportunity.

XXXV.

XXXV.

VERSE 337. *And first Idæus.*] *Homer* observes a just Decorum in making *Idæus* the *Trojan* Herald speak first, to end the Combate wherein *Hector* had the Disadvantage. *Ajax* is very sensible of this Difference, when in his Reply he requires that *Hector* should first ask for a Cessation, as he was the Challenger. *Eustathius*.

XXXVI.

VERSE 350. *O first of Greeks, &c.*] *Hector*, how hardly soever he is prest by his present Circumstance, says nothing to obtain a Truce that is not strictly consistent with his Honour. When he praises *Ajax*, it lessens his own Disadvantage, and he is careful to extol him only above the *Greeks*, without acknowledging him more valiant than himself or the *Trojans*: *Hector* is always jealous of the Honour of his Country. In what follows we see he keeps himself on a level with his Adversary; *Hereafter we shall meet.---Go thou, and give the same Joy to thy Grecians for thy Escape, as I shall to my Trojans.* The Point of Honour in all this is very nicely preserved.

XXXVII.

VERSE 362. *Who wearies Heav'n with Vows for Hector's Life.*] *Eustathius* gives many Solutions of the Difficulty in these Words, Θεῶν ἀγῶνα: They mean either that the *Trojan* Ladies will pray to the Gods for him (ἀγωνίας, or *certatim*) with the utmost Zeal and Transport; or that they will go in Procession to the Temples for him (εἰς θεῶν ἀγῶνα, *coactum Decorum*;) or that they will pray to him as to a God, ὅσα θεῶ τω ἐυχόμεναι μοι.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 364. *Exchange some Gift.*] There is nothing that gives us a greater Pleasure in reading an heroic Poem, than the

the Generosity, which one brave Enemy shews to another. The Proposal made here by *Hector*, and so readily embraced by *Ajax*, makes the Parting of these two Heroes more glorious to them than the Continuance of the Combate had been. A *French* Critick is shock'd at *Hector's* making Proposals to *Ajax* with an Air of Equality; he says a Man that is vanquish'd, instead of talking of Presents, ought to retire with Shame from his Conqueror. But that *Hector* was vanquish'd is by no means to be allowed; *Homer* had told us that his Strength was restored by *Apollo*, and that the two Combatants were engaging again upon equal Terms with their Swords. So that this Criticism falls to nothing. For the rest, 'tis said that this Exchange of Presents between *Hector* and *Ajax* gave Birth to a Proverb, that the Presents of Enemies are generally fatal. For *Ajax* with this Sword afterwards killed himself, and *Hector* was dragg'd by this Belt at the Chariot of *Achilles*.

XXXIX.

VERSE 387. *Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty Chine.*] This is one of those Passages that will naturally fall under the Ridicule of a true modern Critick. But what *Agamemnon* here bestows on *Ajax* was in former Times a great Mark of Respect and Honour: Not only as it was customary to distinguish the Quality of their Guests by the Largeness of the Portions assigned them at their Tables, but as this Part of the Victim peculiarly belong'd to the King himself. It is worth remarking on this Occasion, that the Simplicity of those Times allowed the eating of no other Flesh but Beef, Mutton, or Kid. This is the Food of the Heroes of *Homer*, and the Patriarchs and Warriors of the Old Testament. Fishing and Fowling were the Arts of more luxurious Nations, and came much later into *Greece* and *Israel*.

One cannot read this Passage without being pleased with the wonderful Simplicity of the old heroic Ages. We have here a gallant Warrior returning victorious (for that he thought himself so, appears from those Words *κεχρηότα νικη*) from a single Combate with the bravest of his Enemies; and he is

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no otherwise rewarded than with a larger Portion of the Sacrifice at Supper. Thus an upper Seat or a more capacious Bowl was a Recompence for the greatest Actions; and thus the only Reward in the Olympic Games was a Pine-Branch, or a Chaplet of Parsley or wild Olive. The latter Part of this Note belongs to *Eustathius*.

XL.

VERSE 399. *While we to Flames, &c.*] There is a great deal of Artifice in this Counsel of *Nestor* of burning the Dead and raising a Fortification; for tho' Piety was the specious Pretext, their Security was the real Aim of the Truce, which they made use of to finish their Works. Their doing this at the same time they erected the Funeral Piles, made the Imposition easy upon the Enemy, who might naturally mistake one Work for the other. And this also obviates a plain Objection, viz. Why the *Trojans* did not interrupt them in this Work? The Truce determined no exact Time, but as much as was needful for discharging the Rites of the Dead.

I fancy it may not be unwelcome to the Reader to enlarge a little upon the way of disposing the Dead among the Ancients. It may be proved from innumerable Instances that the *Hebrews* interred their Dead; thus *Abraham's* Burying-place is frequently mentioned in Scripture: And that the *Aegyptians* did the same is plain from their embalming them. Some have been of Opinion that the Usage of Burning the Dead was originally to prevent any Outrage to the Bodies from their Enemies; which Imagination is render'd not improbable by that Passage in the first Book of *Samuel*, where the *Israelites* burn the Bodies of *Saul* and his Sons after they had been misused by the *Philistines*, even tho' their common Custom was to bury their Dead. And so *Sylla* among the *Romans* was the first of his Family who order'd his Body to be burnt, for fear the Barbarities he had exercised on that of *Marius* might be retaliated upon his own. Tully *de legibus*, lib. 2. *Proculdubio cremandi ritus a Græcis venit, nam sepulchrum legimus Numam ad Arienis fontem; totique genti Corneliæ solenne*

solenne fuisse sepulcrum, usque ad Syllam, qui primus ex ea gente crematus est. The Greeks used both ways of interring and burning; *Patroclus* was burned, and *Ajax* lay'd in the Ground, as appears from *Sophocles's Ajax*, lin. 1185.

ΣΠΕΥΣΟΝ ΚΟΙΛΗΝ ΚΑΠΕΛΟΝ ΤΙΝ' ΙΔΕΙΝ
Τῷ Δὲ ΤΑΦΟΝ.-----

Hasten (says the Chorus) *to prepare a hollow Hole, a Grave for this Man.*

Thucydides in his second Book mentions *λάρνακες κυπαρισσίνης*: Coffins or Chests made of Cypress Wood, in which the *Athenians* kept the Bones of their Friends that dy'd in the Wars.

The *Romans* derived from the *Greeks* both these Customs of burning and burying: *In Urbe neve SEPELITO neve URITO*, says the Law of the Twelve Tables. The Place where they burn'd the Dead was set apart for this religious Use, and called *Glebe*; from which Practice the Name is yet apply'd to all the Grounds belonging to the Church.

Plutarch observes that *Homer* is the first who mentions one general Tomb for a Number of dead Persons. Here is a *Tumulus* built round the *Pyre*, not to bury their Bodies, for they were to be burn'd; nor to receive the Bones, for those were to be carry'd to *Greece*; but perhaps to inter their Ashes, (which Custom may be gather'd from a Passage in *Iliad* 23. V. 255.) or it might be only a *Cenotaph* in Remembrance of the Dead.

XLI.

VERSE 415. *The Trojan Peers in nightly Council sate.* There is a great Beauty in the two Epithets *Homer* gives to this Council, *δεινῇ, τέλειχρῃα, timida, turbulenta*. The unjust side is always fearful and discordant. I think *M. Dacier* has not entirely done Justice to this Thought in her Translation. *Horace* seems to have accounted this an useful and necessary Part, that contain'd the great Moral of the *Iliad*, as may be seen from his selecting it in particular from the rest, in his Epistle to *Lollius*.

*Fabula, qua Paridis propter narratur amorem,
Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello,
Stultorum Regum & populorum continet æstus.
Antenor censet belli præcidere causam.
Quid Paris? Ut saluus regnet, vivatque beatus,
Cogi posse negat.-----*

XLII.

VERSE 441. *The rev'rend Priam rose.*] *Priam* rejects the wholesome Advice of *Antenor*, and complies with his Son. This is indeed extremely natural to the indulgent Character and easy Nature of the old King, of which the whole *Trojan* War is a Proof; but I could wish *Homer* had not just in this Place celebrated his Wisdom in calling him Θεόφρων μήτῳ ἀτά-
λας. *Spondanus* refers this Blindness of *Priam* to the Power of Fate, the Time now approaching when *Troy* was to be punish'd for its Injustice. Something like this weak Fondness of a Father is described in the Scripture in the Story of *David* and *Abshalom*.

XLIII.

VERSE 450. *Next let a Truce be ask'd.*] The Conduct of *Homer* in this Place is remarkable: He makes *Priam* propose in Council to send to the *Greeks* to ask a Truce to bury the Dead. This the *Greeks* themselves had before determined to propose: But it being more honourable to his Country, the Poet makes the *Trojan* Herald prevent any Proposition that could be made by the *Greeks*. Thus they are requested to do what they themselves were about to request, and have the Honour to comply with a Proposal which they themselves would otherwise have taken as a Favour. *Eustathius*.

XLIV.

VERSE 455. *Each at his Post in Arms.*] We have here the manner of the *Trojans* taking their Repast: Not promiscuously,

miscuously, but each at his Post. *Homer* was sensible that military Men ought not to remit their Guard, even while they refresh themselves, but in every Action display the Soldier. *Eustathius*.

XLV.

VERSE 460. *The Speech of Idæus.*] The Proposition of restoring the Treasures, and not *Helen*, is sent as from *Paris* only; in which his Father seems to permit him to treat by himself as a Sovereign Prince, and the sole Author of the War. But the Herald seems to exceed his Commission in what he tells the *Greeks*. *Paris* only offer'd to restore the Treasures he took from *Greece*, not including those he brought from *Sidon* and other Coasts, where he touch'd in his Voyage: But *Idæus* here proffers all that he brought to *Troy*. He adds, as from himself, a Wish that *Paris* had perish'd in that Voyage. Some ancient Expositors suppose those Words to be spoken aside, or in a low Voice, as it is usual in Dramatic Poetry. But without that *Salvo*, a generous Love for the Welfare of his Country might transport *Idæus* into some warm Expressions against the Author of its Woes. He lays aside the Herald to act the Patriot, and speaks with a noble Indignation against *Paris*, that he may Influence the *Grecian* Captains to give a favourable Answer. *Eustathius*.

XLVI.

VERSE 474. *The Greeks gave ear, but none the Silence broke.*] This Silence of the *Greeks* might naturally proceed from their Opinion that however desirous they were to put an end to this long War, *Menelaus* would never consent to relinquish *Helen*, which was the thing insisted upon by *Paris*. *Eustathius* accounts for it in another manner, and it is from him *M. Dacier* has taken her Remark. The Princes (says he) were silent, because it was the Part of *Agamemnon* to determine in Matters of this Nature; and *Agamemnon* is silent, being willing to hear the Inclinations of the Princes. By this means he avoided the Imputation of exposing the *Greeks*

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to Dangers for his Advantage and Glory; since he only gives the Answer which is put into his Mouth by the Princes, with the general Applause of the Army.

XLVII.

VERSE 476. *Ob take not, Greeks! &c.*] There is a peculiar Decorum in making *Diomed* the Author of this Advice, to reject even *Helen* herself if she were offer'd; this had not agreed with an amorous Husband like *Menelaus*, nor with a cunning Politician like *Ulysses*, nor with a wise old Man like *Nestor*. But it is proper to *Diomed*, not only as a young fearless Warrior, but as he is in particular an Enemy to the Interests of *Venus*.

XLVIII.

VERSE 507. *And lay'd along the Cars.*] These probably were not Chariots, but Carriages; for *Homer* makes *Nestor* say in *W.* 332. that this was to be done with Mules and Oxen, which were not commonly join'd to Chariots, and the word *καλίσσμεν* there, may be apply'd to any Vehicle that runs on Wheels. *Ἀμαξα* signifies indifferently *Plaustrum* or *Currus*; and our *English* word *Car* implies either. But if they did use Chariots in bearing their Dead, it is at least evident, that those Chariots were drawn by Mules and Oxen at Funeral Solemnities. *Homer's* using the word *ἄμαξα* and not *διφρος*, confirms this Opinion.

XLIX.

VERSE 520. *Then, to secure the Camp, &c.*] *Homer* has been accus'd of an Offence against Probability, in causing this Fortification to be made so late as in the last Year of the War. *Mad. Dacier* answers to this Objection, that the Greeks had no Occasion for it till the Departure of *Achilles*: He alone was a greater Defence to them; and *Homer* had told the Reader in a preceding Book, that the *Trojans* never durst venture out of the Walls of *Troy* while *Achilles* fought: These Intrenchments

trenchments therefore serve to raise the Glory of his principal Hero, since they become necessary as soon as he withdraws his Aid. She might have added, that *Achilles* himself says all this, and makes *Homer's* Apology in the ninth Book, W. 349. The same Author, speaking of this Fortification, seems to doubt whether the Use of intrenching Camps was known in the *Trojan* War, and is rather inclined to think *Homer* borrowed it from what was practised in his own Time. But I believe if we consider the Caution with which he has been observed, in some Instances already given, to preserve the Manners of the Age he writes of, in Contradistinction to what was practised in his own; we may reasonably conclude the Art of Fortification was in use even so long before him, and in the Degree of Perfection that he here describes it. If it was not, and if *Homer* was fond of describing an Improvement in this Art made in his own Days, nothing could be better contrived than his feigning *Nestor* to be the Author of it, whose Wisdom and Experience in War render'd it probable that he might carry his Projects farther than the rest of his Contemporaries. We have here a Fortification as perfect as any in the modern Times. A strong Wall is thrown up, Towers are built upon it from Space to Space, Gates are made to issue out at, and a Ditch sunk, deep, wide and long: to all which Palisades are added to compleat it.

L.

VERSE 526. *Meanwhile the Gods.*] The Fiction of this Wall raised by the Greeks, has given no little Advantage to *Homer's* Poem, in furnishing him with an Opportunity of changing the Scene, and in a great degree the Subject and Accidents of his Battels; so that the following Descriptions of War are totally different from all the foregoing. He takes care at the first mention of it to fix in us a great Idea of this Work, by making the Gods immediately concern'd about it. We see *Neptune* jealous lest the Glory of his own Work, the Walls of *Troy*, should be effaced by it; and *Jupiter* comforting him with a Prophecy that it shall be totally destroy'd in a short time. *Homer* was sensible that as this was a Building of

of his Imagination only, and not founded (like many other of his Descriptions) upon some Antiquities or Traditions of the Country, so Posterity might convict him of a Falsity when no Remains of any such Wall should be seen on the Coast. Therefore (as *Aristotle* observes) he has found this way to elude the Censure of an improbable Fiction: The Word of *Jove* was fulfilled, the Hands of the Gods, the Force of the Rivers, and the Waves of the Sea demolish'd it. In the twelfth Book he digresses from the Subject of his Poem to describe the Execution of this Prophecy. The Verses there are very noble, and have given the Hint to *Milton* for those in which he accounts, after the same Poetical manner, for the Vanishing of the Terrestrial Paradise.

-----*All Fountains of the Deep
Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, till Inundation rise
Above the highest Hills: Then shall this Mount
Of Paradise by Might of Waves be mov'd
Out of its place, push'd by the horned Flood,
With all its Verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift,
Down the great River to the opening Gulf,
And there take root an Island salt and bare,
The Haunt of Seals and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.*

LI.

VERSE 560. *And now the Fleet, &c.*] The Verses from hence to the end of the Book afford us the Knowledge of some Points of History and Antiquity. As that *Jason* had a Son by *Hypsipyle*, who succeeded his Mother in the Kingdom of *Lemnos*. That the Isle of *Lemnos* was anciently famous for its Wines, and drove a Traffick in them; and that coined Money was not in use in the Time of the *Trojan* War, but the Trade of Countries carry'd on by Exchange in gross, Brass, Oxen, Slaves, &c. I must not forget the particular Term us'd here for Slave, *ἀνδραποδον*, which is literally the same with our modern word *Footman*.

LII.

VERSE 572. *But Jove averse, &c.*] The Signs by which *Jupiter* here shews his Wrath against the *Grecians*, are a Prelude to those more open Declarations of his Anger which follow in the next Book, and prepare the Mind of the Reader for that Machine, which might otherwise seem too bold and violent.

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THE

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The second Battel, and the Distress of the Greeks.

JUPITER assembles a Council of the Deities, and threatens them with the Pains of Tartarus if they assist either side : Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her Counsels. The Armies join Battel ; Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his Balances the Fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his Thunders and Lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the Field in great Danger ; Diomed relieves him ; whose Exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the Assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The Acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector and carry'd off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The Night puts an end to the Battel. Hector keeps the Field (the Greeks being driven to their Fortification before the Ships) and gives Orders to keep the Watch all Night in the Camp, to prevent the Enemy from reembarking and escaping by Flight. They kindle Fires through all the Field, and pass the Night under Arms.

The Time of seven and twenty Days is employed from the Opening of the Poem to the End of this Book. The Scene here (except of the Celestial Machines) lies in the Field toward the Sea Shore.

THE

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I L I A D.

A *URORA* now, fair Daughter of the Dawn,
 Sprinkled with rosy Light the dewy Lawn.
 When *Jove* conven'd the Senate of the Skies,
 Where high *Olympus'* cloudy Tops arise.
 The Sire of Gods his awful Silence broke ;
 The Heav'ns attentive trembled as he spoke.

Celestial States, Immortal Gods ! give ear,
 Hear our Decree, and rev'rence what ye hear ;
 The fix'd Decree which not all Heav'n can move ;
 Thou Fate ! fulfill it ; and ye Pow'rs ! approve.
 What God but enters yon' forbidden Field,
 Who yields Assistance, or but wills to yield ;

Q q q

Back

Back to the Skies with Shame he shall be driv'n,
Gash'd with dishonest Wounds, the Scorn of Heav'n:
15 Or far, oh far from steep *Olympus* thrown,
Low in the dark, *Tartarean* Gulf shall groan,
With burning Chains fix'd to the Brazen Floors,
And lock'd by Hell's inexorable Doors;
As deep beneath th' Infernal Centre hurl'd,
20 As from that Centre to th' Æthereal World.
Let him who tempts me, dread those dire Abodes;
And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
League all your Forces then, ye Pow'rs above,
Join all, and try th' Omnipotence of *Jove*:
25 Let down our golden everlasting Chain,
Whose strong Embrace holds Heav'n, and Earth, and
Main:
Strive all, of mortal and immortal Birth,
To drag, by this, the Thund'rer down to Earth:
Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this Hand,
30 I heave the Gods, the Ocean, and the Land,
I fix the Chain to great *Olympus'* Height,
And the vast World hangs trembling in my Sight!

For

For such I reign, unbounded and above ;
And such are Men, and Gods, compar'd to *Jove*,
Th' Almighty spoke, nor durst the Pow'rs reply, ³⁵
A rev'rend Horror silenc'd all the Sky ;
Trembling they stood before their Sov'reign's Look ;
At length his Best-belov'd, the Pow'r of *Wisdom*, spoke.

Oh First and Greatest ! God by Gods ador'd !
We own thy Might, our Father and our Lord ! ⁴⁰
But ah ! permit to pity human State ;
If not to help, at least lament their Fate.
From Fields forbidden we submit refrain,
With Arms unaiding mourn our *Argives* slain ;
Yet grant my Counsels still their Breasts may move, ⁴⁵
Or all must perish in the Wrath of *Jove*.

The Cloud-compelling God her Suit approv'd,
And smil'd superior on his Best-belov'd.
Then call'd his Courfers, and his Chariot took ;
The steadfast Firmament beneath them shook : ⁵⁰
Rapt by th'Æthereal Steeds the Chariot roll'd ;
Brass were their Hoofs, their curling Manes of Gold.
Of Heav'ns undrossy Gold the God's Array
Refulgent, flash'd intolerable Day.

High

55 High on the Throne he shines: His Coursers fly,
Between th' extended Earth and starry Sky.

But when to *Ida's* topmost Height he came,
(Fair Nurse of Fountains, and of Savage Game)
Where o'er her pointed Summits proudly rais'd,

60 His Fane breath'd Odours, and his Altar blaz'd:
There, from his radiant Car, the sacred Sire
Of Gods and Men releas'd the Steeds of Fire:
Blue ambient Mists th' immortal Steeds embrac'd;
High on the cloudy Point his Seat he plac'd.

65 Thence his broad Eye the subject World surveys,
The Town, the Tents, and navigable Seas.

Now had the *Grecians* snatch'd a short Repaste,
And buckled on their shining Arms with Haste.
Troy rowz'd as soon; for on this dreadful Day

70 The Fate of Fathers, Wives, and Infants lay,
The Gates unfolding pour forth all their Train;
Squadrons on Squadrons cloud the dusky Plain:
Men, Steeds, and Chariots shake the trembling Ground;
The Tumult thickens, and the Skies resound.

75 And now with Shouts the flocking Armies clos'd,
To Lances, Lances, Shields to Shields oppos'd,

Hof

Host against Host with shadowy Legions drew,
 The founding Darts in Iron Tempests flew,
 Victors and Vanquish'd join promiscuous Cries,
 Triumphant Shouts and dying Groans arise ; 80
 With streaming Blood the flipp'ry Fields are dy'd,
 And slaughter'd Heroes swell the dreadful Tide.
 Long as the Morning Beams encreasing bright,
 O'er Heav'n's clear Azure spread the sacred Light ;
 Commutual Death the Fate of War confounds, 85
 Each adverse Battel goar'd with equal Wounds,
 But when the Sun the Height of Heav'n ascends ;
 The Sire of Gods his golden Scales suspends,
 With equal Hand : In these explor'd the Fate
 Of *Greece* and *Troy*, and pois'd the mighty Weight, 90
 Press'd with its Load the *Grecian* Balance lies
 Low sunk on Earth, the *Trojan* strikes the Skies.
 Then *Jove* from *Ida's* Top his Horrors spreads ;
 The Clouds burst dreadful o'er the *Grecian* Heads ;
 Thick Light'nings flash ; the mutt'ring Thunder rolls ; 95
 Their Strength he withers, and unmans their Souls.
 Before his Wrath the trembling Host retire ;
 The God in Terrors, and the Skies on fire.

R r r

Nor

Nor great *Idomeneus* that Sight could bear,
 100 Nor each stern *Ajax*, Thunderbolts of War :
 Nor He, the King of Men, th' Alarm sustain'd ;
Nestor alone amidst the Storm remain'd.
 Unwilling he remain'd, for *Paris'* Dart
 Had pierc'd his Courser in a mortal Part ;
 105 Fix'd in the Forehead where the springing Mane
 Curl'd o'er the Brow, it stung him to the Brain ;
 Mad with his Anguish, he begins to rear,
 Paw with his Hoofs aloft, and lash the Air.
 Scarce had his Falchion cut the Reins, and freed
 110 Th' incumber'd Chariot from the dying Steed,
 When dreadful *Hector*, thund'ring thro' the War,
 Pour'd to the Tumult on his whirling Car.
 That Day had stretch'd beneath his matchless Hand
 The hoary Monarch of the *Pylian* Band,
 115 But *Diomed* beheld ; from forth the Crowd
 He rush'd, and on *Ulysses* call'd aloud.
 Whither, oh whither does *Ulysses* run ?
 Oh Flight unworthy great *Laertes'* Son !
 Mix'd with the Vulgar shall thy Fate be found,
 120 Pierc'd in the Back, a vile, dishonest Wound ?

Oh

Oh turn and save from *Hector's* direful Rage
The Glory of the *Greeks*, the *Pylian* Sage.

His fruitless Words are lost unheard in Air ;
Ulysses seeks the Ships, and shelters there.

But bold *Tydidēs* to the Rescue goes, 125

A single Warrior 'midst a Host of Foes ;

Before the Coursers with a sudden Spring

He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the King.

Great Perils, Father ! wait th' unequal Fight ;

These younger Champions will oppress thy Might. 130

Thy Veins no more with ancient Vigour glow,

Weak is thy Servant, and thy Coursers slow.

Then haste, ascend my Seat, and from the Car

Observe the Steeds of *Tros*, renown'd in War,

Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace, 135

To dare the Fight, or urge the rapid Race ;

These late obey'd *Aeneas'* guiding Rein ;

Leave thou thy Chariot to our faithful Train !

With these against yon' *Trojans* will we go,

Nor shall great *Hector* want an equal Foe ; 140

Fierce as he is, ev'n He may learn to fear

The thirsty Fury of my flying Spear.

Thus

Thus said the Chief ; and *Nestor*, skill'd in War,
Approves his Counsel, and ascends the Car :

145 The Steeds he left, their trusty Servants hold ;
Eurymedon and *Sthenelus* the bold.

The rev'rend Charioteer directs the Course,
And strains his aged Arm to lash the Horse.

Hector they face ; unknowing how to fear,
150 Fierce he drove on ; *Tydidēs* whirl'd his Spear.

The Spear with erring Haste mistook its way,
But plung'd in *Eniopus*' Bosom lay.

His opening Hand in Death forsakes the Rein ;
The Steeds fly back : He falls, and spurns the Plain.

155 Great *Hector* sorrows for his Servant kill'd,
Yet unreveng'd permits to press the Field ;
Till to supply his Place and rule the Car,
Rose *Archeptolemus*, the fierce in War.

And now had Death and Horror cover'd all ;
160 Like tim'rous Flocks the *Trojans* in their Wall
Inclos'd had bled : but *Jove* with awful Sound
Roll'd the big Thunder o'er the vast Profound :
Full in *Tydidēs*' Face the Light'ning flew ;
The Ground before him flam'd with Sulphur blew ;
The

The quiv'ring Steeds fell prostrate at the Sight ; 165
And *Nestor's* trembling Hand confess'd his Fright.
He drop'd the Reins ; and shook with sacred Dread,
Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid *Diomed*.

O Chief ! too daring in thy Friend's Defence,
Retire advis'd, and urge the Chariot hence. 173
This Day, averse, the Sov'reign of the Skies
Assists great *Hector*, and our Palm denies.
Some other Sun may see the happier Hour,
When *Greece* shall conquer by his heav'nly Pow'r.
'Tis not in Man his fix'd Decree to move : 175
The Great will glory to submit to *Jove*.

O rev'rend Prince ! (*Tydidēs* thus replies)
Thy Years are awful, and thy Words are wise.
But ah ! what Grief ? should haughty *Hector* boast,
I fled inglorious to the guarded Coast. 180
Before that dire Disgrace shall blast my Fame,
O'erwhelm me Earth ! and hide a Warrior's Shame.
To whom *Gerenian Nestor* thus reply'd,
Gods ! can thy Courage fear the *Phrygian's* Pride ?

S f f

Hector

185 *Hector* may vaunt, but who shall heed the Boast?
 Not those who felt thy Arm, the *Dardan* Host,
 Nor *Troy*, yet bleeding in her Heroes lost;
 Not ev'n a *Phrygian* Dame, who dreads the Sword
 That lay'd in Dust her lov'd, lamented Lord.

190 He said; and hasty, o'er the gasping Throng
 Drives the swift Steeds; the Chariot smoaks along.
 The Shouts of *Trojans* thicken in the Wind;
 The Storm of hissing Javelins pours behind.
 Then with a Voice that shakes the solid Skies,

195 Pleas'd *Hector* braves the Warrior as he flies.
 Go, mighty Hero! grac'd above the rest
 In Seats of Council and the sumptuous Feast:
 Now hope no more those Honours from thy Train;
 Go, less than Woman in the Form of Man!

200 To scale our Walls, to wrap our Tow'rs in Flames
 To lead in Exile the fair *Phrygian* Dames,
 Thy once-proud Hopes, presumptuous Prince! are fled;
 This Arm shall reach thy Heart, and stretch thee dead.

Now Fears dissuade him, and now Hopes invite,
 205 To stop his Coursers, and to stand the Fight;

Thrice

Thrice turn'd the Chief, and thrice imperial *Jove*
On *Ida's* Summits thunder'd from above.

Great *Hector* heard ; he saw the flashing Light,
(The Sign of Conquest) and thus urg'd the Fight.

Hear ev'ry *Trojan, Lycian, Dardan* Band, 210
All fam'd in War, and dreadful hand to hand.
Be mindful of the Wreaths your Arms have won,
Your great Forefathers Glories, and your own.
Heard ye the Voice of *Jove*? Success and Fame
Await on *Troy*, on *Greece* eternal Shame. 215

In vain they skulk behind their boasted Wall,
Weak Bulwarks! destin'd by this Arm to fall.
High o'er their slighted Trench our Steeds shall bound,
And pass victorious o'er the levell'd Mound.
Soon as before yon' hollow Ships we stand, 220
Fight each with Flames, and toss the blazing Brand;
Till their proud Navy wrapt in Smoak and Fires,
All *Greece*, encompass'd, in one Blaze expires.

Furious he said ; then, bending o'er the Yoke,
Encourag'd his proud Steeds, while thus he spoke. 225
Now *Xanthus, Aethon, Lampus* ! urge the Chace,
And thou, *Podargus* ! prove thy gen'rous Race :

Be

Be fleet, be fearless, this important Day,
And all your Masters well-spent Care repay.
230 For this, high fed in plenteous Stalls ye stand,
Serv'd with pure Wheat, and by a Princess' Hand;
For this my Spouse of great *Aëtion's* Line
So oft' has steep'd the strength'ning Grain in Wine.
Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd;
235 Give me to seize rich *Nestor's* Shield of Gold;
From *Tydeus'* Shoulders strip the costly Load,
Vulcanian Arms, the Labour of a God:
These if we gain, then Victory, ye Pow'rs!
This Night, this glorious Night, the Fleet is ours.
240 That heard, deep Anguish stung *Saturnia's* Soul;
She shook her Throne that shook the starry Pole:
And thus to *Neptune*: Thou! whose Force can make
The steadfast Earth from her Foundations shake,
See'st thou the *Greeks* by Fates unjust oppress'd,
245 Nor swells thy Heart in that immortal Breast?
Yet *Ægæ*, *Helicè*, thy Pow'r obey,
And Gifts unceasing on thine Altars lay.
Would all the Deities of *Greece* combine,
In vain the gloomy Thund'rer might repine:

Sole

Sole should he sit, with scarce a God to Friend, 250
And see his *Trojans* to the Shades descend.

Such be the Scene from his *Idæan* Bow'r ;
Ungrateful Prospect to the fullen Pow'r !

Neptune with Wrath rejects the rash Design :
What Rage, what Madness, furious Queen ! is thine ? 255
I war not with the Highest. All above
Submit and tremble at the Hand of *Jove*.

Now Godlike *Hector*, to whose matchless Might
Jove gave the Glory of the destin'd Fight,
Squadrons on Squadrons drives, and fills the Fields 260
With close-rang'd Chariots, and with thicken'd Shields.
Where the deep Trench in Length extended lay,
Compacted Troops stand wedg'd in firm Array,
A dreadful Front ! they shake the Bands, and threat
With long-destroying Flames, the hostile Fleet. 265
The King of Men, by *Juno's* self inspir'd,
Toil'd thro' the Tents, and all his Army fir'd,
Swift as he mov'd he lifted in his Hand
His Purple Robe, bright Ensign of Command.
High on the midmost Bark the King appear'd ; 270
There, from *Ulysses'* Deck, his Voice was heard.

T t t

To

To *Ajax* and *Achilles* reach'd the Sound,
 Whose distant Ships the guarded Navy bound.
 Oh *Argives*! Shame of human Race; he cry'd,
 275 (The hollow Vessels to his Voice reply'd)
 Where now are all our glorious Boasts of yore,
 Our hasty Triumphs on the *Lemnian* Shore?
 Each fearless Hero dares an hundred Foes,
 While the Feast lasts, and while the Goblet flows;
 280 But who to meet one martial Man is found,
 When the Fight rages, and the Flames surround?
 Oh mighty *Jove*! oh Sire of the distress'd!
 Was ever King like me, like me oppress'd?
 With Pow'r immense, with Justice arm'd in vain;
 285 My Glory ravish'd, and my People slain!
 To thee my Vows were breath'd from ev'ry Shore;
 What Altar smok'd not with our Victims Gore?
 With Fat of Bulls I fed the constant Flame,
 And ask'd Destruction to the *Trojan* Name.
 290 Now, gracious God! far humbler our Demand;
 Give these at least to 'scape from *Hector's* Hand,
 And save the Reliques of the *Grecian* Land!

Thus

Thus pray'd the King, and Heav'n's great Father heard
 His Vows, in Bitterness of Soul preferr'd ;
 The Wrath appeas'd, by happy Signs declares, 295
 And gives the People to their Monarch's Pray'rs.
 His Eagle, sacred Bird of Heav'n ! he sent,
 A Fawn his Talons truss'd (divine Portent)
 High o'er the wond'ring Hosts he soar'd above,
 Who paid their Vows to *Panomphean Jove* ; 300
 Then let the Prey before his Altar fall ;
 The *Greeks* beheld, and Transport seiz'd on all :
 Encourag'd by the Sign, the Troops revive,
 And fierce on *Troy* with doubled Fury drive.
Tydides first, of all the *Grecian* Force, 305
 O'er the broad Ditch impell'd his foaming Horse ;
 Pierc'd the deep Ranks ; their strongest Battel tore ;
 And dy'd his Javelin red with *Trojan* Gore.
 Young *Ageläus* (*Phradmon* was his Sire)
 With flying Courfers thun'd his dreadful Ire : 310
 Strook thro' the Back the *Phrygian* fell oppress'd ;
 The Dart drove on, and issu'd at his Breast !
 Headlong he quits the Car ; his Arms resound ;
 His pond'rous Buckler thunders on the Ground.

315 Forth rush a Tide of *Greeks*, the Passage freed ;

Th' *Atridae* first, th' *Ajaces* next succeed :

Meriones, like *Mars* in Arms renown'd,

And Godlike *Idomen*, now pass the Mound ;

Euæmon's Son next issues to the Foe,

320 And last young *Teucer* with his bended Bow.

Secure behind the *Telamonian* Shield

The skilful Archer wide survey'd the Field,

With ev'ry Shaft some hostile Victim flew,

Then close beneath the sev'nfold Orb withdrew.

325 The conscious Infant so, when Fear alarms,

Retires for Safety to the Mother's Arms.

Thus *Ajax* guards his Brother in the Field,

Moves as he moves, and turns the shining Shield.

Who first by *Teucer*'s mortal Arrows bled ?

330 *Orsilochns* ; then fell *Ormenus* dead :

The Godlike *Lycophon* next press'd the Plain,

With *Chromius*, *Dætor*, *Ophelestes* slain :

Bold *Hamopæon* breathless sunk to Ground ;

The bloody Pile great *Melanippus* crown'd.

335 Heaps fell on Heaps, sad Trophies of his Art,

A *Trojan* Ghost attending ev'ry Dart.

Great

Great *Agamemnon* views with joyful Eye
The Ranks grow thinner as his Arrows fly,
Oh Youth for ever dear! (the Monarch cry'd)
Thus, always thus, thy early Worth be try'd. 340
Thy brave Example shall retrieve our Host,
Thy Country's Saviour, and thy Father's Boast!
Sprung from an Alien's Bed thy Sire to grace,
The vig'rous Offspring of a stol'n Embrace,
Proud of his Boy, he own'd the gen'rous Flame, 345
And the brave Son repays his Cares with Fame.
Now hear a Monarchs Vow : If Heav'n's high Pow'rs
Give me to raze *Troy's* long-defended Tow'rs;
Whatever Treasures *Greece* for me design,
The next rich Honorary Gift be thine : 350
Some golden Tripod, or distinguish'd Car,
With Courfers dreadful in the Ranks of War;
Or some fair Captive whom thy Eyes approve
Shall recompence the Warrior's Toils with Love.

To this the Chief : With Praise the rest inspire, 355
Nor urge a Soul already fill'd with fire.
What Strength I have, be now in Battel try'd,
Till ev'ry Shaft in *Phrygian* Blood be dy'd.

U u u

Since

Since rallying from our Wall we forc'd the Foe,
 360 Still aim'd at *Hector* have I bent my Bow ;
 Eight forky Arrows from this Hand have fled,
 And eight bold Heroes by their Points lie dead :
 But sure some God denies me to destroy
 This Fury of the Field, this Dog of *Troy*.

365 He said, and twang'd the String. The Weapon flies
 At *Hector*'s Breast, and sings along the Skies :
 He miss'd the Mark ; but pierc'd *Gorgythio*'s Heart,
 And drench'd in Royal Blood the thirsty Dart.
 (Fair *Castianira*, Nymph of Form Divine,
 370 This Offspring added to King *Priam*'s Line)
 As full blown Poppies overcharg'd with Rain
 Decline the Head, and drooping kiss the Plain ;
 So sinks the Youth : his beauteous Head, depress'd
 Beneath his Helmet, drops upon his Breast.

375 Another Shaft the raging Archer drew ;
 That other Shaft with erring Fury flew,
 (From *Hector* *Phæbus* turn'd the flying Wound)
 Yet fell not dry, or guiltless to the Ground :
 Thy Breast, brave *Archeptolemus* ! it tore,
 380 And dipp'd its Feathers in no vulgar Gore.

Headlong

Headlong he falls ; his sudden Fall alarms

The Steeds that startle at his founding Arms.

Hector with Grief his Charioteer beheld,

And ey'd him breathless on the sanguin Field.

Then bids *Cebriones* direct the Rein,

385

Quits his bright Car, and issues on the Plain.

Dreadful he shouts : from Earth a Stone he took,

And rush'd on *Teucer* with the lifted Rock.

The Youth already strain'd the forceful Yew ;

The Shaft already to his Shoulder drew ;

390

The Feather in his Hand, just wing'd for flight,

Touch'd where the Neck and hollow Chest unite :

There, where the Juncture knits the Channel Bone,

The furious Chief discharg'd the craggy Stone.

The Tendon burst beneath the pondrous Blow,

395

And his numb'd Hand dismiss'd his useless Bow.

He fell : But *Ajax* his broad Shield display'd,

And screen'd his Brother with the mighty Shade ;

Till great *Alastor*, and *Mecistheus*, bore

The batter'd Archer groaning to the Shore.

400

Troy yet found Grace before th' *Olympian* Sire,

Hearm'd their Hands, and fill'd their Breasts with Fire.

The

The *Greeks*, repuls'd, retreat behind their Wall,
Or in the Trench on Heaps confus'dly fall.

405 First of the Foe great *Hector* march'd along,
With Terror cloath'd, and more than mortal strong:
As the bold Hound that gives the Lion chace,
With beating Bosom, and with eager Pace,
Hangs on his Haunch, or fastens on his Heels,

410 Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:
Thus oft' the *Grecians* turn'd, but still they flew;
Thus following *Hector* still the hindmost flew.

When flying they had pass'd the Trench profound,
And many a Chief lay gasping on the Ground;

415 Before the Ships a desp'rate Stand they made,
And fir'd the Troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.

Fierce on his ratt'ling Chariot *Hector* came;

His Eyes like *Gorgon* shot a sanguin Flame

That wither'd all their Host: Like *Mars* he stood,

420 Dire as the Monster, dreadful as the God!

Their strong Distress the Wife of *Jove* survey'd;

Then pensive thus, to War's triumphant Maid

Oh Daughter of that God, whose Arm can wield
Th' avenging Bolt, and shake the sable Shield!

Now,

Now, in this Moment of her last Despair, 425
 Shall wretched *Greece* no more confess our Care,
 Condemn'd to suffer the full Force of Fate,
 And drain the Dregs of Heav'n's relentless Hate?
 Gods! shall one raging Hand thus level All?
 What Numbers fell! what Numbers yet shall fall! 430
 What Pow'r Divine shall *Hector's* Wrath assuage?
 Still swells the Slaughter, and still grows the Rage!

So spoke th' imperial Regent of the Skies;
 To whom the Goddess with the Azure Eyes,
 Long since had *Hector* stain'd these Fields with Gore, 435
 Stretch'd by some *Argive* on his native Shore:
 But He above, the Sire of Heav'n withstands,
 Mocks our Attempts, and flights our just Demands.
 The stubborn God, inflexible and hard,
 Forgets my Service and deserv'd Reward. 440
 Sav'd I, for this, his Fav'rite * Son, distress'd,
 By stern *Eurytheus* with long Labours press'd?
 He begg'd, with Tears he begg'd, in deep Dismay;
 I shot from Heav'n, and gave his Arm the Day.
 Oh had my Wisdom known this dire Event, 445
 When to grim *Pluto's* gloomy Gates he went;

* *Hercules.*

X x x

The

The Triple Dog had never felt his Chain,
 Nor *Styx* been cross'd, nor Hell explor'd in vain.
 Averse to me of all his Heav'n of Gods;

450 At *Thetis*' Suit the partial Thund'rer nods.

To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting Son,
 My Hopes are frustrate, and my *Greeks* undone.
 Some future Day, perhaps he may be mov'd
 To call his blue-ey'd Maid his Best-belov'd.

455 Haste, launch thy Chariot, thro' yon' Ranks to ride;
 My self will arm, and thunder at thy side.

Then Goddess! say, shall *Hector* glory then,
 (That Terror of the *Greeks*, that Man of Men)

When *Juno*'s self, and *Pallas* shall appear,

460 All dreadful in the crimson Walks of War?

What mighty *Trojan* then, on yonder Shore,

Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,

Shall feast the Fowls, and glut the Dogs with Gore?

She ceas'd, and *Juno* rein'd her Steeds with Care;

465 Heav'n's awful Empress, *Saturn*'s other Heir)

Pallas, meanwhile, her various Veil unbound,

With Flow'rs adorn'd, with Art immortal crown'd;

The

The radiant Robe her sacred Fingers wove,
Floats in rich Waves, and spreads the Court of *Jove*.
Her Father's Arms her mighty Limbs invest, 470
His Cuirass blazes on her ample Breast.

The vig'rous Pow'r the trembling Car ascends;
Shook by her Arm, the massy Javelin bends;
Huge, pond'rous, strong! that when her Fury burns,
Proud Tyrants humbles, and whole Hosts o'erturns. 475

Saturnia lends the Lash; the Coursers fly;
Smooth glides the Chariot thro' the liquid Sky.
Heav'n-Gates spontaneous open to the Pow'rs,
Heav'n's golden Gates, kept by the winged *Hours*,
Commission'd in alternate Watch to stand, 480
The Sun's bright Portals and the Skies command;
Close, or unfold, th' Eternal Gates of Day;
Bar Heav'n with Clouds, or roll those Clouds away.
The founding Hinges ring, the Clouds divide;
Prone down the Steep of Heav'n their Course they guide. 485
But *Jove* incens'd from *Ida*'s Top survey'd,
And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd Maid.

Thaumantia! mount the Winds, and stop their Car;
Against the Highest who shall wage the War?

If

490 If furious yet they dare the vain Debate,
 Thus have I spoke, and what I spake is Fate.
 Their Courfers crush'd beneath the Wheels shall lie,
 Their Car in Fragments scatter'd o'er the Sky;
 My Light'ning these Rebellious shall confound,
 495 And hurl them flaming, headlong to the Ground,
 Condemn'd for ten revolving Years to weep
 The Wounds impress'd by burning Thunder deep.
 So shall *Minerva* learn to fear our Ire,
 Nor dare to combat her's and Natures Sire.

500 For *Juno*, headstrong and imperious still,
 She claims some Title to transgress our Will.

Swift as the Wind, the various-colour'd Maid
 From *Ida's* Top her golden Wings display'd;
 To great *Olympus'* shining Gates she flies,
 505 There meets the Chariot rushing down the Skies,
 Restrains their Progress from the bright Abodes,
 And speaks the Mandate of the Sire of Gods.

What Frenzy, Goddesses! what Rage can move
 Celestial Minds to tempt the Wrath of *Jove*?
 510 Desist, obedient to his high Command;
 This is his Word; and know his Word shall stand.

His

His Light'ning your Rebellion shall confound,
 And hurl ye headlong, flaming to the Ground:
 Your Horses crush'd beneath the Wheels shall lie
 Your Car in Fragments scatter'd o'er the Sky; 515
 Your selves condemn'd ten rolling Years to weep
 The Wounds impress'd by burning Thunder deep.
 So shall *Minerva* learn to fear his Ire,
 Nor dare to combat her's and Nature's Sire.

For *Juno*, headstrong and imperious still, 520
 She claims some Title to transgress his Will:
 But Thee what desp'rate Insolence has driv'n,
 To lift thy Lance against the Sire of Heav'n?

Then mounting on the Pinions of the Wind,
 She flew; and *Juno* thus her Rage resign'd. 525

O Daughter of that God, whose Arm can wield
 Th'avenging Bolt, and shake the dreadful Shield!
 No more let Beings of superior Birth
 Contend with *Jove* for this low Race of Earth:
 Triumphant now, now miserably slain, 530
 They breathe or perish, as the Fates ordain.
 But *Jove's* high Counsels full Effect shall find,
 And ever constant, ever rule Mankind.

Y y y

She

She spoke, and backward turn'd her Steeds of Light,
 535 Adorn'd with Manes of Gold, and Heav'nly bright.

The *Hours* unloos'd them, panting as they stood,
 And heap'd their Mangers with Ambrosial Food.

There ty'd, they rest in high Celestial Stalls ;
 The Chariot propt against the Crystal Walls.

540 The pensive Goddeses, abash'd, controul'd,
 Mix with the Gods, and fill their Seats of Gold.

And now the Thund'rer meditates his Flight
 From *Ida's* Summits to th' *Olympian* Height.

Swifter than Thought the Wheels instinctive fly,
 545 Flame thro' the Vast of Air, and reach the Sky.

'Twas *Neptune's* Charge his Courfers to unbrace,
 And fix the Car on its immortal Base ;

There stood the Chariot beaming forth its Rays,
 Till with a snowy Veil he screen'd the Blaze.

550 He, whose all-conscious Eyes the World behold,
 Th' Eternal Thunderer, fate thron'd in Gold.

High Heav'n the Footstool of his Feet he makes,
 And wide beneath him, all *Olympus* shakes.

Trembling afar th' offending Pow'rs appear'd,
 555 Confus'd and silent, for his Frown they fear'd.

He

He saw their Soul, and thus his Word imparts.
Pallas and *Juno* ! say, why heave your Hearts?
Soon was your Battel o'er : Proud *Troy* retir'd
Before your Face, and in your Wrath expir'd.
But know, whoe'er Almighty Pow'r withstand ! 560
Unmatch'd our Force, unconquer'd is our Hand :
Who shall the Sov'reign of the Skies controul ?
Not all the Gods that crown the starry Pole.
Your Hearts shall tremble, if our Arms we take,
And each immortal Nerve with Horror shake. 565
For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand ;
What Pow'r foe'er provokes our lifted Hand,
On this our Hill no more shall hold his Place,
Cut off, and exil'd from th'Æthereal Race.
Juno and *Pallas* grieving hear the Doom, 670
But feast their Souls on *Ilion's* Woes to come.
Tho' secret Anger swell'd *Minerva's* Breast,
The prudent Goddess yet her Wrath repress,
But *Juno*, impotent of Rage, replies.
What hast thou said, Oh Tyrant of the Skies ! 575
Strength and Omnipotence invest thy Throne ;
'Tis thine to punish ; ours to grieve alone.

For

For *Greece* we grieve, abandon'd by her Fate
 To drink the Dregs of thy unmeasur'd Hate :
 580 From Fields forbidden we submit refrain,
 With Arms unaiding see our *Argives* slain ;
 Yet grant our Counsels still their Breasts may move,
 Lest all should perish in the Rage of *Jove*.

The Goddess thus : and thus the God replies
 585 Who swells the Clouds, and blackens all the Skies.
 The Morning Sun, awak'd by loud Alarms,
 Shall see th' Almighty Thunderer in Arms.
 What Heaps of *Argives* then shall load the Plain,
 These radiant Eyes shall view, and view in vain.
 590 Nor shall great *Hector* cease the Rage of Fight,
 The Navy flaming, and thy *Greeks* in Flight,
 Ev'n till the Day, when certain Fates ordain
 That stern *Achilles* (his *Patroclus* slain)
 Shall rise in Vengeance, and lay waste the Plain.
 595 For such is Fate, nor can'st thou turn its Course
 With all thy Rage, with all thy Rebel Force.
 Fly, if thou wilt, to Earth's remotest Bound,
 Where on her utmost Verge the Seas resound ;

Where

Where curs'd *Iäpetus* and *Saturn* dwell,
 Fast by the Brink, within the Steams of Hell; 600
 No Sun e'er gilds the gloomy Horrors there,
 No chearful Gales refresh the lazy Air:
 There arm once more the bold *Titanian* Band;
 And arm in vain: For what I will, shall stand.

Now deep in Ocean sunk the Lamp of Light, 605
 And drew behind the cloudy Veil of Night:
 The conqu'ring *Trojans* mourn his Beams decay'd;
 The *Greeks* rejoicing bless the friendly Shade.

The Victors keep the Field; and *Hector* calls
 A martial Council near the Navy-Walls: 610

These to *Scamander's* Bank apart he led,
 Where thinly scatter'd lay the Heaps of Dead.

Th' assembled Chiefs, descending on the Ground,
 Attend his Order, and their Prince surround.

A massy Spear he bore of mighty Strength, 615
 Of full ten Cubits was the Lance's Length;

The Point was Steel, refulgent to behold,

Fix'd to the Wood with circling Rings of Gold:

The noble *Hector* on this Lance reclin'd,

And bending forward, thus reveal'd his Mind. 620

Z z z

Ye

Ye valiant *Trojans*, with Attention hear!
 Ye *Dardan* Bands, and gen'rous *Aids* give ear!
 This Day, we hop'd, would wrap in conq'ring Flame
Greece with her Ships, and crown our Toils with Fame:
 625 But Darknefs now, to fave the Cowards, falls,
 And guards them trembling in their wooden Walls.
 Obey the Night, and use her peaceful Hours
 Our Steeds to forage, and refresh our Pow'rs.
 Strait from the Town be Sheep and Oxen fought,
 630 And strength'ning Bread, and gen'rous Wine be brought.
 Wide o'er the Field, high-blazing to the Sky,
 Let num'rous Fires the absent Sun supply;
 The flaming Piles with plenteous Fuel raife,
 Till the bright Morn her purple Beam displays:
 635 Left in the Silence and the Shades of Night,
Greece on her fable Ships attempt her Flight.
 Not unmolested let the Wretches gain
 Their lofty Decks, and safely cleave the Main;
 Some hostile Wound let ev'ry Dart bestow,
 640 Some lasting Token of the *Phrygian* Foe,
 Wounds, that long hence may ask their Spoufes Care,
 And warn their Children from a *Trojan* War.

Now

Now thro' the Circuit of our *Ilian* Wall,
Let sacred Heralds sound the solemn Call ;
To bid the Sires with hoary Honours crown'd, 645
And beardless Youths, the Battlements surround.
Firm be the Guard, while distant lie our Pow'rs,
And let the Matrons hang with Lights the Tow'rs :
Lest under Covert of the Midnight Shade,
Th' insidious Foe the naked Town invade. 650
Suffice, to Night, these Orders to obey ;
A nobler Charge shall rowze the dawning Day.
The Gods, I trust, shall give to *Hector's* Hand,
From these detested Foes to free the Land,
Who plow'd, with Fates averse, the wat'ry way ; 655
For *Trojan* Vulturs a predestin'd Prey.
Our common Safety must be now the Care ;
But soon as Morning paints the Fields of Air,
Sheath'd in bright Arms let ev'ry Troop engage,
And the fir'd Fleet behold the Battel rage. 660
Then, then shall *Hector* and *Tydides* prove,
Whose Fates are heaviest in the Scale of *Jove*,
To Morrow's Light (oh haste the glorious Morn !)
Shall see his bloody Spoils in Triumph born,

With

665 With this keen Javelin shall his Breast be gor'd,
 And prostrate Heroes bleed around their Lord.
 Certain as this, oh might my Days endure,
 From Age inglorious and black Death secure ;
 So might my Life and Glory know no bound,
 670 Like *Pallas* worship'd, like the Sun renown'd ;
 As the next Dawn, the last they shall enjoy,
 Shall crush the *Greeks*, and end the Woes of *Troy*.

The Leader spoke. From all his Hosts around
 Shouts of Applause along the Shores resound.

675 Each from the Yoke the smoaking Steeds unty'd,
 And fix'd their Headstalls to his Chariot-side.
 Fat Sheep and Oxen from the Town are led,
 With gen'rous Wine, and all-sustaining Bread.
 Full Hecatombs lay burning on the Shore ;
 680 The Winds to Heav'n the curling Vapours bore.
 Ungrateful Off'ring to th' immortal Pow'rs,
 Whose Wrath hung heavy o'er the *Trojan* Tow'rs ;
 Nor *Priam*, nor his Sons obtain'd their Grace ;
 Proud *Troy* they hated, and her guilty Race.
 685 The Troops exulting fate in order round,
 And beaming Fires illumin'd all the Ground.

As

As when the Moon, refulgent Lamp of Night!
O'er Heav'ns clear Azure sheds her sacred Light,
When not a Breath disturbs the deep Serene;
And not a Cloud o'ercasts the solemn Scene; 690
Around her Throne the vivid Planets roll,
And Stars unnumber'd gild the glowing Pole,
O'er the dark Trees a yellower Verdure shed,
And tip with Silver ev'ry Mountain's Head;
Then shine the Vales, the Rocks in Prospect rise, 695
A Flood of Glory bursts from all the Skies:
The conscious Swains, rejoicing in the Sight,
Eye the blue Vault, and bless the useful Light.
So many Flames before proud *Ilion* blaze,
And lighten glimm'ring *Xanthus* with their Rays. 700
The long Reflections of the distant Fires
Gleam on the Walls, and tremble on the Spires.
A thousand Piles the dusky Horrors gild,
And shoot a shady Lustre o'er the Field.
Full fifty Guards each flaming Pile attend, 705
Whose umber'd Arms, by fits, thick Flashes send.
Loud neigh the Coursers o'er their Heaps of Corn,
And ardent Warriors wait the rising Morn.

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OBSER-

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Eighth Book.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1911

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

EIGHTH BOOK.

I.

HOMER, like most of the *Greeks*, is thought to have travell'd into *Ægypt*, and brought from the Priests there not only their Learning, but their manner of conveying it in Fables and Hieroglyphicks. This is necessary to be consider'd by those who would thoroughly penetrate into the Beauty and Design of many Parts of this Author. For whoever reflects that this was the Mode of Learning in those Times, will make no doubt but there are several Mysteries both of Natural and Moral Philosophy involv'd in his Fictions, which otherwise in the literal Meaning appear too trivial or irrational; and it is but just, when these are not plain or immediately intelligible, to imagine that something of this kind may be hid under them. Nevertheless, as *Homer* travell'd not with a direct View of writing Philosophy or Theology, so he might often use these Hieroglyphical Fables and Traditions as Embellishments of his Poetry only, without taking the Pains to open their mystical Meaning to his Readers, and perhaps without diving very deeply into it himself.

II.

VERSE 25. *Let down our golden everlasting Chain.*] The various Opinions of the Ancients concerning this Passage are

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collected

collected by *Eustathius*. *Jupiter* says, *If he holds this Chain of Gold, the Force of all the Gods is unable to draw him down, but that he can draw up them, the Seas, and the Earth, and cause the whole Universe to hang unactive.* Some think that *Jupiter* signifies the *Æther*, the golden Chain the *Sun*: If the *Æther* did not temper the Rays of the *Sun* as they pass thro' it, his Beams would not only drink up and exhale the Ocean in Vapours, but also exhale the Moisture from the Veins of the Earth, which is the Cement that holds it together; by which means the whole Creation would become unactive, and all its Powers be suspended.

Others affirm, that by this golden Chain may be meant the Days of the World's Duration, *ἡμέρας αἰῶνος*, which are as it were painted by the Lustre of the *Sun*, and follow one another in a successive Chain till they arrive at their final Period: While *Jupiter* or the *Æther* (which the Ancients call'd the Soul of all Things) still remains unchanged.

Plato in his *Theætetus* says that by this golden Chain is meant the *Sun*, whose Rays enliven all Nature and cement the Parts of the Universe.

The *Stoicks* will have it that by *Jupiter* is implied Destiny, which over-rules every thing both upon, and above the Earth.

Others (delighted with their own Conceits) imagine that *Homer* intended to represent the Excellence of Monarchy; that the Sceptre ought to be sway'd by one Hand, and that all the Wheels of Government should be put in Motion by one Person.

But I fancy a much better Interpretation may be found for this, if we allow (as there is great Reason to believe) that the *Ægyptians* understood the true System of the World, and that *Pythagoras* first learn'd it from them. They held that the Planets were kept in their Orbits by Gravitation upon the *Sun*, which was therefore called *Jovis carcer*; and sometimes by the *Sun* (as *Macrobius* informs us) is meant *Jupiter* himself: We see too that the most prevailing Opinion of Antiquity fixes it to the *Sun*; so that I think it will be no strained Interpretation to say, that by the Inability of the Gods to pull *Jupiter* out of his Place with this *Catena*, may be understood

derstood the superior attractive Force of the Sun, whereby he continues unmoved, and draws all the rest of the Planets toward him.

III.

VERSE 16. *Low in the dark Tartarean Gulf, &c.*] This Opinion of *Tartarus*, the Place of Torture for the Impious after Death, might also be taken from the *Ægyptians*: for it seems not improbable, as some Writers have observed, that some Tradition might then be spread in the Eastern Parts of the World, of the Fall of the Angels, the Punishment of the Damned, and other sacred Truths which were afterwards more fully explain'd and taught by the Prophets and Apostles. These *Homer* seems to allude to in this and other Passages; as where *Vulcan* is said to be precipitated from Heaven in the first Book, where *Jupiter* threatens *Mars* with *Tartarus* in the fifth, and where the Dæmon of Discord is cast out of Heaven in the nineteenth. *Virgil* has translated a part of these Lines into the sixth *Æneid*.

-----*Tum Tartarus ipse
Bis patet in præceptis tantum, tenditque sub umbras,
Quantus ad æthereum cœli suspectus Olympum.*

And *Milton* in his first Book,

*As far remov'd from God and Light of Heav'n,
As from the Centre thrice to th' utmost Pole.*

It may not be unpleasing just to observe the Gradation in these three great Poets, as if they had vied with each other, in extending this Idea of the Depth of Hell. *Homer* says as far, *Virgil* twice as far, *Milton* thrice.

IV.

VERSE 35. *Th' Almighty spoke.*] *Homer* in this whole Passage plainly shews his Belief of one supreme, omnipotent God,

God, whom he introduces with a Majesty and Superiority worthy the great Ruler of the Universe. Accordingly *Justin Martyr* cites it as a Proof of our Author's attributing the Power and Government of all things to one First God, whose Divinity is so far superior to all other Deities, that if compared to him they may be rank'd among Mortals. *Admon. ad Gentes.* Upon this Account, and with the Authority of that learned Father, I have ventur'd to apply to *Jupiter* in this Place such Appellatives as are suitable to the supreme Deity: a Practice I would be cautious of using in many others where the Notions and Descriptions of our Author must be own'd to be unworthy of the Divinity.

V.

VERSE 39. *O first and greatest! &c.*] *Homer* is not only to be admir'd for keeping up the Characters of his Heroes, but for adapting his Speeches to the Characters of his Gods. Had *Juno* here given the Reply, she would have begun with some Mark of Resentment, but *Pallas* is all Submission; *Juno* would probably have contradicted him, but *Pallas* only begs leave to be sorry for those whom she must not assist; *Juno* would have spoken with the Prerogative of a Wife, but *Pallas* makes her Address with the Obsequiousness of a prudent Daughter. *Eustathius.*

VI.

VERSE 70. *For on this dreadful Day The Fate of Fathers, Wives, and Infants lay.*] It may be necessary to explain why the *Trojans* thought themselves obliged to fight in order to defend their Wives and Children. One would think they might have kept within their Walls, the *Grecians* made no Attempt to batter them, neither were they invested; and the Country was open on all sides except towards the Sea, to give them Provisions. The most natural thought is, that they and their Auxiliaries being very numerous, could not subsist but from a large Country about them; and perhaps not without

without the Sea; and the Rivers, where the *Greeks* encamp'd : That in time the *Greeks* would have surrounded them, and block'd up every Avenue to their Town : That they thought themselves obliged to defend the Country with all the Inhabitants of it ; and that indeed at first this was rather a War between two Nations, and became not properly a Siege till afterwards.

VII.

VERSE 71. *The Gates unfolding, &c.*] There is a wonderful Sublimity in these Lines ; one sees in the Description the Gates of a warlike City thrown open, and an Army pouring forth ; and one hears the Trampling of Men and Horses rushing to the Battel.

These Verses are, as *Eustathius* observes, only a Repetition of a former Passage, which shews that the Poet was particularly pleas'd with them, and that he was not ashamed of a Repetition when he could not express the same Image more happily than he had already done.

VIII.

VERSE 84. *The sacred Light.*] *Homer* describing the Advance of the Day from Morning till Noon, calls it *ιερόν*, or sacred, says *Eustathius*, who gives this Reason for it, because that Part of the Day was allotted to Sacrifice and religious Worship.

IX.

VERSE 88. *The Sire of Gods his golden Scales suspends.*] This Figure representing God as weighing the Destinies of Men in his Balances, was first made use of in holy Writ. In the Book of *Job*, which is acknowledg'd to be one of the most ancient of all the Scriptures, he prays to be weighed in an even Balance, that God may know his Integrity. *Daniel* declares from God to *Belshazzar*, thou art weighed in the Balances, and found light. And *Proverbs*, Ch. 16. V. 11. *A just Weight*
C c c c

Weight and Balance are the Lord's. Our Author has it again in the twenty second Iliad, and it appear'd so beautiful to succeeding Poets, that *Æschylus* (as we are told by *Plutarch de aud. Poetis*) writ a whole Tragedy upon this Foundation, which he called *Psychoſtaſia*, or the weighing of Souls. In this he introduced *Thetis* and *Aurora* ſtanding on either ſide of *Jupiter's* Scales, and praying each for her Son while the Heroes fought.

Καὶ τότε δὴ χεύσεια παῖν' ἐτίτανε τάλαντα,
 Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει δύο κῆρε τανηλεγέος θανάτοιο,
 Ἐλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβῶν· ῥέπε δ' Ἐκτορος ἄσιμον ἥμαρ.

It has been copied by *Virgil* in the laſt *Æneid*.

*Jupiter ipſe duas æquato examine lances
 Suſtinet, & fata imponit diverſa duorum:
 Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere lethum.*

I cannot agree with *Madam Dacier* that theſe Verſes are inferior to *Homer's*; but *Macrobius* obſerves with ſome Colour, that the Application of them is not ſo juſt as in our Author; for *Virgil* had made *Juno* ſay before, that *Turnus* would certainly periſh.

*Nunc Juvenem imparibus video concurrere Fatis,
 Parcarumque dies & vis inimica propinquat.*

So that there was leſs reaſon for weighing his Fate with that of *Æneas* after that Declaration. *Scaliger* trifles miſerably when he ſays *Juno* might have learn'd this from the Fates, tho' *Jupiter* did not know it, before he conſulted them by weighing the Scales. But *Macrobius's* Excuse in behalf of *Virgil* is much better worth regard: I ſhall tranſcribe it entire, as it is perhaps the fineſt Period in all that Author. *Hæc & alia ignoſcenda Virgilio, qui ſtudii circa Homerum nimietate excedit modum. Et revera non poterat non in aliquibus minor videri, qui per omnem poëſin ſuam hoc uno eſt præcipue uſus Archetypo. Acriter enim in Homerum oculos intendit, ut emularetur*

laretur ejus non modo magnitudinem sed & simplicitatem, & præsentiam orationis, & tacitam majestatem. Hinc diversarum inter Heroas suos personarum varia magnificatio, hinc Deorum interpositio, hinc autoritas fabulosa, hinc affectuum naturalium expressio, hinc monumentorum persecutio, hinc parabolarum exaggeratio, hinc torrentis orationis sonitus, hinc rerum singularum cum splendore fastigium. Sat. l. 5. c. 13.

As to the Ascent or Descent of the Scales, *Eustathius* explains it in this manner. The Descent of the Scale toward Earth signifies Unhappiness and Death, the Earth being the Place of Misfortune and Mortality ; the Mounting of it signifies Prosperity and Life, the superior Regions being the Seats of Felicity and Immortality.

Milton has admirably improved upon this fine Fiction, and with an Alteration agreeable to a Christian Poet. He feigns that the Almighty weighed *Satan* in such Scales, but judiciously makes this difference, that the Mounting of his Scale denoted ill Success ; whereas the same Circumstance in *Homer* points the Victory. His Reason was, because *Satan* was immortal, and therefore the sinking of his Scale could not signify Death, but the mounting of it did his *Lightness*, conformable to the Expression we just now cited from *Daniel*.

*Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid Fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen
Between Astræa and the Scorpion Sign :
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round Earth, with balanc'd Air,
In counterpoise ; now ponders all Events,
Battels and Realms : In these he put two Weights,
The Sequel each of Parting and of Fight ;
The latter quick up-slew, and kick'd the Beam.*

I believe upon the whole this may with Justice be preferr'd both to *Homer's* and *Virgil's*, on account of the beautiful Allusion to the Sign of *Libra* in the Heavens, and that noble Imagination of the Maker's weighing the whole World at the Creation, and all the Events of it since ; so correspondent at once to Philosophy, and to the Style of the Scriptures.

X.

X.

VERSE 93. *Then Jove from Ida's Top, &c.]* This Distress of the *Greeks* being suppos'd, *Jupiter's* Presence was absolutely necessary to bring them into it: for the inferior Gods that were friendly to *Greece* were rather more in Number and superior in Force to those that favour'd *Troy*; and the Poet had shew'd before, when both Armies were left to themselves, that the *Greeks* could overcome the *Trojans*; besides it would have been an indelible Reflection upon his Countrymen to have been vanquish'd by a smaller Number. Therefore nothing less than the immediate Interposition of *Jupiter* was requisite, which shews the wonderful Address of the Poet in his Machinery. *Virgil* makes *Turnus* say in the last *Æneid*,

-----*Dii me terrent & Jupiter hostis.*

And indeed this Defeat of the *Greeks* seems more to their Glory than all their Victories, since even *Jupiter's* Omnipotence could with difficulty effect it.

XI.

VERSE 95. *Thick Lightnings flash.]* This Notion of *Jupiter's* declaring against the *Greeks* by Thunder and Lightning, is drawn (says *Dacier*) from Truth itself. *Sam. i. Ch. 7.* *And as Samuel was offering up the Burnt-offering, the Philistines drew near to Battel against Israel: But the Lord thunder'd with a great Thunder on that Day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them, and they were smitten before Israel.* To which may be added that in the 18th Psalm. *The Lord thunder'd in the Heavens, and the Highest gave his Voice; Hailstones and Coals of Fire. Yea, he sent out his Arrows and scatter'd them; he shot out Lightnings and discomfited them.*

Upon occasion of the various Successes given by *Jupiter*, now to *Grecians*, now to *Trojans*, whom he suffers to perish interchangeably; some have fancy'd this Supposition injurious

4 to

to the Nature of the Sovereign Being, as representing him variable or inconstant in his Rewards and Punishments. It may be answer'd, that as God makes use of some People to chastise others, and none are totally void of Crimes, he often decrees to punish those very Persons for lesser Sins, whom he makes his Instruments to punish others for greater: so purging them from their own Iniquities before they become worthy to be Chastisers of other Men's. This is the Case of the *Greeks* here, whom *Jupiter* permits to suffer many ways, tho' he had destin'd them to revenge the Rape of *Helen* upon *Troy*. There is a History in the Bible just of this Nature. In the 20th Chapter of *Judges*, the *Israelites* are commanded to make War against the Tribe of *Benjamin*, to punish a Rape on the Wife of a *Levite* committed in the City of *Gibeah*: When they have laid Siege to the Place, the *Benjamites* sally upon them with so much Vigour, that a great Number of the Besiegers are destroy'd; they are astonish'd at these Defeats, as having undertaken the Siege in Obedience to the Command of God: But they are still order'd to persist, till at length they burn the City, and almost extinguish the Race of *Benjamin*. There are many Instances in Scripture, where Heaven is represented to change its Decrees according to the Repentance or Relapses of Men: *Hezekias* is order'd to prepare for Death, and afterwards fifteen Years are added to his Life: It is foretold to *Achab* that he shall perish miserably, and then upon his Humiliation God defers the Punishment till the Reign of his Successor, &c.

I must confess, that in comparing Passages of the sacred Books with our Author one ought to use a great deal of Caution and Respect. If there are some Places in Scripture that in Compliance to human Understanding represent the Deity as acting by Motives like those of Men; there are infinitely more that shew him as he is, all Perfection, Justice, and Beneficence; whereas in *Homer* the general Tenor of the Poem represents *Jupiter* as a Being subject to Passion, Inequality, and Imperfection. I think M. *Dacier* has carry'd these Comparisons too far, and is too zealous to defend him upon every occasion in the Points of Theology and Doctrine.

XII.

VERSE 115. *But Diomed beheld.*] The whole following Story of *Nestor* and *Diomed* is admirably contriv'd to raise the Character of the latter. He maintains his Intrepidity, and ventures singly to bring off the old Hero, notwithstanding the general Consternation. The Art of *Homer* will appear wonderful to any one who considers all the Circumstances of this Part, and by what degrees he reconciles this Flight of *Diomed* to that undaunted Character. The Thunderbolt falls just before him; that is not enough; *Nestor* advises him to submit to Heaven; this does not prevail, he cannot bear the Thoughts of Flight: *Nestor* drives back the Chariot without his Consent; he is again inclined to go on till *Jupiter* again declares against him. These two Heroes are very artfully placed together, because none but a Person of *Nestor*'s Authority and Wisdom could have prevailed upon *Diomed* to retreat: A younger Warrior could not so well in Honour have given him such Counsel, and from no other would he have taken it. To cause *Diomed* to fly, required both the Counsel of *Nestor*, and the Thunder of *Jupiter*.

XIII.

VERSE 121. *Oh turn and save, &c.*] There is a Decorum in making *Diomed* call *Ulysses* to the Assistance of his Brother Sage; for who better knew the Importance of *Nestor*, than *Ulysses*? But the Question is, whether *Ulysses* did not drop *Nestor* as one great Minister would do another, and fancy'd He should be the wise Man when the other was gone? *Eustathius* indeed is of Opinion that *Homer* meant not to cast any Aspersions on *Ulysses*, nor would have given him so many noble Appellations when in the same Breath he reflected upon his Courage. But perhaps the contrary Opinion may not be ill grounded if we observe the manner of *Homer*'s Expression. *Diomed* call'd *Ulysses*, but *Ulysses* was deaf, he *did not* bear; and whereas the Poet says of the rest, that they had not

not the *Hardiness* to stay, *Ulysses* is not only said to fly, but *παρήγεν*, to make *violent Haste* towards the Navy.

Ovid at least understood it thus, for he puts an Objection in *Ajax's* Mouth, *Metam.* 13. drawn from this Passage, which would have been improper had not *Ulysses* made more speed than he ought; since *Ajax* on the same occasion retreated as well as he.

XIV.

VERSE 142. *The thirsty Fury of my flying Spear.*] *Homer* has Figures of that Boldness which it is impossible to preserve in another Language. The Words in the Original are *Δόρυ μαινέται*, *Hector shall see if my Spear is mad in my Hands.* The Translation pretends only to have taken some Shadow of this, in animating the Spear, giving it *Fury*, and strengthening the Figure with the Epithet *thirsty*.

XV.

VERSE 159. *And now had Death, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes how wonderfully *Homer* still advances the Character of *Diomed*: when all the Leaders of *Greece* were retreated, the Poet says that had not *Jupiter* interposed, *Diomed* alone had driven the whole Army of *Troy* to their Walls, and with his single Hand have vanquish'd an Army.

XVI.

VERSE 164. *The Ground before him flam'd.*] Here is a Battel describ'd with so much Fire, that the warmest Imagination of an able Painter cannot add a Circumstance to heighten the Surprise or Horror of the Picture. Here is what they call the *Fracas*, or Hurry and Tumult of the Action in the utmost Strength of Colouring, upon the Foreground; and the *Repose* or *Solemnity* at a distance, with great Propriety and Judgment. First, in the *Eloignement*, we behold *Jupiter* in golden Armour, surrounded with Glory, upon the Summit

mit of Mount *Ida*; his Chariot and Horses by him, wrapt in dark Clouds. In the next Place below the Horizon, appear the Clouds rolling and opening, thro' which the Lightning flashes in the Face of the *Greeks*, who are flying on all sides; *Agamemnon* and the rest of the Commanders in the Rear, in Postures of Astonishment. Towards the middle of the Piece, we see *Nestor* in the utmost Distress, one of his Horses having a deadly Wound in the Forehead with a Dart, which makes him rear and writhe, and disorder the rest. *Nestor* is cutting the Harness with his Sword, while *Hector* advances driving full speed. *Diomed* interposes, in an Action of the utmost Fierceness and Intrepidity: These two Heroes make the principal Figures and Subject of the Picture. A burning Thunderbolt falls just before the Feet of *Diomed's* Horses, from whence a horrid Flame of Sulphur arises.

This is only a Specimen of a single Picture design'd by *Homer* out of the many with which he has beautified the *Iliad*. And indeed every thing is so natural and so lively, that the History-Painter would generally have no more to do but to delineate the Forms, and copy the Circumstances just as he finds them described by this great Master. We cannot therefore wonder at what has been so often said of *Homer's* furnishing Ideas to the most famous Painters of Antiquity.

XVII.

VERSE 194. *The solid Skies.*] *Homer* sometimes calls the Heavens *Brazen*, Οὐρανὸν πολύχαλκον, and *Jupiter's Palace*, χαλκοβατὴς οἶκος. One might think from hence that the Notion of the *Solidity of the Heavens*, which is indeed very ancient, had been generally receiv'd. The Scripture uses Expressions agreeable to it, *A Heaven of Brass*, and the *Firmament*.

XVIII.

VERSE 214. *Heard ye the Voice of Jove?*] It was a noble and effectual manner of encouraging the Troops, by telling them that God was surely on their side: This, it seems, has been an ancient Practice, as it has been used in modern Times by those who never read *Homer*.

XIX.

XIX.

VERSE 226. *Now Xanthus, Æthon, &c.]* There have been those who blame this manner introduced by *Homer* and copied by *Virgil*, of making a Hero address his Discourse to his Horses. *Virgil* has given human Sentiments to the Horse of *Pallas*, and made him weep for the Death of his Master. In the tenth *Æneid* *Mezentius* speaks to his Horse in the same manner as *Hector* does here. Nay, he makes *Turnus* utter a Speech to his Spear, and invoke it as a Divinity. All this is agreeable to the Art of Oratory, which makes it a Precept to speak to every thing, and make every thing speak; of which there are innumerable applauded Instances in the most celebrated Orators. Nothing can be more spirited and affecting than this Enthusiasm of *Hector*, who, in the Transport of his Joy at the Sight of *Diomed* flying before him, breaks out into this Apostrophe to his Horses, as he is pursuing. And indeed the Air of this whole Speech is agreeable to a Man drunk with the Hopes of Success, and promising himself a Series of Conquests. He has in Imagination already forced the *Grecian* Retrenchments, set the Fleet in Flames, and destroyed the whole Army.

XX.

VERSE 231. *For this my Spouse.]* There is (says *M. Dacier*) a secret Beauty in this Passage, which perhaps will only be perceiv'd by those who are particularly vers'd in *Homer*. He describes a Princess so tender in her Love to her Husband, that she takes care constantly to go and meet him at his Return from every Battel, and in the Joy of seeing him again, runs to his Horses, and gives them Bread and Wine as a Testimony of her Acknowledgment to them for bringing him back. Notwithstanding the Raillery that may be cast upon this Remark, I take a Lady to be the best Judge to what Actions a Woman may be carry'd by Fondness to her Husband. *Homer* does not expressly mention Bread, but Wheat; and the Commentators are not agreed whether she gave them

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Wine

Wine to drink, or steep'd the Grain in it. *Hobbes* translates it as I do.

XXI.

VERSE 237. *Vulcanian Arms, the Labour of a God.*] These were the Arms that *Diomed* had received from *Glaucus*, and a Prize worthy *Hector*, being (as we were told in the sixth Book) entirely of Gold. I do not remember any other Place where the Shield of *Nestor* is celebrated by *Homer*.

XXII.

VERSE 245. *Yet Ægæ, Helice.*] These were two Cities of *Greece* in which *Neptune* was particularly honoured, and in each of which there was a Temple and Statue of him.

XXIII.

VERSE 262. *Where the deep Trench.*] That is to say, the Space betwixt the Ditch and the Wall was filled with the Men and Chariots of the *Greeks*. *Hector* not having yet past the Ditch. *Eustathius*.

XXIV.

VERSE 269. *His Purple Robe.*] *Agamemnon* here addresses himself to the Eyes of the Army; his Voice might have been lost in the Confusion of a Retreat, but the Motion of this purple Robe could not fail of attracting the Regards of the Soldiers. His Speech also is very remarkable; he first endeavours to shame them into Courage, and then begs of *Jupiter* to give that Courage Success; at least so far as not to suffer the whole Army to be destroyed. *Eustathius*.

XXV.

VERSE 270. *High on the midmost Bark, &c.*] We learn from hence the Situation of the Ships of *Ulysses*, *Achilles*, and *Ajax*.

Ajax. The two latter being the strongest Heroes of the Army, were placed to defend either end of the Fleet as most obnoxious to the Incursions or Surprizes of the Enemy; and *Ulysses* being the ablest Head, was allotted the middle Place, as more safe and convenient for the Council, and that he might be the nearer if any Emergency required his Advice. *Eustathius, Spondanus.*

XXVI.

VERSE 293. *Thus pray'd the King, and Heav'n's great Father heard.*] It is to be observ'd in general, that *Homer* hardly ever makes his Heroes succeed, unless they have first offer'd a Prayer to Heaven. Whether they engage in War, go upon an Embassy, undertake a Voyage; in a word, whatever they enterprize, they almost always supplicate some God; and whenever we find this omitted, we may expect some Adversity to befall them in the Course of the Story.

XXVII.

VERSE 297. *The Eagle, sacred Bird!*] *Jupiter* upon the Prayers of *Agamemnon* sends an Omen to encourage the *Greeks*. The Application of it is obvious: The Eagle signified *Hector*, the Fawn denoted the Fear and Flight of the *Greeks*, and being drop'd at the Altar of *Jupiter*, shew'd that they would be saved by the Protection of that God. The word Πανομφατος (says *Eustathius*) has a great Significancy in this Place. The *Greeks* having just received this happy Omen from *Jupiter*, were offering Oblations to him under the Title of the *Father of Oracles*. There may also be a natural Reason for this Appellation, as *Jupiter* signified the *Æther*, which is the Vehicle of all Sounds.

Virgil has a fine Imitation of this Passage, but diversify'd with many more Circumstances, where he make *Juturna* shew a Prodigy of the like Nature to encourage the *Latins*, *Æn.* 12.

*Namque volans rubrâ salvus Jovis ales in æthrâ,
Litoreas agitabat aves, turbamque sonantem*

Agminis

*Agminis aligeri: subito cum lapsus ad undas
 Cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis.
 Arrexere animos Itali: cunctæque volucres
 Convertunt clamore fugam (mirabile visu)
 Ætheraque obscurant pennis, hostemque per auras
 Factâ nube premunt: donec vi victus & ipso
 Pondere defecit, prædamque ex unguibus ales
 Projecit fluvio, penitusque in nubila fugit.*

XXVIII.

VERSE 305. Tydides first.] *Diomed*, as we have before seen, was the last that retreated from the Thunder of *Jupiter*; he is now the first that returns to the Battel. It is worth while to observe the Behaviour of the Hero upon this Occasion: He retreats with the utmost Reluctancy, and advances with the greatest Ardour, he flies with greater Impatience to meet danger, than he could before to put himself in Safety. *Eustathius*.

XXIX.

VERSE 320. Secure behind the Telamonian Shield.] *Eustathius* observes that *Teucer* being an excellent Archer, and using only the Bow, could not wear any Arms which would incumber him, and render him less expedite in his Archery. *Homer* to secure him from the Enemy, represents him as standing behind *Ajax's* Shield, and shooting from thence. Thus the Poet gives us a new Circumstance of a Battel, and tho' *Ajax* atchieves nothing himself, he maintains a Superiority over *Teucer*: *Ajax* may be said to kill these *Trojans* with the Arrows of *Teucer*.

There is also a wonderful Tenderness in the Simile with which he illustrates the Retreat of *Teucer* behind the Shield of *Ajax*: Such tender Circumstances soften the Horrors of a Battel, and diffuse a Dawn of Serenity over the Soul of the Reader.

XXX.

XXX.

VERSE 336. *Great Agamemnon views.*] *Eustathius* observes that *Homer* would here teach the Duty of a General in a Bat-tel. He must observe the Behaviour of his Soldiers: He must honour the Hero, reproach the Coward, reduce the disorderly; and for the Encouragement of the deserving, he must promise Rewards, that Desert in Arms may not only be paid with Glory.

XXXI.

VERSE 342. *Sprung from an Alien's Bed.*] *Agamemnon* here in the Height of his Commendations of *Teucer*, tells him of his spurious Birth: This (says *Eustathius*) was reckon'd no Disgrace among the Ancients; nothing being more common than for Heroes of old to take their Female Captives to their Beds; and as such Captives were then given for a Reward of Valour, and as a Matter of Glory, it could be no Reproach to be descended from them. Thus *Teucer* (says *Eustathius*) was descended from *Telamon*, and *Hesione* the Sister of *Priam*, a Female Captive.

XXXII.

VERSE 363. *This Dog of Troy.*] This is literal from the *Greek*, and I have ventured it as no improper Expression of the Rage of *Teucer* for having been so often disappointed in his Aim, and of his Passion against that Enemy who had so long prevented all the Hopes of the *Grecians*. *Milton* was not scrupulous of imitating even these, which the modern Refiners call unmannerly Strokes of our Author (who knew to what Extrems human Passions might proceed, and was not ashamed to copy them.) He has put this very Expression into the Mouth of God himself, who upon beholding the Havock which *Sin* and *Death* made in the World, is moved in his Indignation to cry out,

See with what Heat these Dogs of Hell advance!

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XXXIII.

XXXIII.

VERSE 365. *He mis'd the Mark.*] These Words, says *Eustathius*, are very artfully inserted; the Reader might wonder why so skilful an Archer should so often miss his Mark, and it was necessary that *Teucer* should miss *Hector* because *Homer* could not falsify the History: This Difficulty he removes by the Intervention of *Apollo*, who wafts the Arrow aside from him: The Poet does not tell us that this was done by the Hand of a God, till the Arrow of *Teucer* came so near *Hector* as to kill his Charioteer, which made some such Contrivance necessary.

XXXIV.

VERSE 370. *As full-blown Poppies.*] This Simile is very beautiful, and exactly represents the manner of *Gorgythion's* Death: There is such a Sweetness in the Comparison, that it makes us pity the Youth's Fall, and almost feel his Wound. *Virgil* has apply'd it to the Death of *Euryalus*.

---*Inque humeros cervix collapsa recumbit:
Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens; lassove papavera collo
Demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.*

This is finely improved by the *Roman* Author with the Particulars of *succisus aratro*, and *lasso collo*. But it may on the other hand be observ'd in the favour of *Homer*, that the Circumstance of the Head being oppress'd and weigh'd down by the Helmet is so remarkably just, that it is a wonder *Virgil* omitted it, and the rather because he had particularly taken notice before that it was the Helmet of *Euryalus* which occasion'd the Discovery and unfortunate Death of this young Hero and his Friend.

One may make a general Observation, that *Homer* in those Comparisons that breath an Air of Tenderneſs, is very exact, and adapts them in every Point to the Subject which he is

is to illustrate: But in other Comparisons, where he is to inspire the Soul with sublime Sentiments, he gives a Loose to his Fancy, and does not regard whether the Images exactly correspond. I take the Reason of it to be this: In the first, the Copy must be like the Original to cause it to affect us; the Glass needs only to return the real Image to make it beautiful; whereas in the other, a Succession of noble Ideas will cause the like Sentiments in the Soul, and tho' the Glass should enlarge the Image, it only strikes us with such Thoughts as the Poet intended to raise, sublime and great.

XXXV.

VERSE 393. *There, where the Juncture knits the Channel Bone.] Hector struck Teucer* (it seems) just about the Articulation of the Arm, with the Shoulder; which cut the Tendon or wounded it so, that the Arm lost its Force: This is a true Description of the Effect of such a Blow.

XXXVI.

VERSE 406. *As the bold Hound, that gives the Lion chase.]* This Simile is the justest imaginable; and gives the most lively Picture of the manner in which the *Grecians* fled, and *Hector* pursued them, still slaughtering the hindmost. *Grattius* and *Oppian* have given us particular Descriptions of those sort of Dogs, of prodigious Strength and Size, which were employ'd to hunt and tear down wild Beasts. To one of these fierce Animals he compares *Hector*, and one cannot but observe his Care not to disgrace his *Grecian* Countrymen by an unworthy Comparison: Tho' he is obliged to represent them flying, he makes them fly like Lions, and as they fly, turn frequently back upon their Pursuer; so that it is hard to say if they, or he, be in the greater Danger. On the contrary, when any of the *Grecian* Heroes pursue the *Trojans*, it is He that is the Lion, and the Flyers are but Sheep or trembling Deer.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

VERSE 438. *The stubborn God, inflexible and hard.*] It must be owned that this Speech of *Minerva* against *Jupiter*, shocks the Allegory more than perhaps any in the Poem. Unless the Deities may sometimes be thought to mean no more than Beings that presided over those Parts of Nature, or those Passions and Faculties of the Mind. Thus as *Venus* suggests unlawful as well as lawful Desires, so *Minerva* may be described as the Goddess not only of Wisdom but of Craft, that is, both of true and false Wisdom. So the Moral of *Minerva's* speaking rashly of *Jupiter* may be, that the wisest of finite Beings is liable to Passion and Indiscretion, as the Commentators have already observ'd.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 460. *What mighty Trojan then, on yonder Shore.*] She means *Hector*, whose Death the Poet makes her foresee in such a lively manner as if the Image of the Hero lay bleeding before her. This Picture is noble, and agreeable to the Observation we formerly made of *Homer's* Method of Prophecying in the Spirit of Poetry.

XXXIX.

VERSE 468. *Floats in rich Waves.*] The Greek word is κατέχευεν, *pours* the Veil on the Pavement. I must just take Notice that here is a Repetition of the same beautiful Verses which the Author had used in the fifth Book.

XL.

VERSE 477. *Smooth glides the Chariot, &c.*] One would almost think *Homer* made his Gods and Goddesses descend from *Olympus*, only to mount again, and mount only to descend again, he is so remarkably delighted with the Descriptions

ptions of their Horses, and their manner of Flight. We have no less than three of these in the present Book.

XLI.

VERSE 500. *For Juno headstrong and imperious still, She claims, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes here, if a good Man does us a Wrong, we are justly angry at it, but if it proceeds from a bad one, it is no more than we expected, we are not at all surprized, and we bear it with Patience.

There are many such Passages as these in *Homer* which glance obliquely at the Fair Sex, and *Jupiter* is here forced to take upon himself the severe Husband, to teach *Juno* the Duty of a Wife.

XLII.

VERSE 522. *But thee what desprate Insolence.*] It is observable that *Homer* generally makes his Messengers, divine as well as human, very punctual in delivering their Messages in the very Words of the Persons who commission'd them. *Iris* however in the Close of her Speech has ventur'd to go beyond her Instructions and all Rules of Decorum, by adding these Expressions of bitter Reproach to a Goddess of superior Rank. The Words of the Original, *Κύον ἀδδῆες*, are too gross to be literally translated.

XLIII.

VERSE 524. *Juno her Rage resign'd.*] *Homer* never intended to give us the Picture of a good Wife in the Description of *Juno*: She obeys *Jupiter*, but it is a forced Obedience: She submits rather to the Governor than to the Husband, and is more afraid of his Lightning than his Commands.

Her Behaviour in this Place is very natural to a Person under a Disappointment: She had set her Heart upon preferring the *Greeks*, but failing in that Point, she assumes an Air of Indifference, and says, whether they live or die, she is unconcern'd.

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XLIV.

XLIV.

VERSE 530. *They breathe or perish as the Fates ordain.*] The Translator has turn'd this Line in Compliance to an old Observation upon *Homer*, which *Macrobius* has written, and several others have since fallen into: They say he was so great a Fatalist, as not so much as to name the word *Fortune* in all his Works, but constantly *Fate* instead of it. This Remark seems curious enough, and indeed does agree with the general Tenor and Doctrine of this Poet; but unluckily it is not true, the Word which they have proscribed being imply'd in the Original of this V. 430. "Ὅς καὶ τύχη.

XLV.

VERSE 545. *And fix the Car on its immortal Base.*] It is remark'd by *Eustatbius* that the word *βωμοί* signifies not only *Altars*, but *Pedestals* or *Bases*, of Statues, &c. I think our Language will bear this, literally, tho' M. *Dacier* durst not venture it in the *French*. The Solemnity with which this Chariot of *Jupiter* is set up, by the Hands of a God, and cover'd with a fine Veil, makes it easy enough to imagine that this Distinction also might be shewn it.

XLVI.

VERSE 569. *Juno and Pallas.*] In the beginning of this Book *Juno* was silent, and *Minerva* reply'd: Here, says *Eustatbius*, *Homer* makes *Juno* reply with great Propriety to both their Characters. *Minerva* resents the Usage of *Jupiter*, but the Reverence she bears to her Father, and her King, keeps her silent; she has not less Anger than *Juno*, but more Reason. *Minerva* there spoke with all the Submission and Deference that was owing from a Child to a Father, or from a Subject to a King; but *Juno* is more free with her Husband, she is angry, and lets him know it by the first word she utters.

Juno here repeats the same Words which had been us'd by
Minerva

Minerva to *Jupiter* near the beginning of this Book. What is there utter'd by Wisdom herself, and approv'd by him, is here spoken by a Goddess who (as *Homer* tells us at this very time) imprudently manifested her Passion, and whom *Jupiter* answers with Anger. To deal fairly, I cannot defend this in my Author, any more than some other of his Repetitions; as when *Ajax* in the fifteenth *Iliad*, V. 561. uses the same Speech word for word to encourage the *Greeks*, which *Agamemnon* had made in the fifth, V. 529. I think it equally an Extreme, to vindicate all the Repetitions of *Homer*, and to excuse none. However *Eustathius* very ingeniously excuses this, by saying that the same Speeches become entirely different by the different manner of introducing them. *Minerva* address'd herself to *Jupiter* with Words full of Respect, but *Juno* with Terms of Resentment. This, says he, shews the Effect of opening our Speeches with Art: It prejudices the Audience in our favour, and makes us speak to Friends; whereas the Auditor naturally denies that Favour, which the Orator does not seem to ask; so that what he delivers, tho' it has equal Merit, labours under this Disadvantage, that his Judges are his Enemies.

XLVII.

VERSE 590. *Nor shall great Hector cease, &c.*] Here, says *Eustathius*, the Poet prepares the Reader for what is to succeed: he gives us the Outlines of his Piece, which he is to fill up in the Progress of the Poem. This is so far from cloying the Reader's Appetite, that it raises it, and makes him desirous to see the Picture drawn in its full length.

XLVIII.

VERSE 620. *Ye valiant Trojans, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes that *Hector* here speaks like a Soldier: He bears a Spear, not a Sceptre in his Hand; he harangues like a Warrior, but like a Victor; he seems to be too much pleased with himself, and in this Vein of Self-flattery, he promises a compleat Conquest over the *Greeks*.

XLIX.

XLIX.

VERSE 647. *And let the Matrons.*] I have been more observant of the Decorum in this Line than my Author himself. He calls the Women *Θηλύτεραι*, an Epithet of scandalous Import, upon which *Porphyry* and the *Greek Scholiast* have said but too much. I know no Man that has yet had the Impudence to translate that Remark, in regard of which it is Politeness to imitate the Barbarians, and say, *Græcum est, non legitur*. For my part, I leave it as a Motive to some very curious Persons of both Sexes to study the *Greek Language*.

L.

VERSE 679. *Full Hecatombs, &c.*] The six Lines that follow being a Translation of four in the Original, are added from the Authority of *Plato* in Mr. *Barnes* his Edition: That Author cites them in his second *Alcibiades*. There is no doubt of their being genuine, but the Question is only whether they are rightly placed here? I shall not pretend to decide upon a Point which will doubtless be the Speculation of future Criticks.

LI.

VERSE 687. *When the Moon, &c.*] This Comparison is inferior to none in *Homer*. It is the most beautiful Night-piece that can be found in Poetry. He presents you with a Prospect of the Heavens, the Seas, and the Earth: The Stars shine, the Air is serene, the World enlighten'd, and the Moon mounted in Glory. *Eustathius* remarks that *Φαεινὴν* does not signify the Moon at full, for then the Light of the Stars is diminish'd or lost in the greater Brightness of the Moon. And others correct the word *Φαεινὴν*, to *Φάει νῆν*, for *Φάει νέην*, but this Criticism is forced, and I see no Necessity why the Moon may not be said to be bright, tho' it is not in the full. A Poet is not obliged to speak with the Exactness of Philosophy, but with the Liberty of Poetry.

LII.

LII.

VERSE 702. *A thousand Piles.*] *Homer* in his Catalogue of the *Grecian* Ships, tho' he does not recount expressly the Number of the *Greeks*, has given some Hints from whence the Sum of their Army may be collected. But in the same Book where he gives an Account of the *Trojan* Army, and relates the Names of the Leaders and Nations of the Auxiliaries, he says nothing by which we may infer the Number of the Army of the besieged. To supply therefore that Omision, he has taken occasion by this Piece of Poetical Arithmetick, to inform his Reader, that the *Trojan* Army amounted to fifty thousand. That the Assistant Nations are to be included herein, appears from what *Dolon* says in *l. 10.* that the Auxiliaries were encamped that Night with the *Trojans*.

This Passage gives me occasion to animadvert upon a Mistake of a modern Writer, and another of my own. The *Abbè Teraſſon* in a late Treatise against *Homer*, is under a grievous Error, in saying that all the Forces of *Troy* and the Auxiliaries cannot be reasonably suppos'd from *Homer* to be above ten thousand Men. He had entirely overlook'd this Place, which says there were a thousand Fires, and fifty Men at each of them. See my Observation on the second Book, where these Fires by a slip of my Memory are called Funeral Piles: I should be glad it were the greatest Error I have committed in these Notes.

LIII.

VERSE 706. *The Coursers o'er their Heaps of Corn.*] I durst not take the same Liberty with *M. Dacier*, who has omitted this Circumstance, and does not mention the Horses at all. In the following Line, the last of the Book, *Homer* has given to the *Morning* the Epithet *fair-haired*, or *bright-throned*, εὐθρονον ἥω. I have already taken notice in the Preface of the Method of translating the Epithets of *Homer*, and must add here, that it is often only the Uncertainty the Moderns lie under, of the true genuine Signification of an

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ancient

ancient word, which causes the many various Constructions of it. So that it is probable the Author's own Words, at the time he used them, never meant half so many things as we translate them into. Madam *Dacier* generally observes one Practice as to these throughout her Version: She renders almost every such Epithet in *Greek* by two or three in *French*, from a fear of losing the least part of its Significance. This perhaps may be excusable in Prose; tho' at best it makes the whole much more verbose and tedious, and is rather like writing a Dictionary than rendring an Author: But in Verse, every Reader knows such a Redoubling of Epithets would not be tolerable. A Poet has therefore only to chuse that, which most agrees with the Tenor and main Intent of the particular Passage, or with the Genius of Poetry itself.

It is plain that too scrupulous an Adherence to many of these, gives the Translation an exotic, pedantic, and whimsical Air, which it is not to be imagined the Original ever had. To call a Hero the *great Artificer of Flight*, the *swift of Foot*, or the *Horse-tamer*, these give us Ideas of little Peculiarities, when in the Author's Time they were Epithets used only in general to signify Alacrity, Agility, and Vigor. A common Reader would imagine from these servile Versions, that *Diomed* and *Achilles* were Foot-Racers, and *Hector* a Horse-Courser, rather than that any of them were Heroes. A Man shall be call'd a faithful Translator for rendring *πόδας ὠκύς* in *English*, *swift-footed*; but laugh'd at if he should translate our *English* word *dextrous* into any other Language, *right-handed*.

ERRATA.

PREFACE.] Pag. 4. line 18. for supply *this* Characters, read supply *his* Characters.
Pag. 8. line 25. for *self-considering* Valour, read *self-confiding*. Pag. 28. line 5.
for *praise* the Superstructure, read *raise* the Superstructure. Pag. 25. line 10.
for *with* read *with*.

Essay.] Pag. 15. line 34. for brings *him*, read brings *it*. Pag. 17. in the References at bottom, for δέκλεισθ' οἷον ἀνόνομη, read δὲ κλέσθ' οἷον ἀνόνομη. Pag. 36. in the Citation from *Horace* at the bottom, for *Argue* read *Arguet*.

Book 1.] Verse 517. for *The* undaunted, read *Th'* undaunted.

Observations on Book 1.] Obf. 35. line 10. instead of Centaurs fell out fifty five or *sixty* Years, read fifty five or *fifty six* Years. And the third line after, instead of It was then *fifty five* or *sixty five*, read It was then *sixty five* or *sixty six*. This Error totally destroys the Sense.

Book 2.] Verse 77. for *Ill suits* a Chief, read *Ill fits* a Chief. ψ. 666. for *martial* Armies, read *marshal* Armies.

Observations on Book 2.] Obf. 9. toward the end, for a thousand *funeral Piles*, read a thousand *Fires*. Obf. 23. toward the end, for another Criticism upon the 290th Verse of this *Book*, read another Criticism upon the 290th Verse of the *Catalogue*. Obf. 32. in the last lines, place the Stops thus; the Description of her Preparation for Death and her Behaviour in it, can never be enough admired.

Book 3.] Verse 43. for *high* Chariot, read *proud* Chariot. ψ. 444. read the whole Line thus: Eludes the Death and disappoints his Foe. ψ. the last but one of the Book, for *just* Applauses, read *loud* Applauses.

Observations on Book 3.] Obf. 7. at the end, for *Nireus's* Prophecy, read *Nereus's* Prophecy.

Observations on Book 4.] Obf. 36. the last line but two, for *Conclusion*, read *Confusion*.

NOTE, *Wherever there are References in the Observations, to any particular Verses cited from Homer, it is constantly to be understood of the Number of that Verse in the Original, and not in the English.*
